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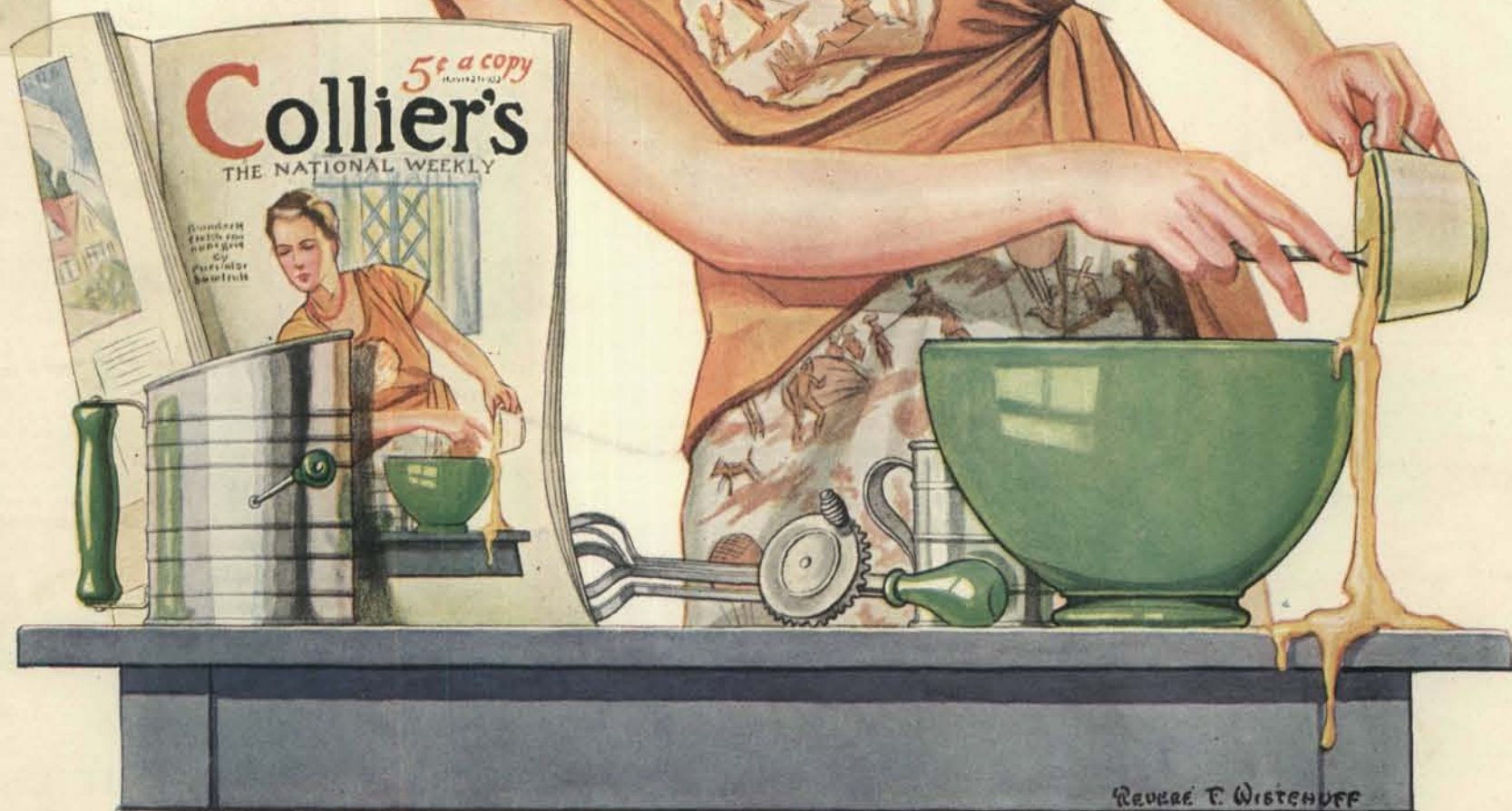
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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March 29, 1930

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**Reckless
Cinderella**
By
**May
Edginton**

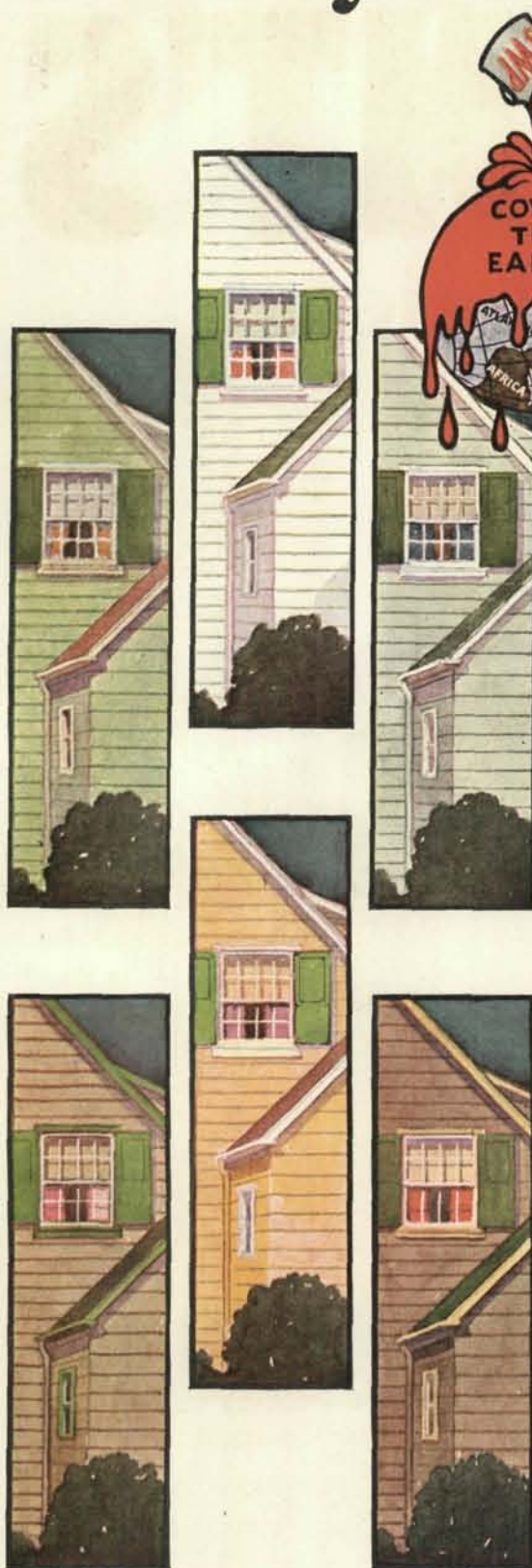


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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

March 29, 1930



Next Week

BY AN arrangement made with the late Georges Clemenceau, Collier's will publish exclusively in America three articles from his book, "Grandeur and Misery of Victory." This is the last work Clemenceau did in this world—he was correcting it a few hours before his death.

To the very end of his life Clemenceau was The Tiger purring loudly for his friends, roaring and snarling at his enemies, asking no quarter and giving none. Read of his troubles with Foch ("Where would you be today, my dear Marshal, had I not interposed my breast between you and your judges?"); his disagreement with Pershing, who "with his tight-lipped smile kept putting things off"; his penetrating, candid estimates of his allies and associates at the Peace Conference—Wilson, House, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Balfour and the long list of others.

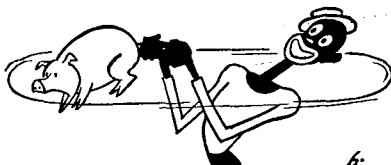
For our articles we have taken the material which most closely affects this country. They are part of an historical document of undoubted importance and high interest. Reverberations will be heard immediately.

For the next three weeks, then, we urge you, with good reasons, to follow the dictates of spring—arise early and with glowing face visit your newsdealer before the crowd gathers and bears off in triumph his last copy of Collier's.



THE awards for the submitted endings to H. C. Witwer's unfinished story will be announced in the next issue. With zeal which you ought to commend we have now read the last of the thousands of manuscripts sent in by admirers of Mr. Witwer's work. We shall print the ending given the first award, the names of the authors receiving lesser honors and probably the pictures of some of them. Those who participated are now thanked, publicly and profusely. And so to the oculist to be measured for new spectacles.

AND with all this noise not a word yet about the fiction. We can imagine your impatience. Well, there's a short story by Stephen Morehouse Avery, "Girl About Town," a gay romance which never could have happened had not girls become what they most deliciously are; Oscar Graeve's "Portrait of a Husband," drawn chiefly in a speakeasy and we don't know the address if Senator Brookhart asks us; Roark Bradford's "The Hog Hoisters," very satisfying comedy in dark browns and high yellows. Renew your acquaintance with Bugaboo Jones, who has steel muscles in his back and a song in his legs.



NOT to mention, as we do in a whisper, "Fu Manchu's Daughter," May Edginton's "Reckless Cinderella," Grantland Rice, Owen P. White, William Pickett Helm, John B. Kennedy and others. Don't, we repeat, be late.



Any Week

A LITTLE trouble, in a light vein, thank Heaven, to start with. Jerome Beatty and Roark Bradford, two of our growing number of favorite authors, are at each other's throats over the language of seals. You remember, of course, Mr. Beatty's story—"One Bark for 'Yes'!" There were seals in it and they said "Roark, Roark." Mr. Bradford protests, saying that his first name is croaked through the world by expiring automobile horns, rusty gate hinges and large bullfrogs. And now, he complains, Mr. Beatty has seals calling him.

JUST a moment. We must read this one twice. Yes, we were right; but it did give us pause. It's from Mr. Alvin O. Cuertin of Rehoboth, Delaware, asking our aid in urging upon Congress his bill to end all wet and dry squabble by making it illegal for a body to oppose the Eighteenth Amendment by word, thought or deed.

Mr. Cuertin does not stipulate the prison and financial penalties he'd inflict but he does say that aggressors "would soon be made regretful if all their neighbors and relations were to speak to them for a period of not more than two years nor more than five thereafter."

Theoretically, the violator would go through life on an island of silence, but when we think of the numbers who would whisper a bootleg "Good morning," or "Could you spare ten dollars?" we unloose a chuckle.



WE SEEM to have made an error in our issue of December 14th. Mr. William A. Brady in his "I've Always Been a Gambler" made reference to the late James P. Clarke, sometime governor of Arkansas. The reference wasn't complimentary, picturing Governor Clarke as anything but the polished gentleman he was. Furthermore, even the name was wrong—John H. Clarke instead of James P.

We'd like our indignant correspondents—in particular Mr. J. W. Cary of Oklahoma City and former governor Charles H. Brough, who wrote about it to United States Senator Caraway—to understand that we regret the carelessness. Governor Clarke, we have been at some pains to learn, was a cultured and right honorable gentleman.

WHICH makes it our turn to complain. Incidental to the arguments of the wets before the House Judiciary Committee in Washington, Representative Leonidas C. Dyer, Republican from Missouri, read into the record the following quatrain:

*Father's in the cellar, bottling up the suds;
Mother's in the kitchen, washing out the
jugs;
Sister's in the pantry, sorting out the hops;
Brother's on the front porch, watching for
the cops.*

Not that Mr. Dyer wasn't justified in quoting these lovely lines, but we're practically red with rage whenever we fail to get credit for things. Anonymous yourself, Mr. Dyer. See Collier's for September 1, 1928.

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Page 7—Erich Maria Remarque

THE ENEMY: A memorable story of the war.

Page 9—May Edginton

RECKLESS CINDERELLA, Part I: A new serial starts with a rush.

Page 12—F. R. Buckley

NEVER ABOVE PENNIES: Benny faces temptation.

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A DAY WITH ANDREW MELLON: Birthday greetings.

Page 14—William P. MacCracken, Jr., and W. B. Courtney

FLIGHT SAVERS: Safety first—in the air.

Page 16—Lucian Cary

GEORGE AND THE PERFECT LADY: How to treat a wife.

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THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

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GOLDEN GATES: How much money is in it?

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STEPPING INTO STYLE: Shoes for the ladies.

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BEATING THE LIGHTS: A short story.

Page 30—Word Hunt

QUICK, THE DICTIONARY, WATSON!

Page 32—In One Ear

AND NOT OUT THE OTHER

Page 34—Wallace Irwin

DOOMED: The Short Short Story.

Page 53—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

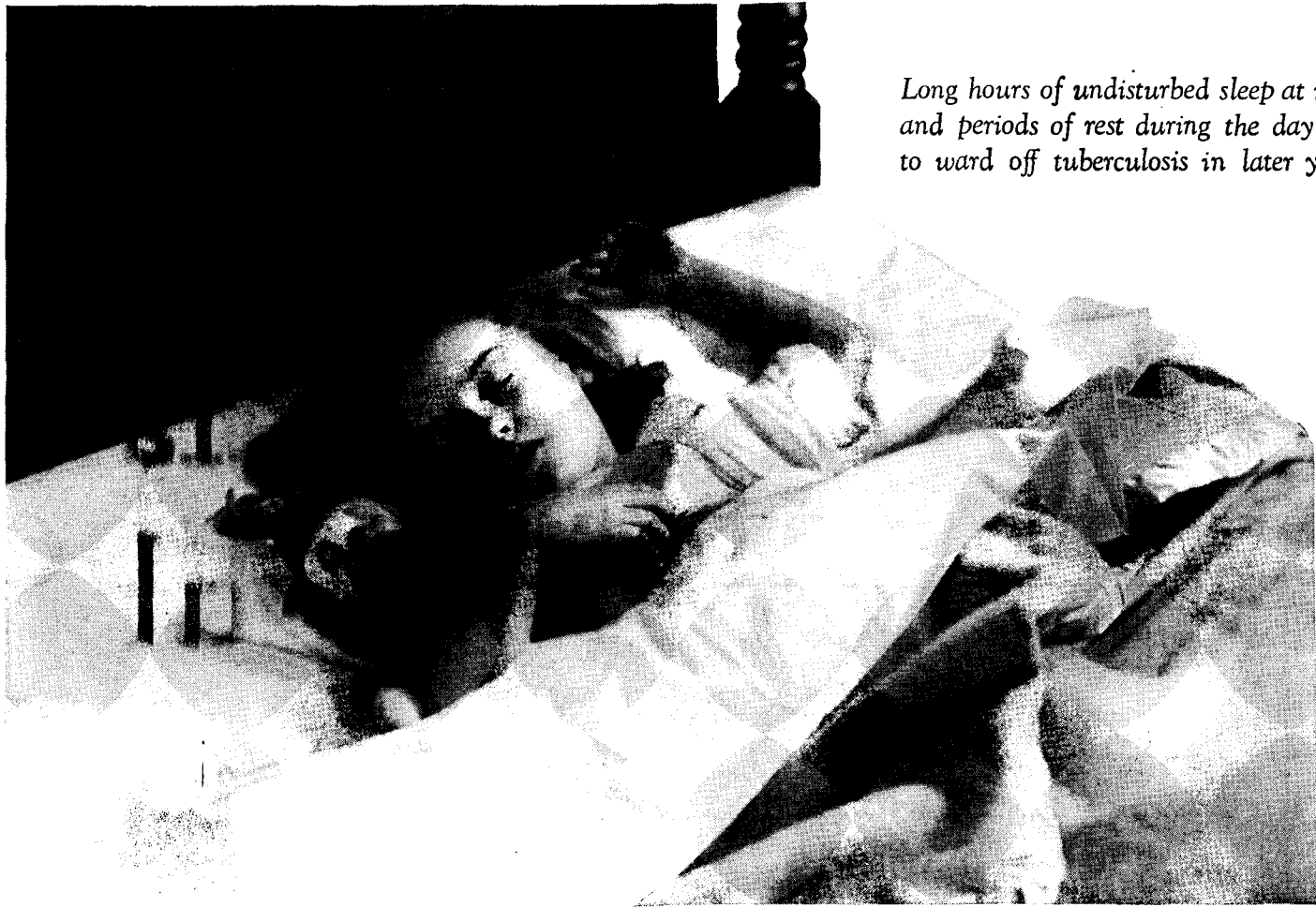
THE WATCH ON THE WINE

Page 57—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 58—Editorial

Prevent in time



Long hours of undisturbed sleep at night and periods of rest during the day help to ward off tuberculosis in later years.

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THE tuberculosis deathrate has been cut in half in the last twenty years largely by better living conditions among the working population and the successful treatment of active cases. Now medical science has an even more brilliant victory in its grasp—the checking of the disease in children before it develops.

Children who come in frequent contact with anyone who has active tuberculosis are in grave danger, though they may look the picture of health and have none of the familiar warning signs—underweight, a cough, fatigue and poor digestion.

A large number of deaths from tuberculosis occur between the ages of 25 and 45. Yet in most of these cases the disease began in childhood, though there may have been a re-infection at some later time.

Contrary to the old-time belief, heredity does not plant the germs. Close contact with the disease in active form is usually responsible. The disease may lie dormant for many years and then flare up and become active following physical or mental strain, too heavy or too prolonged.

But there is no need to guess whether or not a child who has been exposed has picked up the germs.



Modern science can now discover whether any damage has been caused by them. No longer are doctors compelled to rely merely upon such tests as tapping the chest, listening to the breathing, examining the sputum. They can be reasonably sure of correct diagnoses by including X-ray and tuberculin tests. Results from tuberculin tests are especially significant in children.

All children should be kept away from people who have tuberculosis. They should have regular, thorough, physical examinations. If tuberculosis is discovered, modern restorative methods should be applied immediately.

Every child, no matter how healthy or sturdy, needs plenty of sleep, plenty of proper food, plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But the child who has picked up the germs of tuberculosis and is beginning to react to them needs additional care and a scientific health-building program under wise medical direction.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without charge, its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis", to anyone who requests it. Ask for Booklet 430-C.

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THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

*Here is the story of a man who tried to think of his enemies as human. In this one dramatic**episode the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" has seized and branded the spirit of war**The Enemy*

Illustrated by
Herbert
Morton
Stoops

WHEN I asked my school-fellow Lieutenant Ludwig Breyer what was the most vivid experience of all his war service, I expected to hear of Verdun, of the Somme or of Flanders; for he had been on all three fronts during the worst months. But instead of that he told me the following:

Not the most vivid, but the most enduring of my impressions began as we lay resting in a little French village far behind the lines. We had been in a nasty place, where the shelling had been extremely severe, and had come farther back than usual, because we had suf-

fered heavily and needed to be brought up to strength again.

It was a glorious week in August, a marvelous St. Luke's summer, and it went to our heads like the rich, golden wine we once found in a cellar in Champagne. We had been deloused; a few of us had even come by clean linen; the others were boiling their shirts thoroughly at small fires; everywhere was an atmosphere of cleanliness—the magic of which only a mud-caked soldier knows—friendly as a Saturday evening in the far-off days of peace, when, as children, we were bathed in the big tub and Mother brought out the fresh linen,

smelling of starch, Sunday and cake, from the cupboard.

You know, of course, it is no fairy tale when I say that the sense of this declining August afternoon moved, sweet and strong, in my veins. A soldier has a far different relationship with nature from that of most men. All the thousand inhibitions, the barriers and constraints fall away before the hard, the terrible existence on the borders of death; and during the minutes and the hours of respite, in the days out resting, the idea of *life*, the mere fact of being still there, of having come through, would sometimes swell into

sheer joy at being able to see, and to breathe and to move freely about.

A field under the evening sun, the blue shadows of a wood, the rustle of a poplar, the clear flood of running waters, were then a joy beyond naming; but deep down in it, like a whip, like a thorn, lay the sharp pain of the knowledge that in a few hours, in a few days, all this must be left behind, changed once more for the seared landscapes of death. And this feeling, so strangely compounded out of happiness, pain, melancholy, grief, desire and hopelessness, was the common experience of a soldier out resting.

After supper I walked with some comrades a short distance beyond the village. We did not talk much; for the first time in weeks we were perfectly content, and warmed ourselves in the slanting rays of the sun as it shone full into our faces. Thus we came at length on a small, stark factory standing in the middle of a large enclosure, around which sentries were posted. The yard was full of prisoners, awaiting transport into Germany.

Without ceremony the sentries allowed us in and we were able to look about us. Several hundreds of Frenchmen were assembled there. They sat or lay about, smoked, talked and dozed. It was an eye-opener to me. Until that time I had had only rapid, fleeting glimpses—single, phantom-like—of the men that held the opposing trenches. A helmet, perhaps, rising for a moment above the level of the parapet; an arm, that flung and disappeared again; a patch of gray-blue cloth, a figure springing up into the air—almost abstract things they were, lurking behind fire of rifles, behind hand grenades and wire entanglements.

Here for the first time I saw prisoners, lots of them, sitting, lying, smoking—Frenchmen without weapons.

I felt a sudden shock; then a moment later I had to laugh at myself. It had

shocked me that they should be just men like ourselves. But the fact was—strange enough, God knows—I had simply never thought about it before. Frenchmen? They were enemies who were to be killed, because they wanted to destroy Germany. But in that August evening I learned the baleful secret, the magic of weapons. Weapons transfigure men. And these harmless fellows, these factory hands, laborers, tradesmen, schoolboys, now sitting around so quiet and resigned, had they but weapons, on the instant would turn once again into enemies.

The Battle of Materials

Originally they were no enemies; not until they got weapons did they become so. It made me ponder, though I knew well enough that my logic was perhaps not perfectly sound. But the idea dawned on me that it was weapons that had forced the war on us. There were so many weapons in the world that in the end they got the upper hand over men and turned them into enemies. . . .

And then much later, up in Flanders, I perceived the same thing once more: while the battle of materials raged on, there was practically no use whatever for men any more. The materials just hurled themselves against one another

in mad fury. A man could not help feeling that when everything that lay between the weapons was dead, the weapons themselves would go on of their own accord to the utter annihilation of the world.

But here in the factory yard I saw only men like ourselves. And for the first time I understood that it was against men I was fighting; men, bewitched like ourselves by strong words and weapons; men, who had wives, children, parents and callings, and who, perhaps—if the suggestion had come to me from them—must even now be awakening also and looking about them in just this same way and asking: "Brothers, what is it we are doing here? What is all this?"

Some few weeks later we were back on a very quiet sector. The French line came up fairly close to our own, but both the positions were well fortified and, as I say, there was almost nothing doing at all. Punctually at seven each morning the artillery would exchange a few shots by way of greeting; then at noon would come another little salute, and at nightfall the usual benediction. We used to take sun-baths in front of our dugouts and would risk taking off our boots at night to sleep.

One day, on the other side of No Man's Land, there appeared suddenly

over the parapet a placard with this inscription: "Attention!" As you may imagine, we just stared at it in astonishment. Then at last we decided they just wanted to warn us there was to be an extra artillery strafe, over and above the usual program; so we held ourselves in readiness to disappear down into the dugouts at the sound of the first shot.

But all remained quiet. The placard vanished. Then a few seconds later up came a spade, and resting on the blade we could make out a large box of cigarettes. One of our fellows who had some idea of the language, painted the word "Compris" on the back of a cardboard box in boot polish. We hoisted up the box. Then on the other side they waved the box of cigarettes to and fro. And we waved our box in response. Then up came a piece of white cloth.

In all haste we seized Lance Corporal Bühler's shirt from off his knees as he sat delousing himself, and waved it.

A Private Peace

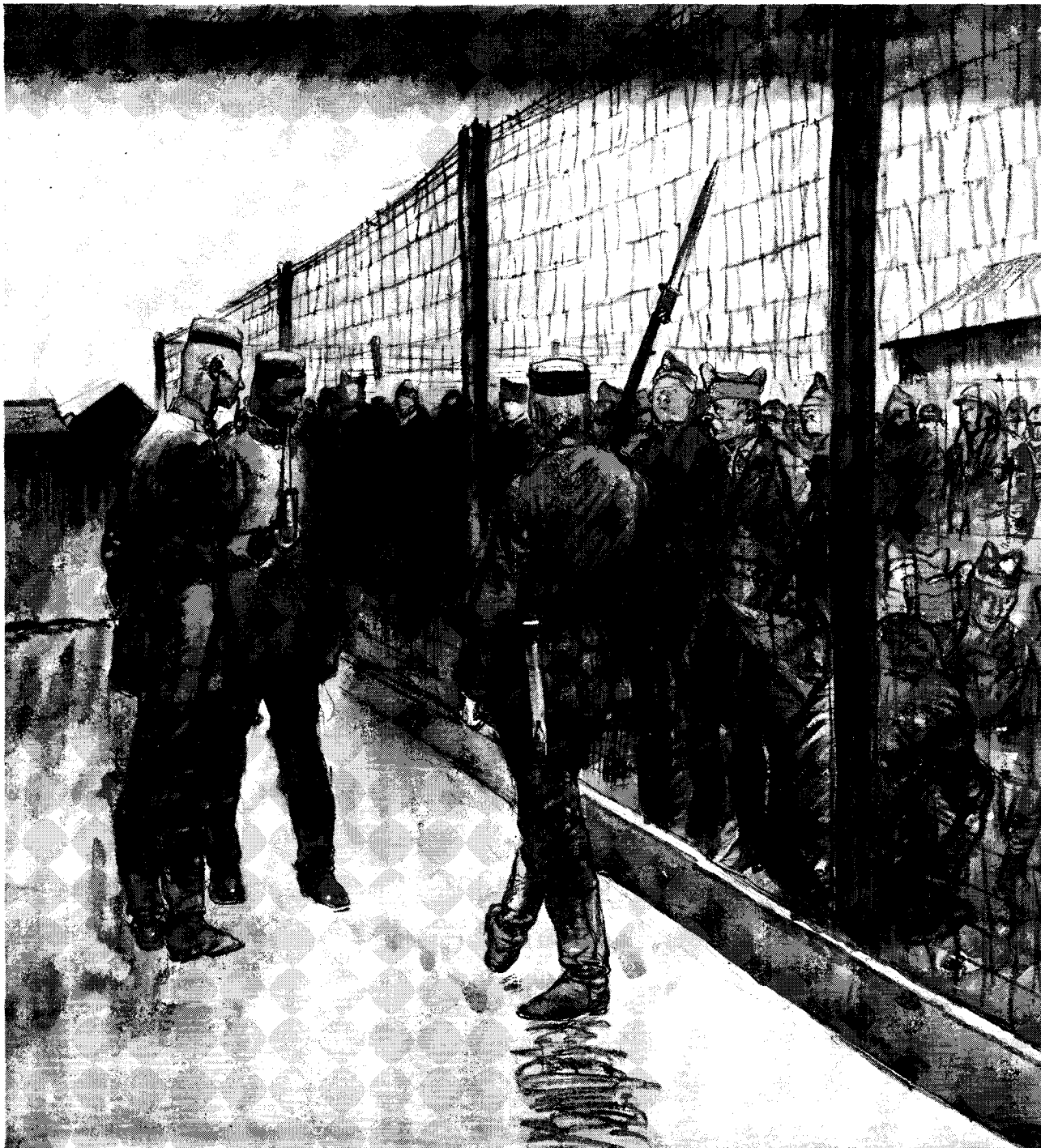
After a time the white cloth on the other side rose up and a helmet appeared. We waved our shirt harder, till the lice must have rained out of it. An arm was thrust up, holding a packet. And then a man clambered slowly out through the barbed wire; on hands and knees he crawled toward us, from time to time waving a handkerchief and laughing excitedly. About the middle of No Man's Land he came to a halt and put down his packet. He pointed to it several times, laughed, beckoned and crawled back.

We were in a rare state of excitement. Mingled with the almost boyish feeling of doing something that was forbidden, the feeling of snapping our fingers at somebody, and the mere crude desire to get possession of the good things set there in front of us, was a breath of freedom, of independence, of triumph over all the mechanism of death. I had the same feeling as when I stood there among the prisoners, as though something human had burst victoriously through the bare concept of "the enemy," and I wanted to contribute my share to the triumph.

Hastily we collected a few gifts, sorry things they were indeed, for we had far less to give than the fellows over yonder. Then we renewed our signals with the shirt and were duly answered. Slowly I heaved myself up; my head and shoulders stood clear. It was a damned awful minute, that I can tell you, standing there unprotected, clear above the parapet.

Then I crawled right out; and now my thoughts changed completely as though they had suddenly been thrown over into reverse gear. The strange situation took hold on me; I felt a

(Continued on page 54)



Here for the first time I saw prisoners—Frenchmen without weapons



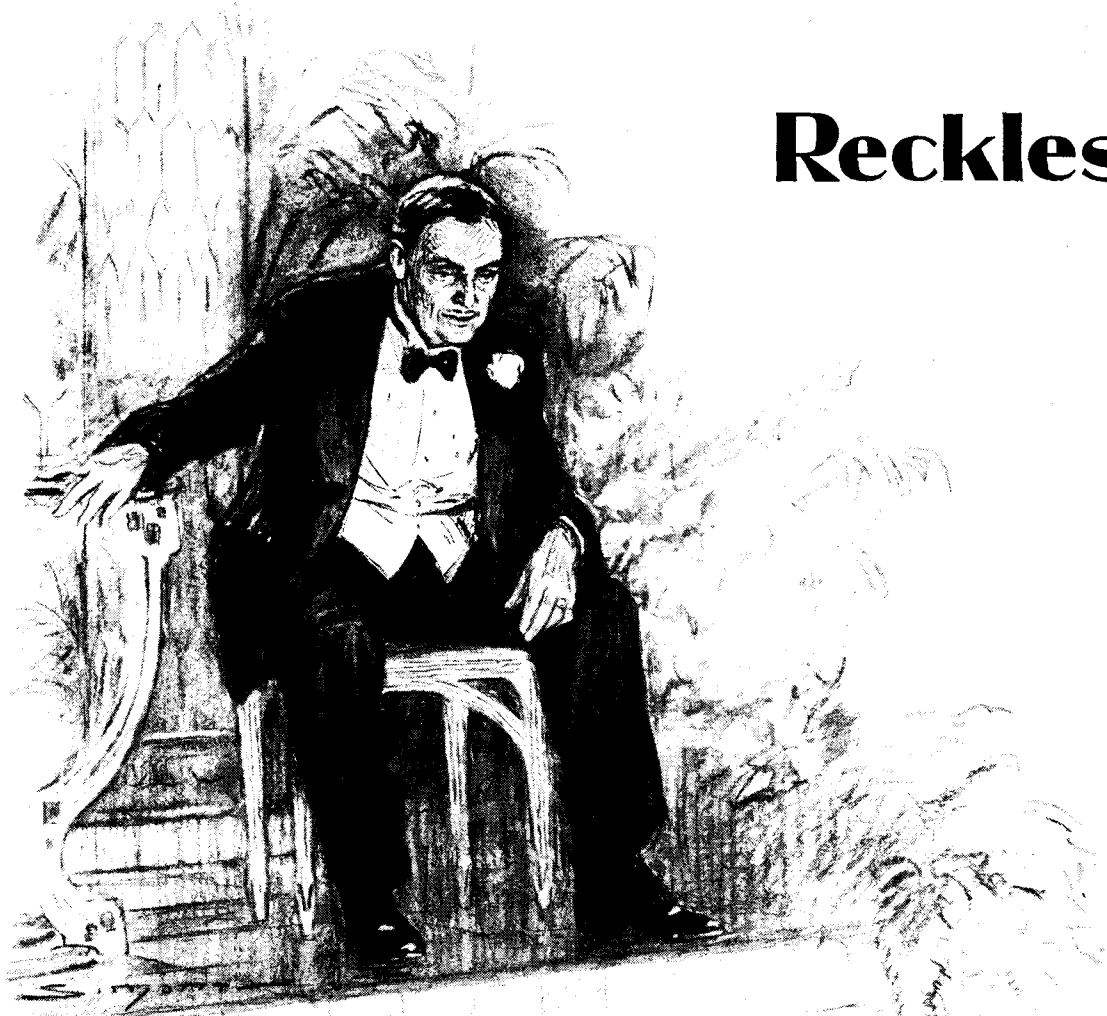
Universal Pictures Corp.

Erich Maria Remarque, from a recent picture of the well-known author

Reckless Cinderella

She trained for good fortune, and it came to her. But the chances she took were extreme: they enmeshed her in a bewildering and fascinating web

By
May
Edginton



I
“STOP! Stop! Stop!” cried the girl urgently. The car swept by her. Westward was driving. He cast the merest sidelong look at her—his hard, practiced look—swerved slightly to avoid her as she moved towards them from the wall above the sheer precipice that dropped below the Storm King Highway, and passed on. But Lord Times said remonstrantly: “Here, stop, Westward. Why don’t you stop? Stop! You don’t tell me that bit of a thing is any kind of bandit. And if she is, what fun we’ll have. Stop!”

They had shot on a good quarter of a mile past the lonely girl. Westward applied his brakes, cynically smiling. There was no one ahead. The great face of cliff bounding the right of the road, as they headed for New York, towered over them. There were no cars near. But it was getting late on this March afternoon; the sun, which had been gorgeous, had already plunged down in the west; the sky was cold and red; dusk was nearly on them. “All right,” Westward grumbled amiably, “but it is not a good time of day to stop in a lonely stretch of road for a stranger.”

“A woman!”
“Well, she might have a pal or two round the next bend. Who knows? However . . .”

Lord Times got out of the long low racing model with which his friend Westward had been delighting him, and began to walk back toward the girl. She was standing looking after the car. How could a man leave her there like that? Westward knew best, no doubt;

but—it wasn’t to be done! And now she was hurrying toward him—running.

Her slim body in its pale frock showed against the dark background of her fur coat which hung open. Her legs were beautiful; her shoes stupidly frail for the road—still rutted and ice-clogged by winter. So much Lord Times saw as they approached each other; and then he was taking off his cap, and looking down at her from his athletic height, thinking: “What fun if she did whip out a gun!” and saying casually and courteously: “I say, can we help you in any way?”

Her voice was charming: “May I have a lift into town—if you’re going all the way?”

“We’ll be delighted.”

“Thank you.”

Westward had got out of the car and was waiting for them. As tall as his friend, there was very little difference in general type between the well-bred athletic American and the well-bred athletic Englishman. They wore plus-fours, big tweed overcoats, the best sort of caps. The girl had made them into a picture in her mind, into a fast-moving cinema show, before she and Times

reached the car. And Times said pleasantly—she listened to his excellent voice: “This lady wants a lift back to town,” and Westward answered as pleasantly: “Delighted,” and she said demurely: “I shouldn’t be surprised if you think I’m a girl bandit,” as she jumped into the front seat between them.

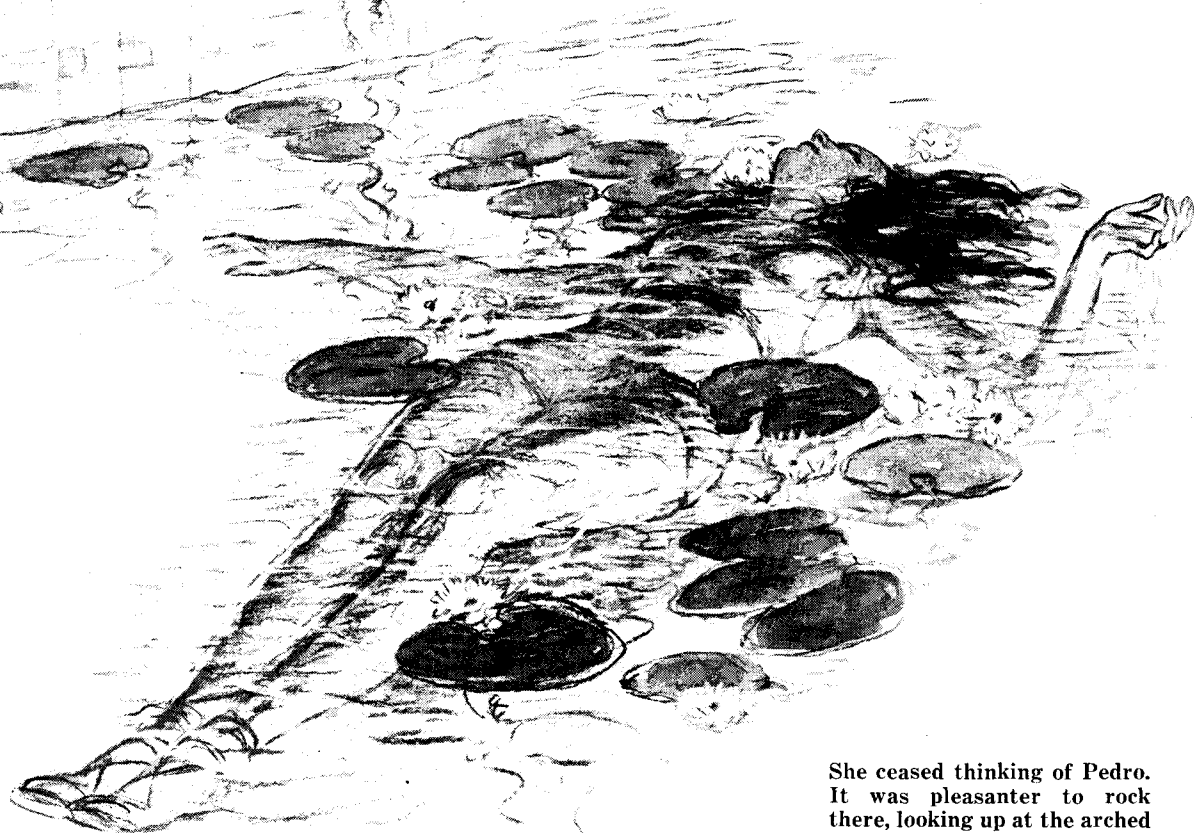
“It’s a squeeze,” said Westward.

“I’m so sorry,” she murmured.

Lord Times laughed.

“I wish I were a girl bandit,” she said.

“Why?”



She ceased thinking of Pedro. It was pleasanter to rock there, looking up at the arched roof, and think of the supper to come

Illustrated by
Joseph Simont

"It would be a thrill."

"I am having a thrill," said Lord Times, "and I am sorry you are so dissatisfied."

The girl laughed answeringly.

Lord Times gave her the greater part of the fur laprobe, and regarded her charming face, very small, very pale and yet very vivid; a smooth flat curl of black hair appearing on each cheek under the pale velvet turban that matched her pale dress. She had her gloves off, and her small hands were faultlessly manicured.

That, he had learned in his short stay in the States, was a feature of all American women; the sleekness of their general turnout, their polish, their finish, had greatly pleased him. But this girl looked rather extra-petted; extra-finished; extra-sleek. She looked, in fact, the kind of expensive debutante who had sat beside him at dinner tables in New York and Boston and Philadelphia. She was not just a come-by-chance adventurer with life. As he listened to her voice with its attractive modulations, all this made him wonder why she should be alone, on that solitary highway in the dusk, begging a lift from strangers.

Across her, he looked at Westward's profile, which, expressing the natural pleasure of the natural male at such a pretty female capture, yet remained skeptical.

"Oh, well," said Times to himself. "Life is too short for all that. Westward should worry."

And towering over her, smiling over her, he said:

"I think you ought to know who your two ruffianly companions are. I think that is only nice. That hard-faced fellow on your left is named Westward. A lawyer. People tell me that he is very clever. I don't believe it, you know. Anyway, people say he is hated and feared. But never mind. I am here to protect you."

"And the over-eloquent man on your right—who does not seem to be giving you room to breathe—" said Westward, unexpectedly chiming in, while keeping his gaze straight ahead, "is Lord Times of . . . several English homes."

"Only two," said Times protestingly.

It was Westward who now cast a sharp smiling glance down at the girl to see if she fluttered at all. But she did not flutter at all. She appeared to take both of them as a matter of course.

And she said: "Thank you for telling me your names. Now perhaps you ought to know mine. It is Ray Bowfor."

"Spelt the usual way: B-e-a-u-f-o-r-t?" Times asked. She assented.

SHE fitted very snugly between them. She had her hands slipped up the wide sleeves of her fur coat, and was fondling her own wrists with sheer pleasure at this charming ending to a day. She could smell the good peaty smell of their rough Harris tweeds. She liked their clean, weather-tanned faces, sharp-cut, hard and smiling like the faces of good-humored outdoor men. The hands which had wrapped the laprobe over her were well-kept, but sinewy, burnt, and large; they had not tried to touch her own. The car was

just a raving, roaring beauty. There was no nicer car—or cargo—on the road. The spring air, at once mild and intoxicating, swept them joyfully. She was in complete safety between two gallant gentlemen—yes, gentlemen; no mistaking the breed! Who could have guessed the relief of such an ending to a dangerous day?

"But you do not tell us, Miss Beaufort," said Times, "how you came to be standing there all forlorn."

"Ask your friend to guess," she retorted shrewdly.

"Westward!" Times challenged him. And the young lawyer answered:

"I am afraid this young lady perhaps chose the wrong companion for a day's driving."

The girl admitted: "Yes. I picked badly. He is a terrible beast. When we couldn't agree, he told me to get out. And, anyway, I'll tell you that it was better out of that car than in."

"But! . . ." said Edward, Lord Times, rather sharply.

Westward looked at him across the girl, so slight and childish between them.

"Oh, yes. It has been done before. 'So the girl walked home.'"

"But this girl," said she in a small voice, "couldn't possibly walk all the way home. So she held up the best car and the nicest men on the road."

They bowed their acknowledgments chaffingly. But the humorous smile had gone from Times' face.

"I'd like to get my hands on him!"

"Never mind," said the girl quite casually. "I shall never see him again."

"Of course you won't!"

She settled a little lower, as if wearily, in her seat. It was dusk. They could not see the tears of melancholy that suddenly drowned the spasmodic

pleasures in her large eyes. She closed her eyelids down on the tears and let the thick lashes mop them up.

"It has been a lovely day," she said. "We've been right out through Albany. We stopped and had lunch at a place—you know it?—Half-Moon Inn—"

"I know it," George Westward assented.

"There's a little wood at the back; little banks and trees coming right up against the windows; flowers were out already in the wood—"

"Yes," said Westward thoughtfully. "If you hadn't had a rough time of it, poor child, I would scold you," said Lord Times. "But as it is—"

"Oh, I know I'm reckless. But don't scold me."

"Don't you deserve it?"

"There's too much scolding in life." "Poor child," repeated Times, drawing the rug up about her, and this time his fingers went seeking for hers. George Westward duly noted. "Your hands are cold. Put on your gloves."

"I lost them in that car."

"Put on mine."

Times put his ridiculously large



Westward mixed the cocktails. "Are you dining here, Miss Beaufort?" Lord Times asked

gloves upon her small hands. They were warm from his own wearing. The warmth suddenly seemed to Ray Bowford to bathe her, to rush all over her body like fire, and into her veins like wine. Her charming white cheeks were flecked with deep color. There was a sharp soft attention in Times' eyes.

A smile touched Westward's mouth, skeptically.

"AND where do we take our little lady?" Westward asked pleasantly.

They were rushing along Riverside Drive. Stars were out in a clear sky. The river looked beautiful with the particular beauty of water by night. The Palisades on the other side were crowned, as if with gems, by lighted windows. Times and the girl were talking in low voices, leaving Westward to his business at the wheel.

She answered readily: "Fifth Avenue. The Poinsetter house. Do you know it?"

"Oh, yes," Westward answered. "The family is in Florida though."

"Do you know them?" she asked.

"No. Not this branch."

She told them: "I'm a cousin on my mother's side. They've been terribly sweet to me." She looked up at Times. "I live in Virginia"—she spoke dreamily—"right under the Blue Ridge Mountains. It's beautiful, at home! . . . But when I'm in New York I can use the Poinsetter house. You must both come in and have a highball, or let me shake you a cocktail. Cousin Alfred Poinsetter would be terribly vexed if I didn't make you come in, after all your kindness to me."

Westward listened very attentively. "That's kind of you," Times protested. "But if you're alone—"

"Oh, there's a dear old caretaker—really like a housekeeper—"

"I suppose all the servants will have gone to Florida," said Westward.

"Oh, yes. Alfred and Henriette have a house there, you know."

"I know," said Westward.

She looked up at him. He smiled down upon her twinklingly. She snuggled back between the men with a sigh.

They turned away from the river. "When are you going back to Virginia?" Times was asking.

Westward heard her countering question: "When are you going back to England?"

"Next Wednesday."

"Today's Sunday!"

"Nice of you to say what I was thinking," Lord Times answered softly.

She said rather recklessly: "I'm all alone in New York. I live down with—"

with relatives in Virginia. I haven't any parents. Sometimes it seems gloriously fine to be alone; sometimes it seems too lonely—"

"Poor little girl."

"No! no!" she said emphatically. "I am a rich little girl. Don't pity me."

"But money isn't everything," said Lord Times with a faint smile. "I still think you are a poor little girl who ought to be scolded. I can cut an engagement on Tuesday if you can cut yours—whatever they may be. I can't conceive that you have an unoccupied evening! . . . If you like me enough after you have seen me in a searching

light at the Poinsetter house, will you dine with me on Tuesday? And dance? And, maybe, quarrel, because I shall be unconscionably harsh! Will you?"

She answered almost sleepily: "Perhaps I will."

Her heartbeats seemed to surge up into her throat. And oh! she was weary; and nervous; and the silence of Westward on her other side unkindly assailed her.

She felt in her bag for the latchkey that should be there.

It was there, of course. She had put it in herself that morning. It had been destined then to let herself and a companion very different from either of these two men into the Poinsetter house, for flirtatiousness and a highball. But the feet of destiny were often easily diverted.

NOW Westward was driving down Fifth Avenue. He had pulled up at the side portico of a dull, dignified old house on a corner. Lord Times helped her to alight.

She let them into a large, rich, silent hall. The silence of the house was impressive. She opened a door, switched on a flood of light, and showed a large dust-sheeted room. "You won't mind? All the reception-rooms are in their shrouds. Alfred and Henriette didn't know I was coming." As she said this she laughed suddenly, and Westward looked at her with attention.

She said: "Sit down, do. I'll see what I can get." She looked into a generous-sized shagreen box; it held a few cigarettes. "And smoke, won't you?"

She answered: "How could I in this mausoleum? Of course I am dining out"

"Thank you," said Westward politely; and Times caught her coat as she slipped it from her shoulders. She showed herself now to be of breathtaking fragility. They could—and did—note the dense blueness of her eyes, a blue so vivid that not even the electric light washed out a tone of it. She turned towards the door.

"Let me help," Times pleaded.

But the door opened and a woman stood there, very negligible and very sweet. She appeared to the two men to be of the superior serving class; and was perhaps fifty; or perhaps less; and perhaps more. The chief quality about her—and this was noted by Westward only—was her shrewd, prudent quality of observation.

"Darling Aunty!" the girl cried.

The woman came forward a few steps into the room respectfully. "Miss Ray?" said she, with mild rebuke.

The girl cried: "Aunty, I've brought in Lord Times and Mr. Westward for a highball. They've been terribly kind in rescuing me on the Storm King Highway—"

"Storm King Highway, Miss Ray!"

"Never mind, Aunty. Couldn't we have a little something?"

"I'll go get something, Miss Ray. Mr. Poinsetter left a little out for me."

"I say—" Times began.

"I'm very pleased, my lord," said Aunty. She went out as humbly as she had come.

"The caretaker," Ray explained. "We all call her Aunty."

She lifted a corner of a dust-sheet that swaddled a brocade couch and sat down.

Westward mixed the cocktails.

"Are you dining here, Miss Beaufort?" Lord Times asked; and she answered: "How could I in this mausoleum? Of course I am dining out."

"Then we mustn't linger."

When they found themselves, in a few minutes, again in the car, Times said: "Typical of reckless American youth, Westward?"

"Maybe," Westward replied.

"But . . . a girl of that breeding, out motoring alone with some swine who won't even take care of her!"

"Oh, well," Westward muttered.

And Times added with a twinge of jealousy: "I wonder who is the lucky man tonight? But, anyway, Tuesday evening is mine."

RAY ran to the back of the house, down the stairs into the basement. In her cheerful little parlor Aunty was standing, waiting and listening. The girl flung her arms about the woman's neck and kissed her.

"Aunty, thank you!"

"Honey! Honey! . . . Don't you look nice and smell sweet! . . . All the same, you shouldn't, honey. No, really, listen, Ray. . . ."

"Aunty, no, no. Too much scolding in life. Those cocktails were good."

"Ray, who were your beaux?"

"I've told you, sweetie. Weren't they lovely men? The sort of men a girl sees in the street once a lifetime going somewhere else. They just picked me off the Storm King Highway—grabbed me up in the splendidest automobile, and brought me here. Now, don't fuss. I'll tell you. You see, that man—the one I've mentioned to you who has been worrying me so long to go driving—took me out; and it was all right till after lunch; but then he got fresher and fresher; he got just terrible; and when I wouldn't stand for him, he practically threw me out of the machine, and left me. Just like that awful fellow did out in Jersey—"

"I don't want to think of it, Ray."

"Well, neither do I. I'll never see either of them again. You very seldom

(Continued on page 42)





"What you want?" he demanded. A persuasive hand crossed his elbow. "Nothing that'll cost you anything. You're Benny Carr, ain't you?"

Never above Pennies

It was a temptation such as few grown men ever face—and Benny was a boy who longed for luxury!

By F.R. Buckley

BY DAY he was the impersonation (the personnel manager had been very emphatic about this) of no less multiple an entity than Greenslow, Boarderston, Weed and Hicks, Inc., which was why, carrying bonds from one section of the financial district to another, he must wear a clean collar and pants perennially pressed.

After office hours he was a nineteen-year-old individual named Benny Karkowicz, with a taste for poolrooms and an expression which, as he walked up Nassau Street on this particular November evening, was a shade more sullen even than usual.

This intensification of the normal was due partly to the clean collars and pressed pants demanded by Greenslow, Boarderston, Weed and Hicks, Inc., and partly to Benny's mother, who was also in Wall Street. Having, by desperate work on gents' ready-mades, pulled Benny through the period when he could do nothing more gainful than stare at the portraits of Bryant, Whittier and Longfellow, Mrs. Karkowicz had now thankfully laid aside the needle and taken up the scrubbing-brush.

After cleaning the flat which she shared with Benny, and cooking Benny's evening meal, she earned money by scrubbing offices—not much money, but more than Benny. And what Benny wanted to know, as he walked grimly past the corner of Pine Street, was where the heck she got off, wanting a guy to turn over all his doggone pay for housekeeping.

He was giving her five, which was

more than most guys would, and here she was wanting seven. Three dollars out for himself, and sixty cents of that gone for lunches, even if you had just a chocolate bar and a glass of milk and walked home at night! A hell of a time you could have evenings on \$2.40 a week! And what she'd say if a guy got into debt—at a poolroom—Besides, he needed a new waistcoat, fawn-colored with long points, like Bill Connell's at the office. Four-ninety-eight.

A man who had been buying a paper turned suddenly and smiled at Benny. More, he folded the paper under his arm, left the newsstand, and fell into step beside him. Attempted to, rather; for Benny came to an immediate and hostile halt.

"What you want?" he demanded.

A persuasive hand crossed his elbow. "Nothing that'll cost you anything. You're Benny Carr, ain't you?"

"What of it?"

"I've seen you," said the stranger airily, "around Johnston's poolroom."

BENNY owed six dollars at Johnston's, and Johnston had been getting nasty. A certain cold fear clawed at him.

"Well?"

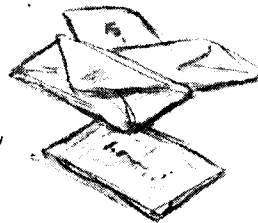
"Oh, nothing. I was just talking to Johnston the other day, an' he said you were a nice boy. We're blocking the traffic here."

The persuasive hand guided the reluctant elbow. Benny Carr walked on up Nassau Street with the stranger.

"Funny—I was talking to Bob Deegan, an' he said the same thing. Said



Illustrated by
Henry B.
Davis



he hadn't seen you in some time, though."

The chill around Benny's heart tightened. He owed nearer ten dollars than five at Deegan's; and then there was the eighty cents he had lost to—

"Hey, what you want?" he demanded for the second time, tearing himself loose from the persuasive grip and facing the stranger. The man, he observed in the light from a half-closed shop, had slate-colored eyes which never seemed to blink; even when he smiled, as he did now.

"What do I want?" he asked. "Nothin'. Just thought I'd like to get acquainted with such a bright boy. I've seen bright boys make a lot of money—boys that didn't have jobs a bit different from yours."

Benny Karkowicz's mouth was dry,

and there was a tingling in the ends of his fingers. His eyes, at first wide, were now staring into the stranger's with a fixity that suggested hypnosis. And he understood. He understood perfectly.

"For instance, I knew one kid that got knocked out with a blackjack an' his satchel taken off him—right down the street a ways—an' when he came outa the hospital a friend of mine gave him a grand. One thousand smackers—an' the kid wasn't bad hurt."

BENNY KARKOWICZ gulped. The hand closed once more on his elbow. The walk was resumed. So was the stranger's monologue. It progressed—unhurried, logical, reassuring; a clear path through the tangle that was Benny Karkowicz's mind. He owed money everywhere—he didn't want to be beaten up for it—his mother—those long moneyless evenings with nothing to do but sit home and listen to the gas-jet—

They were in Park Row. The stranger halted. The persuasive hand tightened suddenly to a sharp grip; the slate-colored eyes were piercing.

"How'd you like a thousand bucks, kid?"

Benny gulped again. He had a dozen refusals to make, varying in form from a query as to what the stranger thought he was, to a threat to call the cops; and he made none of them. His throat was too dry; the man's eyes too narrow; and besides—besides—

"Yeah—huh? Well, then—nex' time you see me, don't be too partic'lar stayin' around where there's too many people—see? Or if there's anybody tailin' you, scratch your chin like this—see? An' when somethin' hits you kinda gentle on the back of the head, just you lay down an' play dead—get me?"

"I—I—"

"Gonna tell me you don't want the thousand?"

A thousand dollars! For nothing! No danger. Nobody could help being knocked out. A guy could have a rest, and a fawn waistcoat, and a good time while he was young yet, instead of walking all day for three bucks of his own a week. Benny felt his head moving. Nodding.

"I should hope so. An' say. Another

(Continued on page 50)

A Day with Andrew Mellon

Of no other man in public life have we been asked so many personal questions as we have about Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, who on March 24th will be seventy-five years old. No other man in public life has been so successfully insistent that his personality and his private life be kept from the public. But here, for the first time and in the first article of the sort ever sanctioned by Mr. Mellon, you learn how he disposes his day and what he likes

By
Walter Davenport

A BITTER wind with teeth of sleet dared Washington to come out and fight. No tall buildings broke its blow. The wide avenues and spraddling parks above Fourteenth Street were its clear race course.

Unopposed, it threw up a screen of loose, light snow. Behind this mask it gathered speed and volume. A few men and women, huddling their coats close, bucked it, head down. It polished the ice of the streets as it had the frozen Potomac. It jeered stridently at the slow motor cars that slithered toward Capitol Hill, and spilled a numb Negro who had been hauling at the mouth of his horse trying in vain to get the beast to its feet.

Even in the early motor cars men were cowering behind raised collars. Washington, hot as plush in summer, was silver cold on this February morning. Ice was making the trees beautiful—and then smashing them. Half an ancient elm, unable longer to support the assault, had fallen into Massachusetts Avenue. A taxicab had skidded around the corner, broadside, and been caught by the barrier of branches.

It was too cold and the wind was too battering for the few mincing passers-by to be interested. Even the taxi's chauffeur had abandoned the place. All the chains in Washington wouldn't serve to turn a car on a sheet of diamond-hard glass like that.

It was half past eight. If you had been on Massachusetts Avenue then you would have seen a tallish, lean man in a chinchilla overcoat (collar flat) come out of a five-story apartment house and stand on the pavement a moment to survey the general scene. His pale face revealed nothing of what he might have thought of it. Hunching his shoulders squarely against the gale, he began walking east. Anything resembling briskness of stride



Wide World Photos



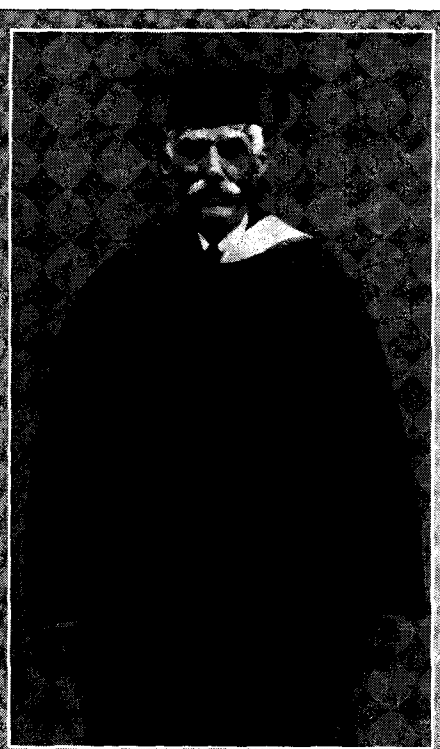
Keystone View Co.

Secretary Mellon, as he appeared when serving on the American Debt Commission



U. & U.

Dedicating a Coast Guard Memorial at Arlington Cemetery



Keystone View Co.

Secretary Mellon honored with the LL.D. degree at Columbia University

was impossible. Yet this man, walking alone, proceeded without great caution. His head was erect and a ruddiness had come into his long, lean face.

A little more than a mile of this measured walk, undaunted and almost unhalting, and he came to the place where he works—the Treasury Building. In the same even pace he walked to the elevators and from them, on the second floor, to the huge room that is his office.

In a gentle voice he bids the neat Negroes posted at the door of the outer office a friendly good morning. He ventures no opinion on the weather but agrees with his secretary that it is a cold morning.

But the walk that had started on Massachusetts Avenue was not at an end, was not halted, until he reached his desk. A word about this desk.

It's tremendous. It has to be to provide space for the tidy but irregular piles of papers, pamphlets, books and letters. None of this uncluttered-glass-plateau nonsense about this desk. This one is a monolith to work—of work. No confusion there, just a great deal to be done. . . . But he arrives at his desk.

It is just about nine o'clock. Andrew William Mellon, immaculate, unhurried, sure and completely in command of himself and the situation, sits down to administer another day's affairs in the job he has held for nine years—Secretary of the Treasury.

On March 24th Mr. Mellon will be seventy-five years old. It's impossible to avoid saying that his physical capacity is that of a man fifteen years younger. One might hate to set it down because it has been said so often of great men—in flattery only. But here one is privileged to prove the truth of it.

Nobody knows how many times Mr. Mellon has been asked to explain how it is that, after nine years of directing the finances of the largest financial organization in history, he can, at the threshold of seventy-five, discharge the office without apparent strain.

With the same gentle firmness with which he addresses himself to his job, he has refused all these importunities to display the private life of Andrew Mellon. He has not even considered the advisability of talking about himself. It's not a question of inexpediency, of temperamental aversion or aloofness. It

is simply that he could no more make public his own private life than he could ask you personal questions. Utterly impossible for the man.

He lives alone in a fifteen-room apartment. His son, Paul, is at Cambridge University, England. His daughter, Mrs. David Bruce, lives in New York. Nobody but Andrew Mellon has contributed to the air and mood of his Massachusetts Avenue home. From the foyer to his own bedroom it has been furnished and decorated with that quiet ease which he insists upon as conducive to his own spiritual comfort. There are, of course, expensive things—paintings by the masters, and woods, metals, fabrics, glass and china that are called treasures.

He rises at seven or thereabout, not because it is so designated in a schedule but rather because that is his habit. And no urging is necessary. A glass of water—not a measure—is the first of several he drinks during the day. He hasn't prescribed any stated amount of water for himself, but it is a great deal more than men usually consume. And with no particular interval between glasses, either.

A Lusty Heritage

His bath is next, neither cold nor hot but rather as he feels about it. Nevertheless its temperature may drop, but it seldom rises. He rarely has a cold, a happy circumstance not attributed by him to anything so much as to his rugged and well-inherited constitution. His father lived to be ninety-five; his mother to ninety-three. Both were strong, vigorous people, lusty of heritage and intelligent in conduct. So Mr. Mellon comes naturally to strength. And he has remarkable physical strength—vigorous, expressive hands that are seldom completely at rest, heavy wrists and flexible, easy shoulders.

His breakfast—at about seven-forty-five or eight—is quite likely to be large. There may be two or three fruits and he will include all of them. Orange juice in large portion. Apples are frequent, not alone at breakfast but at lunch and dinner and occasionally between.

As for the rest of the breakfast there are toast, eggs, cereal and, not infrequently, bacon or ham or small sausages. Digestion is like appetite in that you

(Continued on page 56)

Flight Savers

When you step into a plane, what are your chances of comfort and safety? What guarantees have you? A vast and efficient system is at work to insure you against mishap. And you can take full advantage of it by knowing a few simple rules

By William P. MacCracken, Jr.

Former Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics

and W.B. Courtney

AT a banquet given to Lieutenants Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberger, when they returned from their pioneering flight to Hawaii, General Pershing sat between Maitland and me.

"Les," I asked, "how did your directional radio finder work?"

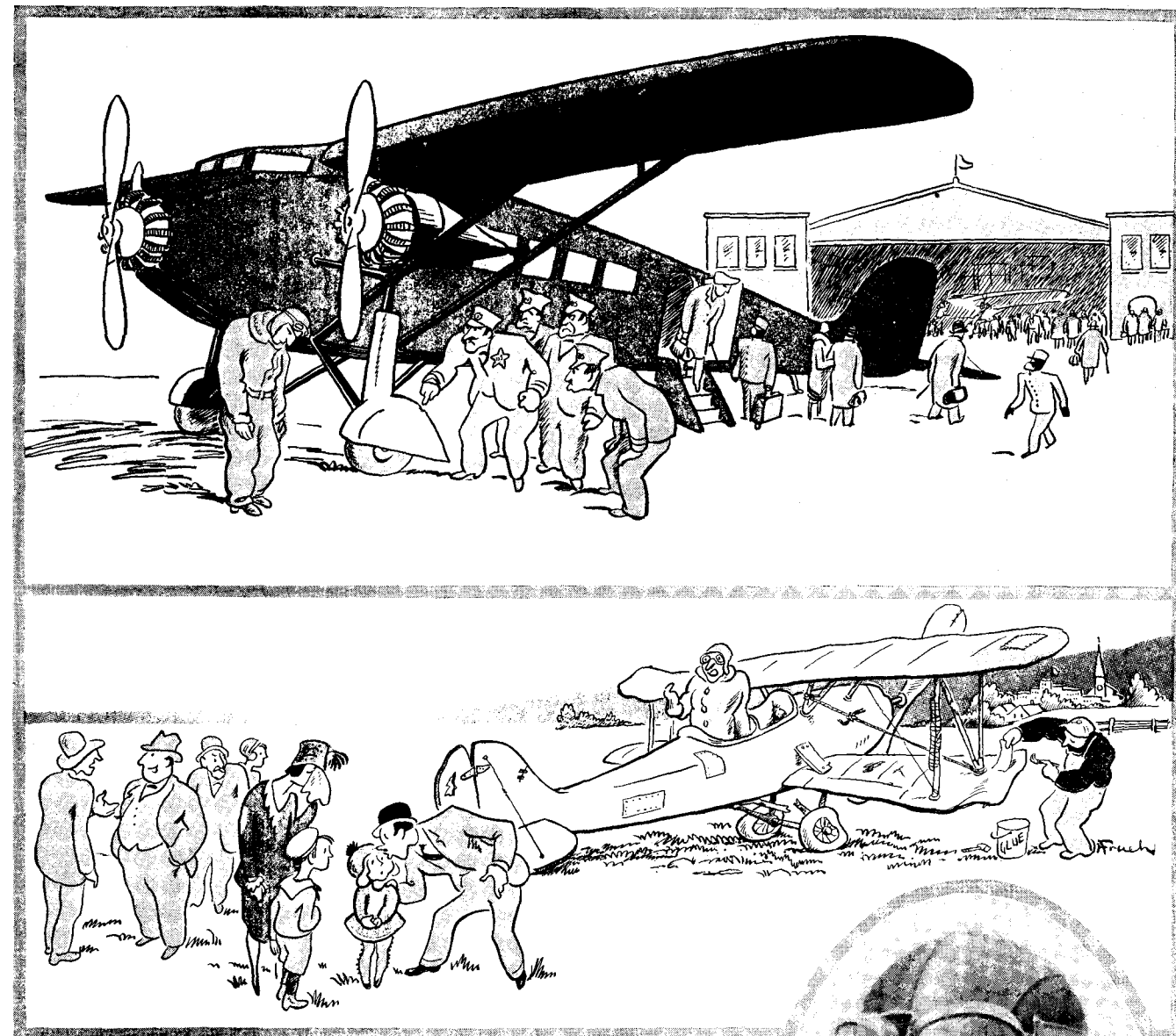
Maitland, shy naturally, was more so at the elbow of his general. He hesitated, then blurted: "Well, I'll tell you: After the first couple of hundred miles everything went haywire except Hegey's bean!"

That, to an airman, told the whole story. I laughed appreciatively, but stopped short as I noticed the expression of blank wonderment and bewilderment which overspread General Pershing's face. I said:

"I suppose you'd like to have that description translated, General. Lieutenant Maitland means that once the trip got under way nothing functioned properly except Lieutenant Hegenberger's flying instinct."

The term "haywire" is a relic of barnstorming; it lingers in aviation today to indicate pilots and ships apt to go to pieces under pressure. The majority of barnstormers were demobilized army flyers, using obsolete army ships. Lacking facilities for servicing their "crates," the gypsies fell into the habit of makeshift repairs with the wire commonly used throughout American rural districts to bale hay. In 1925—the heyday of barnstorming—you looked upon an air ride as a risk of life and limb. You were right.

Organized in 1926 under the Air Commerce Act, the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce proceeded to take the haywire out of commercial aviation. Ever since, it has been strengthening, amending, extending the safeguards with which its air regulations surround you when you fly. Accidents happen in safe flying as they happen in safe railroading. But they are accidents, and exceptional. In unsafe flying they are to be expected. Nobody can give you a written guarantee when you step into an airplane that you will step out of it uninjured. But neither can anybody give you a similar guarantee when you step into an elevator in an office building, or when you undertake to walk from one room to another in your house. You shouldn't expect such a guarantee in aviation any more than you expect it in other normal



A. J. Fruch

Today the Department of Commerce safeguards you so completely that the slightest misadventure is thoroughly sifted. In 1925 if you looked upon an air ride as a risk of life and limb you were right

everyday activities. But there are certain kinds of flying, just as there are reckless ways of doing everything else, which will lessen your chances of continued good health. It is the purpose of this article to help you to recognize and avoid unsafe flying, as well as to distinguish and use without fear or reservation, safe flying.

But before you can appreciate the difference between safe and unsafe flying you must get rid of the three major superstitions, or fears, which experience teaches us most of you cherish with regard to aviation. They are: That all tailspins are "dreaded;" that motor failure in the air always spells tragedy; that a "crash" is always fatal.

Hundreds — perhaps thousands — of tailspins are executed by aviation students throughout the country every day. They are a necessary part of flight training. The Department of Commerce requires that before any student is allowed to solo he must have had practice in recovering from spins. A tailspin is a continuation of a stall, or loss of flying speed. The spin should end as soon as the plane regains flying speed.

Well-Behaved Planes Shouldn't Spin

To recover from a spin a pilot puts his stick forward in the position for a moderate dive. No well-designed modern airplane will continue to spin with the stick forward. Before the Department of Commerce will grant approval to any airplane its inspectors must give it a thorough spinning test. If it is well-designed, it will recover. If it isn't, the inspector takes to his parachute—and

you will never get a chance to fly in it as a licensed plane, because the Government won't license it—even if there is enough of it left to fly.

Many people believe that in a tailspin the tail goes down first. That is impossible. The foremost part of any falling object is its heaviest part, and the nose—because of the motor—is the heaviest part of an airplane. The tail spins around the nose: the whole movement is somewhat like that of a boy's top, the nose spinning like the peg in a small circle, the tail spinning in a wide circle, both around the same axis.

You don't hear about these practice spins. The ones you hear about are those due to pilots' mistakes in permitting their ships to stall too close to the ground. These accidents usually take place when a plane is taking off, or when it is coming in for a landing. Over and over again you have read: "When the plane was within two hundred feet of the ground it went into a nose dive" (incipient spin) or "It went into a tailspin and crashed." Every airman, reading that, knows what happened. The pilot permitted his ship to lose flying speed—probably tried to stretch his glide. Once an airplane has completely stalled and started to spin it needs a dive of about 300 feet to win back flying speed. Here appears the importance of good flight training. When you learn to fly, go to a school approved by the Department of Commerce. You will be sure, there, of getting thorough instruction in detecting



Major Clarence M. Young, now Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics

approaching stalls and avoiding them.

No well-trained pilot dreads motor failure, unless he is over extremely rough country. Even then, if he maintains flying speed all the way to the ground, his chances of walking away from the scene are good. A pilot in flight watches the ground constantly for places where he can "get in" should his motor fail. He does this quite instinctively, as you watch for crossings and byroads when you are driving your car. If his motor fails he puts the plane into a glide instantly—that, too, is an instinctive act—which maintains the ship's flying speed, and he maneuvers towards the best available site below. In an approved school the student is forced to do this very thing time and time again. His instructor will "cut the gun" on him at most unexpected and inopportune moments, until it has become second nature for the pilot to keep an up-to-the-

second mental register of possible landing places.

These aren't necessarily perfect landing fields. A capable pilot—no other kind is permitted by the Air Regulations to carry passengers for hire—can squeeze without serious results into the smallest and most unfavorable of fields provided he retains control—and that means flying speed. A pilot on an Eastern air-mail run recently landed his ship, with a dead engine, in a field 700 feet square. Neither ship nor pilot was scratched. And this happened at night! Over forests a pilot can usually squash down upon tree tops, using them in the manner of a cushion. In the worst of rocky fields he can probably pick a way. If he has to accept collision he will take it in such a manner as to protect his passengers from anything worse than shock. Forced landings have been recorded in Western canyons and bad lands without fatalities. His ship may be washed out, but a pilot's first concern is the safety of his passengers; his second, his own. He may not be able to take that ship off; but he has a philosophy that is best summed up by a certain Mid-Western pilot:

"I always figure that when I get the ship back on the ground it belongs to the company again."

The Air Regulations Have Teeth

"Crash" is an unfortunate word, nine times out of ten misleading, because it is applied indiscriminately to every sort of mishap in aviation, from a forced landing in Farmer Brown's corn lot without injury (except to the corn), to the disappearance at sea of transoceanic daredevils. The "crash board" of the Department of Commerce analyzes hundreds of accidents each year, of which few are of major proportions. But so thorough is the interest of the Department in safeguarding you in aviation that every little and last misadventure of planes and pilots is sifted; it's as though a solemn official came to your house and made a careful inquiry, which was passed upon by a board, every time you scraped your car fender on the garage door.

To the aviation industry this may seem like swinging telephone poles at gnats; but the Department knows that you, in the present stage of commercial flying, cling to the chief fears we have just discussed, and that flying has not yet become commonplace enough for you to regard any accident as trivial. So the Aeronautics Branch interprets the Air Commerce Act in its strictest sense, and leaves nothing undone to insure your safety.

There are, roughly—disregarding air mail, which scarcely involves your personal safety—four main channels through which commercial aviation may reach into your daily life. You can, perhaps, best understand the extent and force of the Air Regulations if we trace the manner in which they surround you with safeguards, sometimes in spite of yourself, in the event of your wanting to: visit an airport and take a hop; build and sell airplanes; travel by airplane; buy and fly an airplane.

A Sunday "hop" is most likely to enter your experiences today, although scheduled airplane travel is rapidly becoming a commonplace to sophisticated travelers; and the future of private piloting is suggested by the fact that more than 25,000 people have applied for student pilot permits to date, and indications based on present developments make it reasonable for us to believe that more than 100,000 of you will know how to "fly your own" before many years.

Some pleasant week-end you decide to visit your local flying field. Or perhaps you are touring and pull up by a high roadside when your interest is captured by a busy airdrome. If the latter, it is extremely important for you to know how to tell safe flying. At home you have a certain measure of protection in knowing the reputation of your local field, the character of the men who own and operate it, and its record for accidents. In either case:

Begin right. Park in conformity with the signs. Don't just draw up haphazardly. The manager of every well-regulated field, minding local conditions, reserves parking spaces with the safety of spectators his chief concern; he will not usually put you under the "approaches" to the runways, for instance. That hill half a mile away attracts you as a vantage point. But if there's an air circus on, somebody might perform aërobatics over that hill.

Aërobatics—the flying men's word for what you call stunting—are prohibited by the Air Regulations at any altitude over the field, or within 1,000 feet of any of its edges. They are, of course, also prohibited over towns, assem-

blages, and the like. Wherever done, they must be completed above an altitude of 1,500 feet. Diving at crowds of spectators to "throw scares" is an old barnstorming brand of humor that has been choked out of modern aviation by the Air Regulations. One of the most famous flyers in the world recently had his license suspended for trying that sort of fun.

Little Julian nags you to take him for a hop. He has a difficult time of it, but he finally wins you over. There is a cabin plane on the field, perhaps. It is indicated to you as the one in which hop passengers are carried. But little Julian insists that he wants to ride in an open cockpit plane.

"All right," sighs the pilot who is to take you up. He calls to a mechanic: "Oscar, take the stick out of the front cockpit of Number 38."

Saving You from Yourself

Little Julian, who knows more about such matters than you do, understands that the pilot has referred to the dual controls, which enable the plane to be flown from either cockpit or to be used for instruction work.

"Aw, mister," he begs, "please leave it in and let me hold it!"

The pilot grins: "Like to, sonny, but the Government won't allow us to carry anyone who doesn't hold a flying license or a student permit in a cockpit with controls."

Little Julian is glum for a moment. Then he brightens and plucks your coat sleeve: "Maybe if you pay extra the

pilot will do stunts with us, Papa?"

Apprehension knots your stomach; but the pilot comes to your relief: "Sorry to be a killjoy, but we aren't allowed to stunt with passengers for hire, no matter how much you pay."

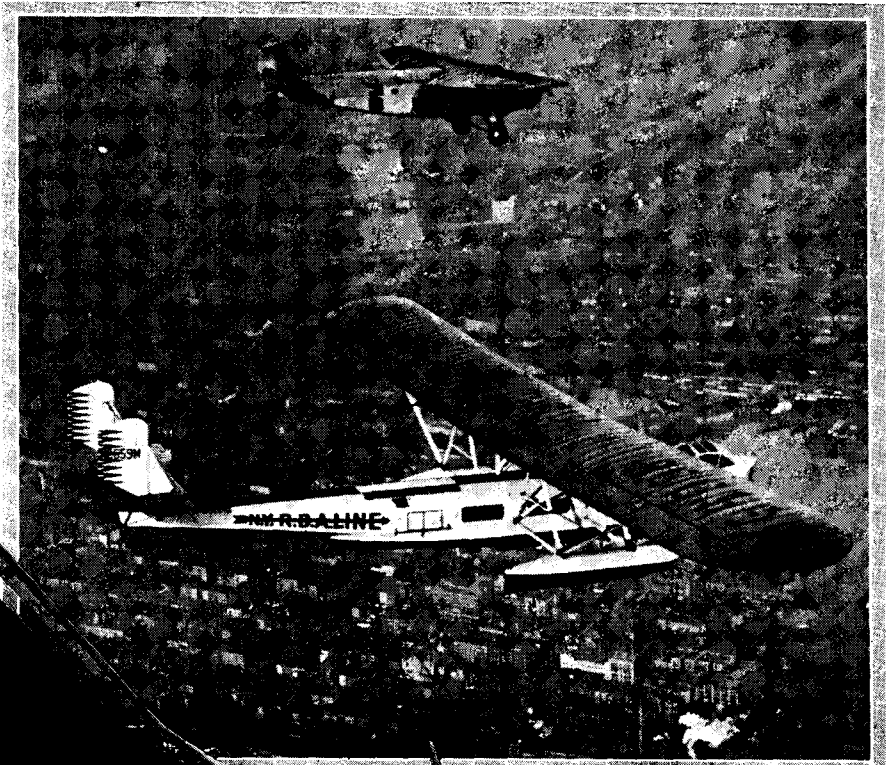
Little Julian, quite annoyed, seizes your hand and starts to drag you out upon the field to inspect the planes while you are waiting for your ride. But someone stops you: "You'll have to stand at the waiting-room until your ship's ready. Visitors aren't allowed on the field. Too much danger of walking into a prop, or getting in the way of ships landing or taking off. Sorry—rules—can't help it—"

While you're waiting to take off, why not ask the pilot to show his license to you? It's an interesting exhibit in itself, and the sight of it will serve to reassure you. The pilot won't mind. He's often asked to show it; the law demands that he never refuse.

The Air Regulations forbid the carrying of passengers for hire, interstate, or in a Federally licensed plane, by any but transport or limited commercial pilots. Industrial pilots can carry only cargo for hire. If your pilot has a transport license, you may feel quite safe in flying anywhere with him. If he has a limited commercial license he can fly you for hire only in the territory designated in his license.

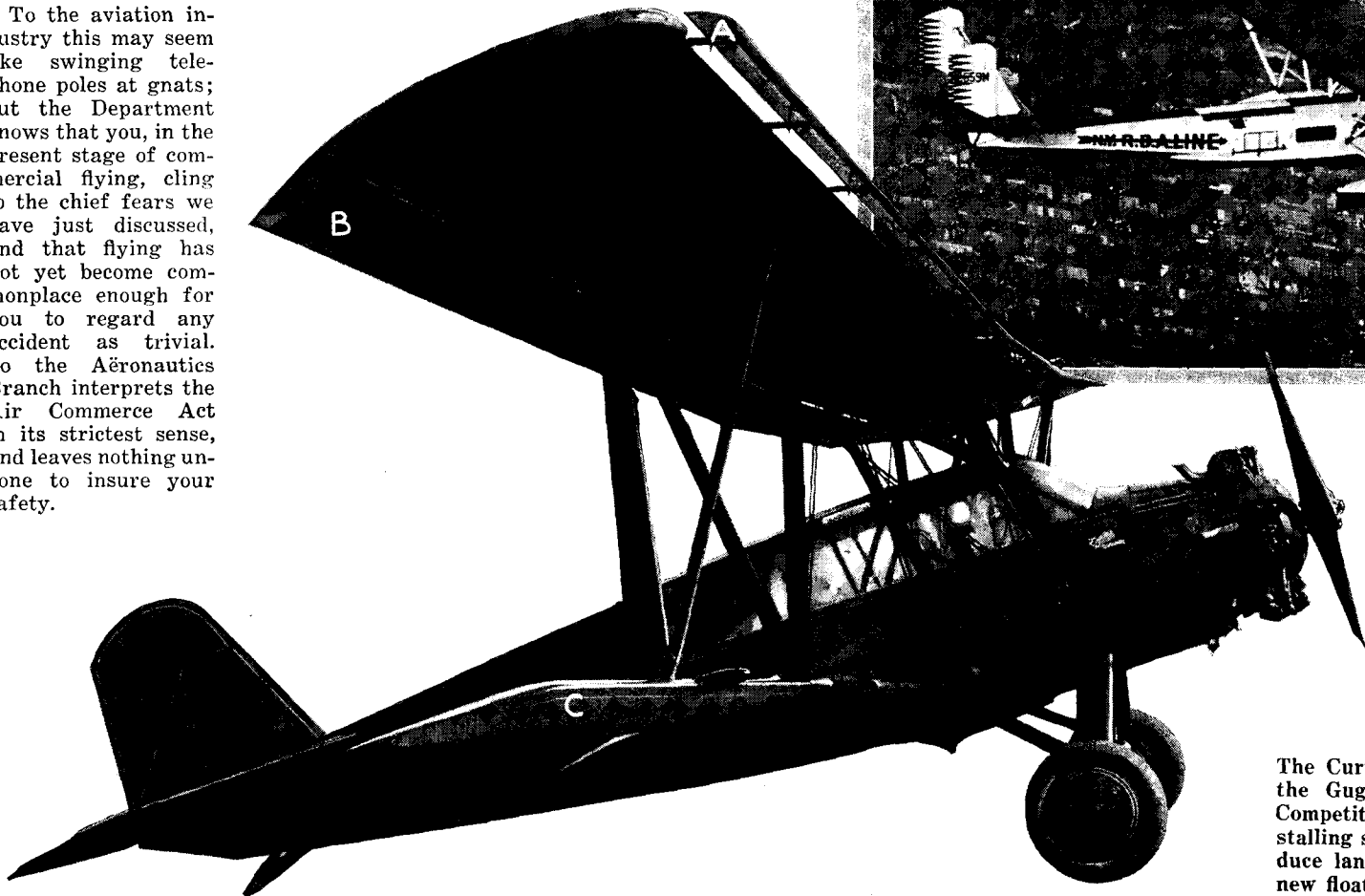
Private pilots cannot fly passengers for hire. They may take friends or relatives or others for free flights. If you have a private pilot friend and he invites you to take a hop with him, I

(Continued on page 46)



P. & A. Photos

Seven-day passenger and mail service between Buenos Aires and the United States has been inaugurated by this giant twenty-passenger flying boat, the first of twelve being built for the service



The Curtiss Tanager, winner of the Guggenheim Safe Aircraft Competition, showing the anti-stalling slots, A; the flaps to reduce landing speed, B; and the new floating ailerons which prevent skidding and tailspins, C

George and the Perfect Lady

GEORGE ROBERTS was not middle-aged; he was very young; he didn't know that all the real love stories begin with marriage. That was why he had so much trouble. He believed all that stuff about going out and getting the girl regardless of obstacles, regardless of rivals, regardless of her struggles. He believed it so completely that he thought that was what he had done when he had married Madeline.

He didn't know that it just happens—that two young people fall into each other's arms as water runs downhill; that when the girl has seen the man she wants there are no real obstacles, no real rivals, and no real struggle. Not before marriage.

George supposed that when you married the girl the battle was over. He supposed it was over at the moment when it was only about to begin. Oh, of course, George understood that there might be slight differences of opinion to adjust from time to time. But he did not know that it is necessary to fight. He did not suspect that a man and a woman never love each other much until they have quarreled. He did not

Specially recommended to newlyweds, others who are married, and those who are thinking of getting married. But don't you forget this: that every man isn't a hero like George, and every woman isn't a beauty like Madeline

By Lucian Cary

know how to quarrel with a woman. He supposed that the idea was to be one of those strong, silent men—who put up with almost anything.

This was all the more absurd of George because on the job he was really strong and not at all silent—with the result that other people put up with things, not George.

The summer that everything happened George was building the hydro-electric plant at Deep River. George's office was a hot little board shack on the edge of the excavation. The shack was papered with blue-prints. George sat, whenever he sat, which wasn't often, at a drafting table facing a wide window. He could see the whole job from that window. It was five minutes of quitting time. Below him the job was moving the way he liked to see a job move—the compressed-air drills rat-a-tat-tatting; the dynamite crew tamping charges; the steam shovels loading a train of seven-ton trucks.

They were twenty-three days ahead of schedule. They were twenty-three days ahead of schedule at a bonus of five hundred dollars a day because George knew his business and had a vocabulary. It may be possible to boss drillers and dynamite crews and truck drivers, and bully railroads and material men and supply houses without a vocabulary of bad words. But it has never been done. The great advantage of bad words is that you can show you mean it without getting nasty.

The telephone at George's elbow rang. George picked up the receiver, still with his eyes on the job.

"This the boss?" a hard-boiled voice inquired.

"Yeah," George said.

"This is Joe at the railroad station. That car o' cement ain't in yet."

"All right," George said. "I'll speak to them about that."

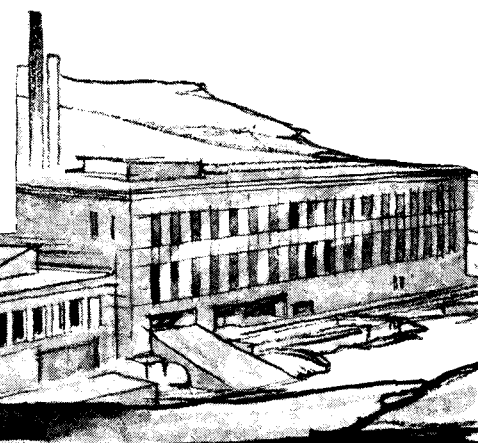
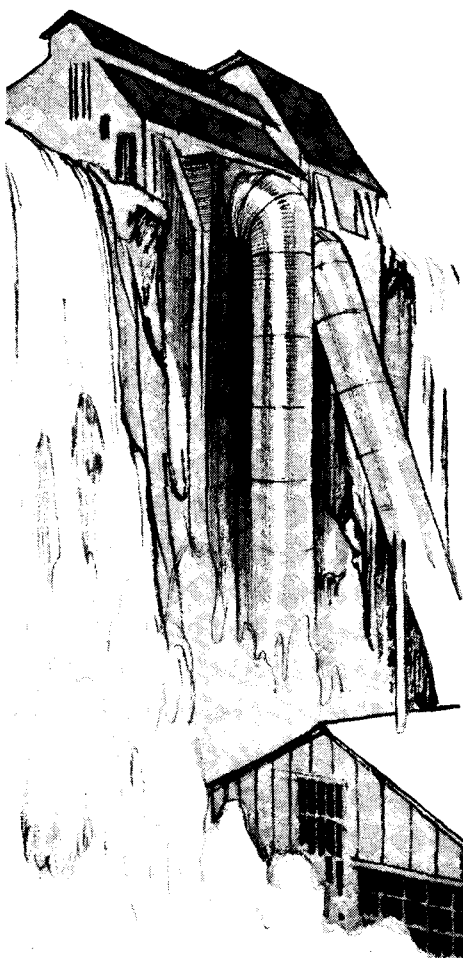
He put in a long-distance call for the railway offices in New Jersey.

"Listen," George said. "This is the Consolidated Construction Company. Where's that car of cement for Deep River?"

"I dunno. What cement?"

"This is Roberts at Deep River," George replied. "And if your railroad doesn't have my cement here tomorrow I'm coming down there —"

At the foot of the staircase Madeline got her teeth into his left hand. She bit him with the ferocity of a wounded leopard. George tightened his grip on her



quick, and find out what the — why."

"Now, Mr. Roberts," the railroad man protested, "we—"

George cut him off. "Never mind the mister," George said. "All I want is the — cement in a — hurry."

George rang off. He knew he'd get the cement. Once when the railroad had failed to come across he had sent his seven-ton trucks down and hauled the load himself. The railroad wouldn't let that happen a second time.

The telephone rang again. This time it was the president of the Consolidated Construction Company in the New York office.

"How's the job, George?" the president asked.

"All right," George said.

"Up to schedule?"

The president knew just as well as George did that the job was twenty-three days ahead of schedule. He had a report every morning.

"— yes," George replied.

"Listen, George," the president said, "how'd you like to take on the Metagani job?"

"I'd like it — fine," George said.

"All right," the president said, "we'll figure on taking you off Deep River in a couple of weeks."

JUST like that they gave George the biggest job he'd ever had—entire charge of putting in two hundred thousand horse-power ninety miles from a railroad in the Canadian bush.

It was the big chance he had been waiting for. And he couldn't tell Madeline. He couldn't tell Madeline because Madeline had decided that when he finished the Deep River job he was to take a year off and go to Europe with her and the twins.

George shut up the shack and got into his roadster to drive the thirty miles back to Round Hill. He spent the whole forty minutes wondering if there wasn't some way of persuading Madeline to let him go on with his career as an engineer instead of taking a year off in Europe.

There was this excuse for George: His wife was the sort of woman who seems to have been designed to try the soul of a man. She was beautiful. She was beautiful in the way pretty girls hope to be beautiful when they are twenty-eight. But beautiful women are not invariably difficult. Many of them are cold and some of them are stupid and some of them drink too much gin, so that a man soon ceases to care whether they are difficult or not.

Madeline Roberts was none of these things. She was not cold; she was not stupid; and she didn't drink any more cocktails than most people do nowadays. Madeline was a lady—a lady with a lik-

able smile, extremely attractive ways, and a voice with a throb in it. How are you going to beat a woman like that?

As George approached the house he saw that there were two cars parked in the driveway. That meant guests for tea. George hated tea. Balancing a cup of tea on his knee completely silenced him. He could only sit there like a dumb animal in pain until it was over. George knew that if Madeline saw him he would have to go in for tea. He put the car in the garage and sneaked in a side door and tiptoed up to his room. With the air of a small boy who has been in mischief and is in a hurry to do something that will please his mother before she finds him out, George bathed and shaved and dressed in clean white flannels.

George waited in the upper hall, listening. Miss Harcourt, the governess, was presenting his small son and daughter to the guests. The governess was one of Madeline's victories. George did not approve of governesses. Now the guests were getting up to go. Madeline was saying good-by to them. As soon as he heard the door close behind them George started down the stairs. When he started it seemed to him that he could say, "Madeline, I've got the Metagani job—we're going to the wilds of Canada for a year." But when he was actually face to face with her he said, "Hello." He said "Hello" hopefully, and glanced at her to see whether she was displeased with him.

She didn't seem to be displeased with him at the moment. She said, "How nice you look, George," and held up her face to be kissed. George kissed her. In spite of himself George kissed her tenderly, and for a moment she put her arm around his neck. She was irresistible to him when she did that.

Now was the moment to tell Madeline that they weren't going to Europe. They were going to Canada.

"You know," George said, "I've been wondering if it's necessary for the twins to go to school in Europe. They're only six years old."

"They'll never have a correct French accent unless they learn French now," Madeline said.

George was bolder than usual. "What," he asked, "what if they never do have a correct French accent?"

"Really, George," Madeline said. She did not finish the sentence in words. She finished it with a lift of her perfect eyebrows. It was her usual method. She simply high-hatted him out of every idea he had.

That night at dinner George heard Madeline telling the man on her right that she and George and the children

were going to Europe for a year. She thought it was especially necessary for George, who worked too hard, to take a year off.

George lay awake for hours that night after he went to bed. He began to realize how far apart he and Madeline had grown. He had given up everything to her. She wanted a big house, so they had a big house, and he drove thirty miles to the job every morning and thirty miles home every night. She wanted dinner parties, so they almost never dined alone. She wanted the twins to have a correct French accent, so they were going to France for a year.

And somehow or other these things weren't the half of it. She got everything she wanted and still she wasn't satisfied. She made him feel nearly all the time that she was displeased with him or disappointed in him or bored with him. She had put her arm around his neck when he had kissed her before dinner. It was a long time since she had done that. And it hadn't meant a thing.

That was the real trouble. He was still in love with her. He wanted to wring her neck but he was still in love with her. He still thought she was thrilling. And she was bored with him.

Perhaps the thing they needed was a separation. Perhaps it would be a wise plan to let her go to Europe with the twins while he went to Canada for a year. He didn't like the idea but maybe it was the only sensible arrangement.

George went to sleep wondering how Madeline would take the proposal. He woke up the next morning thinking about it. But he said nothing. He said nothing about the Metagani job, either. George stalled and stalled, and never thought to ask himself what he was afraid of.

THE president of Consolidated came out to Deep River and made all the final arrangements with George. He was to leave the Deep River job on September 10th. It was now the first of September. He had ten days in which to do something. And he couldn't do anything. Madeline was in New York shopping in her leisurely fashion for the year in Europe. He was going ahead with his preparations for a year in Canada. He thought it would be easier to tell her at the last minute that he couldn't go to Europe, and all the time he was afraid she would make him do what she wanted.

He couldn't go to sleep at night. For the first time in his life he couldn't go to sleep. He got up one night and looked at his watch. It was two o'clock in the morning. He'd been trying to go to sleep since eleven. He

thought if he went downstairs and mixed himself a highball it might help. He sat in the living-room sipping the highball and thinking. He noticed that his glass had left a wet ring on the mahogany table top. Madeline disliked rings on her tables. George went into the butler's pantry and found a napkin and wiped up the wet ring. As he did so he noticed a book opened and laid face down on the table.

HE PICKED up the book and sat down to read the passage at which, evidently, Madeline had left off reading. It was a Frenchman's account of American life. The book was open at the chapter on the American woman. George read:

"In America, life is conducted for the benefit of women. And yet in America there are more unhappy women than anywhere else.

"The successful American man takes more chances and works much harder than the men of other countries. He goes to his office earlier, takes less time for lunch, stays at his office later, and works at higher speed than Europeans do, apparently in order to provide his wife and family with more and more luxury.

"But in his own home this same bold, energetic business man treats his wife as if she were an adored and feared mother whom he was in constant danger of displeasing. His wife would not be a woman if she did not take advantage of this attitude. She treats her husband as if he were a small boy—and becomes cold, critical, petulant.

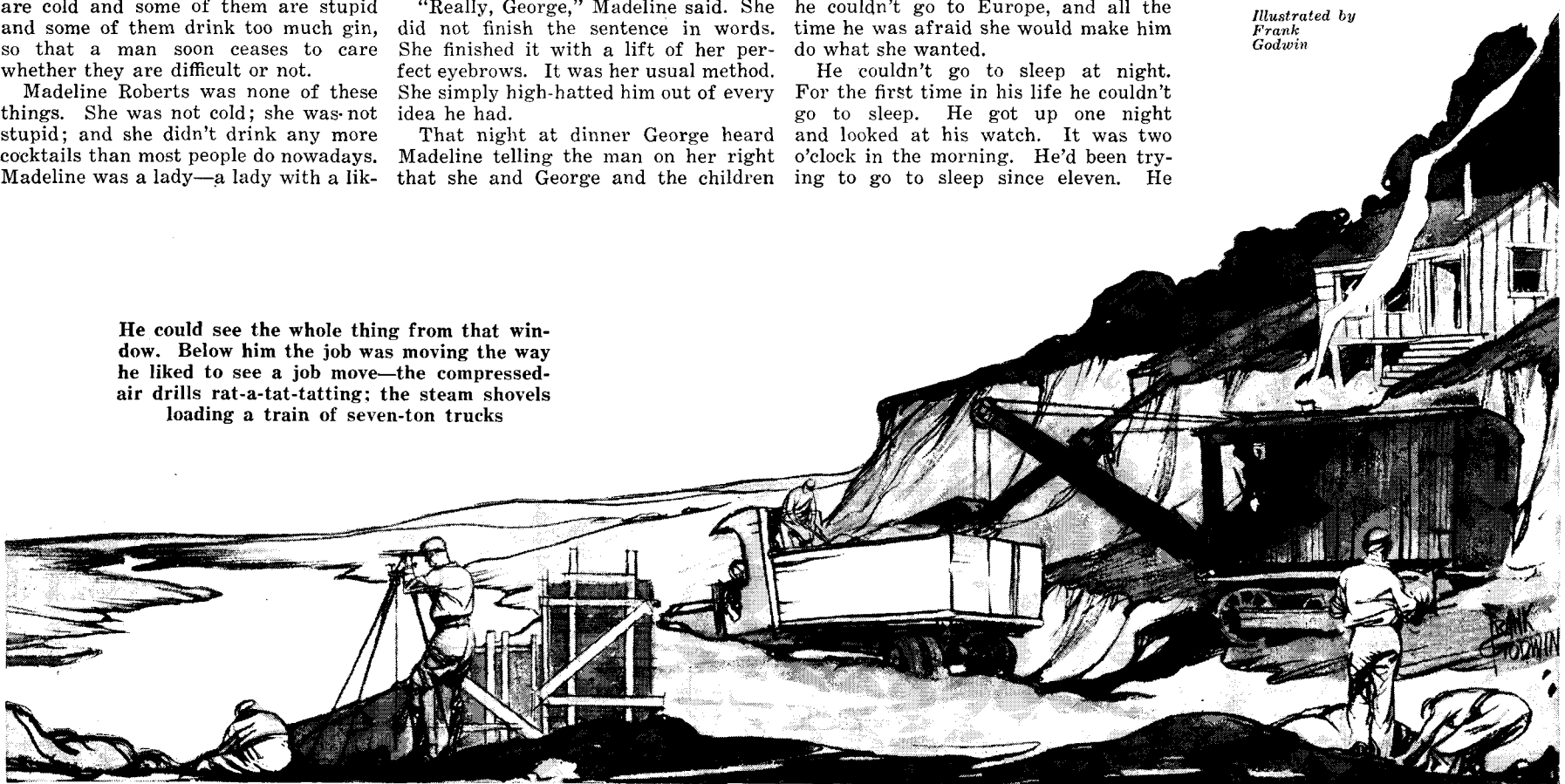
"The foreign visitor seeing such a woman is at once struck with the fact that she needs a lover. Not only the husband but Americans in general would be horrified by this observation. The lover is not a recognized institution in America. Indeed, recognized or unrecognized, the lover hardly exists in America.

"But, as I have already observed, by far the greater portion of the Americans who visit Europe are these same dissatisfied wives of successful American men. One may, indeed one must, draw one's own conclusion."

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by
Frank
Godwin

He could see the whole thing from that window. Below him the job was moving the way he liked to see a job move—the compressed-air drills rat-a-tat-tatting; the steam shovels loading a train of seven-ton trucks



Fu Manchu's Daughter

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE excavating in Egypt's mysterious Valley of the Kings, Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous archaeologist, dies under strange circumstances. Beside his body a message, scrawled by Sir Lionel himself, is found: "Not dead. . . . Get Petrie. . . . Cairo. . . . Amber. . . . Inject. . . ."

Petrie—Dr. Petrie, one of the dead man's oldest friends—is in Cairo. Shan Greville (who tells the story, and who is madly in love with Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's lovely niece) rushes to Cairo, gets Petrie, and, with Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service, speeds back again, by airplane. Arrived, they are informed that Sir Lionel's body has disappeared. . . . What can it mean? Greville is mystified. But Dr. Petrie is not. In Cairo he has received an unsigned telegram, informing him that Sir Lionel is not dead but suffering from catalepsy, and ending: "Please come first train, and bring antidote, if any remains." He knows the meaning of that remarkable message.

"We are dealing," he whispers, "with the agents of Dr. Fu Manchu!" Then he explains that the sinister Fu Manchu—believed to be dead—was master of a method of inducing artificial catalepsy. "And I alone," he adds, "possess a drop of the antidote!"

Everyone is armed at once. Guards are posted. Lurking in the darkness are strange beings—members, Petrie believes, of a band of thieves and murderers, known in Burma as dacoits. And in the shadowy background creeps a weird and menacing figure: the mysterious Madame Ingomar, about whom little is known, but who is, apparently, deeply involved in the singular incidents leading up to the disappearance of Sir Lionel.

Who stole the body? Rima has a strange clue. Trying to make a flashlight picture of a wild animal, on the night the body was removed, she has, quite by accident, photographed three persons who may be guilty. The face of one is indistinguishable. One is an evil-faced Oriental, identified by Greville as a creature who shadowed him constantly on his way to and from Cairo. The third is a woman—Madame Ingomar! . . . Looking for evidence, Weymouth, Greville and Ali, the Arab headman, enter a deep shaft, excavated by Sir Lionel while trying to find "The Tomb of the Black Ape," near which a votive chapel and strange fragments, inscribed with the figure of a huge ape, or ape man, have been found. . . . Someone approaches. . . . Lights out, the party crouches, peering into the darkness. The intruder is Madame Ingomar! She leaves, and the searchers find the body of a dacoit—murdered. Weymouth recognizes him. He was once the servant of Fu Manchu. Near by is an old mummy-case. The two men lift the lid. There, before them, lies Sir Lionel Barton!

IV

"BETTER turn in, Greville," said Dr. Petrie rapidly. "Lie down at any rate. Can't expect you to sleep. But you've had enough for one night. Your job is finished for the moment. Mine begins."

How the others had reacted to our astounding discovery I am quite unable to relate. I was in no fit condition to judge.

Petrie half supported me along the sloping passage and administered a fairly stiff peg from his flask, which enabled me with Ali's aid to mount the ladders. I was furious with myself. To have to retire when the most amazing operation ever attempted by a surgeon was about to be performed—the restoring of a dead man to life! . . . But when at last I dropped down on my bed in the tent, I experienced a mo-

ment of horrible doubt—a moment during which I questioned my own sanity.

Ali Mahmoud's expression as he stood watching me anxiously held a certain reassurance, however. That imperturbable man was shaken to the depths of his being.

"Effendi," he whispered. "It is black magic! It is forbidden, this tomb!" He grasped an iron ring which he wore upon his right hand and pronounced the *takbir*, being a devout Moslem. "Everyone has told me so. And it is true!"

"It would seem to be," I whispered. "Go back. You will be wanted. . . ."

I had always loved the Chief, and that last glimpse of his gray-white face, under the astounding circumstances of our discovery, had utterly bowled me over. The things I had heard of Dr. Fu Manchu formed a sort of dizzy background—a moving panorama behind this incredible phantasy. There was no sanity in it all—no stable point upon which one could lay hold.

Was Sir Lionel dead, or did he live? Dead or alive, who had stolen his body, and why? Most unanswerable query of all—with what possible object had he been concealed in the sarcophagus?

A thousand other questions, equally insane, presented themselves in a gibbering horde. I clutched my head and groaned. I heard a light footstep, looked up and there was Rima standing in the opening of the tent.

"Shan dear!" she cried, "you look awful! I don't wonder. I have heard what happened. And truly I can't believe it even now! Oh, Shan, do you really, really think—?"

She fell on her knees beside me and grasped my hand.

"I don't know," I said, and scarcely knew my own voice. "I have had rather a thick time, dear, and I, well . . . I nearly passed out. But I saw him."

"Do you think I could help?"

"I don't know," I replied wearily. "If so, Petrie will send for you. After all, we're quite in his hands. I don't want

Never, to the end of everything shall I forget that moment when Weymouth and Dr. Petrie lifted Sir Lionel, still swathed in his worn army blanket

you to hope for too much, darling. This mysterious 'antidote' seems like sheer lunacy to me. Such things are clean outside the scope of ordinary human knowledge."

"Poor old boy," said Rima and smoothed my hair caressingly.

Her touch was thrilling, yet soothing; and I resigned myself very gladly to those gentle fingers. There is nothing so healing as the magnetism of human sympathy. And after a while:

"I THINK a cigarette might be a good idea, Rima," I said. "I'm beginning to recover consciousness!"

She offered me one from a little enameled case which I had bought in Cairo on the occasion of her last birthday—the only present I had ever given her. And we smoked for a while in that silence which is better than speech; then:

"I saw something queer," said Rima suddenly, "while you were away with Mr. Weymouth. Are you too weary—or do you want me to tell you?"

Her tone was peculiar, and: "Yes—tell me what you saw," I replied, looking into her eyes.

"Well," she went on, "Captain Hunter came along after you had gone. Naturally, he was as restless as any of us. And after a while—leaving the hut

door open, of course—I went and stood outside to see if there was any sign of your return. . . ."

She spoke with unwonted rapidity and I could see that in some way she had grown more agitated. Of course I had to allow for the dreadful suspense she was suffering.

"You know the path, at the back of the small hut," she continued, "which leads up to the plateau. . . ."

"The path to Lafleur's Shaft?"

Rima nodded.

"Well, I saw a woman—at least, it looked like a woman—walking very quickly across the top! She was just



By Sax Rohmer

Illustrated by
John Richard
Flanagan

an outline against the sky, and I'm not positive about it at all. Besides, I only saw her for a moment. But I can't possibly have been dreaming, can I? What I wondered, and what I've been wondering ever since is: What native woman—she looked like a native woman—would be up there at this time of night?"

She was sitting at my feet, now, her arm resting on my knees. She looked up at me appealingly.

"What are you really thinking?" I asked.

"I'm thinking about that photograph!" she confessed. "I believe it

was—Madame Ingomar! And, Shan, that woman terrifies me! I begged Uncle not to allow her to come here—and he just laughed at me! I don't know why he couldn't see it . . . but she is dreadfully evil! I have caught her watching you, when you didn't know, in a way. . . ."

I BENT down and rested my head against her tangled curls.

"Well?" I said, my arm about her shoulders.

"I thought you . . . found her attractive. Don't get mad. But I knew, I knew, Shan, that she was dangerous. She affects me in the same way as a snake. She has some uncanny power. . . ."

"Irish colleens are superstitious," I whispered.

"They may be. But they are often wise as well. Some women, Shan—bad women—are witches—"

"You're right, darling. And it was almost certainly Madame Ingomar that you saw!"

"Why do you say so?"

Then I told her what had happened in the tomb, and, when I had finished:

"Just as she disappeared," Rima said, "I heard footsteps—quick, padding footsteps—on the other side of the wadi. I called out to Dr. Petrie, but the sound

had died away. . . . I'd had a good glimpse of him, though—a man running—"

"Did you recognize him?"

"Yes!"

"What!"

Rima looked up at me reflectively, and:

"Do you remember an Arab who came into camp some days ago and insisted that he must see Uncle?"

I nodded.

"I think I know the man you mean—the Chief asked me to find out what he wanted?"

"Yes."

"A gaunt-faced fellow—steely piercing eyes? Spoke very queer Arabic and denied all knowledge of English. Told me quite bluntly he had nothing whatever to say to me, but must see Sir Lionel. I finally told him to go to the devil. Why, good heavens, Rima . . . that was the evening before the tragedy!"

"Well," said Rima in a very low voice, "this was the man I saw running along the ridge tonight!"

"I don't like the sound of it," I admitted. "We have trouble enough already. Did he see you?"

"He couldn't have. Besides, he was running at tremendous speed. . . ."

Even as she spoke the words my heart seemed to miss a beat. I sprang up. Rima clutched me, her beautiful eyes widely opened.

Racing footsteps were approaching the tent!

I didn't know what to expect. My imagination was numb. But when the flap was dragged aside and Ali Mahmoud unceremoniously burst in, I was past reprimand, past any comment whatever.

"Effendi! Effendi! Quick, please. They tell me not to disturb Forester Effendi and Captain Hunter. . . . His camp bed!"

"What!—the Chief's?"

"I am ordered to carry it up to the mouth of the old shaft!"

"Ali Mahmoud!"

Rima sprang forward and grasped the headman's shoulders.

"Yes! Yes!" His eyes were gleaming madly. "It is true, lady. It is black magic, but it is true. . . ."

Of all the queer episodes of that

nightmare business there was none more grotesque, I think, than this of Ali and I carrying Sir Lionel's camp bed up the steep path to that gaunt and desolate expanse upon which Lafleur's Shaft opened. As we had come out of the Chief's tent I had heard the voices of Jameson Hunter and Forester in the big hut.

I was literally bathed in perspiration when we reached our goal. Dropping down upon the light bed, I stared out over that prospect beneath me. Right at my feet lay the Sacred Valley of Der el-Bahâri; to the right the rugged hills and ravines of this domain of the dead. Beyond, indicated by a green tracing under the stars, the Nile wound on like a river of eternity. For a few moments I regarded it all, and then Rima's fingers closed over my own.

A lantern stood at the mouth of Lafleur's Shaft. . . .

We began to descend—to where a group awaited us.

NEVER, to the end of everything, shall I forget that moment when Weymouth and Dr. Petrie lifted Sir Lionel, still swathed in his worn army blanket, and laid him on the camp bed. Ali Mahmoud, who possessed the lean strength of a leopard, had carried him up the short ladder on his shoulders. But the effort had proved dangerously exhausting to the sufferer. Anxiety was written deeply upon Petrie's face as he bent over him.

Rima was almost as ghostly pale as he who had been plucked out of the gates of death. She was staring at Petrie fearfully, as one who glimpses a superman. But my own feelings were oddly compounded of joy and horror . . . joy because the dear old Chief had been given a chance to live; horror, because I recognized a scientific miracle—and suddenly, awfully, appreciated the terrifying genius of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . .

At which moment, Sir Lionel opened his eyes—gazed vacantly, and then saw us.

"Cheer up, Rima—child," he whispered. "God bless you fellows—" And to me: "Thanks for the dash to Cairo. Good scout!"

He closed his eyes again.

"WELL, Nurse," said Petrie, as Rima came out and joined us on the hotel terrace, "what do you think of our patient?"

Rima, a delicious picture in a dainty frock which had taken the place of the rough kit she wore in camp, fixed that grave look of hers on the speaker.

Then she turned swiftly aside, and I saw a threat of tears in her eyes.

"Yes," Petrie murmured. "I don't quite know what to make of him. I'm only an ordinary practitioner, Rima, and although I've searched every hotel in Luxor, this is an off season. There isn't a man in Upper Egypt whose opinion I could take. And the only likely Cairo man, as bad luck would have it, is away on leave."

Silence fell between us. Sir Lionel

Barton—first perhaps of modern Orientalists—lay in his room in a state of unconquerable coma, a mysterious secret locked in his memory. Petrie had rescued him from death—dragged him back, indeed, from the other side of that grim valley—by virtue of an unnamed drug prepared by the greatest physician the world had ever known.

In a few weeks, now, this quiet spot in which we sat would be bustling with busy, international life. The tourist season would have set in. Dragomans, sellers of beads, of postcards and of scarabs would be thick as flies around the doors of the hotels.

Even now, as I stared across the nearly deserted roadway and beyond old peaceful Nile to where crags and furlows marked the last resting place of the Pharaohs, even now, I could scarcely grasp the reality of it all.

WHAT was the secret of the Tomb of the Black Ape? Careful examination had enabled us to prove that Lafleur at the time his excavation was abandoned—that is, at the time of his disappearance in 1909—had got within a few yards of the passage leading to the burial chamber. Some unknown hand had completed the work and then had so carefully concealed the opening that later Egyptologists had overlooked it. Or had the hand been that of Lafleur himself?

More astounding still: the inner stone door, or portcullis, had been opened before! And it had been *reclosed*—so cunningly that even the Chief had thought it to be intact! We were not the first party to reach it.

Therefore . . . when had the tomb been emptied? In Lafleur's time or a week ago whilst I was in Cairo? Who had reclosed it, and why had he done so? Above all—*what had it contained?*

Maddening to think that poor Sir Lionel might know . . . but was unable to tell us. . .

My musings were interrupted.

"Next to Brian Hawkins," said Petrie, "of Wimpole Street, there's one man with whom I'd give half I possess to have ten minutes' conversation."

"Who is that?" Rima asked.

"Nayland Smith."

I looked across.

"Not as a professional consultant," Petrie added. "But somehow, in the old days, he seemed to find a way."

"Uncle was always talking about him," said Rima. "And I've hoped we should meet. He's chief of some department of Scotland Yard, isn't he?"

"Yes. He finally left Burma five years ago. And I'm looking forward to meeting him in England."

"Weymouth cabled him," said I, "but had no reply."

"I know." Petrie stared vacantly before him. "It's rather queer and quite unlike Smith."

"Is there really *nothing* we can do?" said Rima.

She rested her hand suddenly on Petrie's arm and I knew she feared that she might have offended him.

"I didn't mean you're not doing everything that's possible—I just mean do you think we're justified in waiting?"

"I don't!" he replied honestly; for honesty was the keynote of his character. "But I doubt if either of the men I mentioned could indicate any treatment other than that which we're following. Physically, Sir Lionel is gaining strength day by day, but his mental condition puzzles me."

"Is it contrary to your experience, Doctor?" I asked. "I mean, your experience of this strange drug which must have been used in this case?"

Petrie nodded.

"Quite contrary," he assured me. "The crowning triumph of Fu Manchu's methods was their clean-cut effects. His poisons served their purpose to a nicety. His antidotes restored to normal."

A thickset figure rounded the corner of the building and bore down upon us. "Ah, Weymouth!" said Petrie, "you look as though a long drink with a lump of ice in it would fill the bill."

"It would!" Weymouth confessed, dropping into a cane chair. He removed his hat and mopped his forehead.

"Any luck?" said I.

Whilst Petrie gave an order to a waiter Weymouth shook his head sadly.

"Madame Ingomar is known to a number of people in Luxor and neighborhood," he replied, "but not one of them can tell me where she lives!"

He paused suddenly, arrested, I suppose, by my expression. I was staring at a tall Arab who, approaching the hotel, pulled up on sighting our group. His hesitation was momentary. He carried on, swung past us and went in through the swinging doors.

Rima sprang up and grasped my arm.

"The Arab!" she cried. "The Arab who has just passed! It's the man I saw in camp. The man who ran along the top of the wadi!"

I nodded grimly.

"Leave him to me!" I said, and, turning to Weymouth: "A clue at last!"

"Is this the mysterious Arab you spoke about?" excitedly.

"It is!"

I dashed into the hotel. There was no sign of my man in the big lobby in which only vedettes of the tourist army, mostly American, were to be seen. I hurried across to the reception clerk. He knew me well, and:

"A tall Arab. Just come in," I said quickly. "Bedouin. Fargani or Maazai for a guess. Where's he gone?"

An assistant manager—Edel by name—suddenly appeared behind the clerk and I thought I saw him grip the latter's shoulder significantly; as:

"You were asking about an Arab who came in, Mr. Greville?" said he.

"I was."

"He is in the service of one of our guests—a gentleman of the diplomatic service."

"That doesn't alter the fact that he's been prowling about Sir Lionel's camp," I replied angrily. "There are one or two things I have to say to this Arab."

Edel became strangely embarrassed.

"What's the name of this diplomat?" I asked rather shortly. "Do I know him?"

Edel hesitated for a moment; but at last:

"He is a Mr. Fletcher," he replied. "Please forgive me, my dear Mr. Greville, but I have orders in this matter."

Now definitely angry, but realizing that Edel wasn't to blame, I turned. Weymouth stood at my elbow.

"I respect your orders, Edel," I said, "but there can be no possible objection to my interviewing Mr. Fletcher's Arab servant?"

"May I add," said Weymouth harshly, "that I entirely agree with what Mr. Greville has said."

Edel recognized Weymouth; which seemed merely to add to his confusion of mind.

"If you will excuse me for a moment, gentlemen," he murmured, "I shall phone from the private office."

HE WITHDREW—followed by the reception clerk, who obviously dreaded cross-examination.

I exchanged glances with Weymouth. "What the devil is this all about?" he said.

There was an interval during which Dr. Petrie came in with Rima. At that moment Edel reappeared, and:

"If Mr. Greville and Dr. Petrie would be good enough to go up to Number 36," he requested, "Mr. Fletcher will be pleased to see them."

"God knows we have trouble and enough," said Petrie, as the lift carried us to the third floor, "without the appearance of this unknown diplomat. I've never met a Mr. Fletcher. Can you imagine any reason why he should ask me to accompany you?"

"I can't," I admitted, and laughed, but not too mirthfully.

As we reached the third floor the Nubian lift-boy conducted us to the door of Number 36, pressed the bell and returned to the lift.

THE door opened suddenly. I saw a clean-shaven, thickset man, wearing a very well-cut suit of the kind sometimes called "Palm Beach." With his black brows and heavy jaw, he more closely resembled a retired pugilist than any conception I might have formed of a diplomat.

Petrie stared at him in a very strange fashion; as:

"My name is Fletcher," he announced. "Dr. Petrie, I believe?" And then to me: "Mr. Greville? Please come in."

He held the door open and stepped aside. I exchanged glances with Petrie. We walked into the little lobby.

It was a small suite with a sitting-room on the left.

Why did Mr. Fletcher open his own door when he employed an Arab servant?

I was gravely suspicious, for the thing was mysterious to a degree, but: "Come right through!" cried a voice from the sitting-room.

Whereupon, to add to my discomfort, Petrie suddenly grasped my arm with a grip which hurt! He stepped through the open doorway, I following close at his heels.

A window opened on to a balcony and to the right of this window stood a writing table. Seated at the table, his back toward us, was the tall Arab whom we had come to interview!

I noted with surprise that he had removed his turban, and that the head revealed was not shaven as I might have anticipated, but covered with virile, wavy, iron-gray hair.

Fletcher had disappeared.

As we entered, the man stood up and turned. The deep brown color of his skin seemed in some way incongruous, now that he wore no turban. I noted again the steely eyes which I remembered; the lean, eager face—a face hard to forget once one had seen it.

But if I was perplexed, doubtful—my companion had become temporarily

(Continued on page 55)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

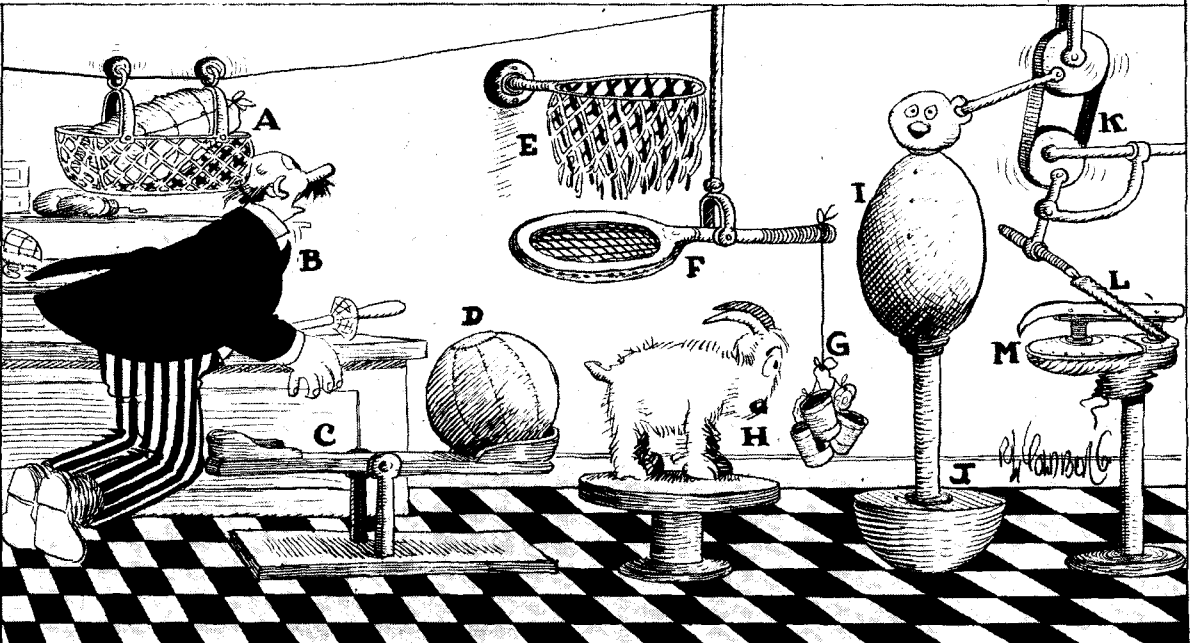
By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS, WHILE OVERHAULING A 1907 FORD, FINDS AN IDEA FOR A SIMPLE WAY TO SHARPEN ICE SKATES.

WIRE BUNDLE-BASKET (A) IN SPORTING STORE HITS FLOORWALKER (B) AND KNOCKS HIM DIZZY. AS HE SINKS TO FLOOR HIS KNEES HIT END OF SEE-SAW (C) WHICH TOSSES BASKET BALL (D) INTO BROKEN NET (E). BALL FALLS ON

TENNIS RACKET (F) CAUSING GROUP OF TIN CANS (G) TO FLY UP OUT OF REACH OF HUNGRY GOAT (H). GOAT, BEING ROBBED OF HIS DINNER, JUMPS IN FURY AND BUTTS HIS HEAD AGAINST BOXING DUMMY (I). DUMMY SWAYS BACK AND FORTH ON SWIVEL BASE (J), CAUSING TWO ECCENTRIC WHEELS (K) TO PUSH FILE (L) ACROSS BLADE OF SKATE (M) AND MAKE IT SHARP ENOUGH TO USE FOR SKATING IN THE WINTER AND SHAVING IN THE SUMMER.

YOU MAY THINK IT CRUEL TO HIT THE FLOORWALKER ON THE HEAD. BUT WE ASSURE YOU THERE IS NOTHING INSIDE WHICH CAN BE DAMAGED.



Golden Gates

The fight game is the Eden of sport, but few crash its gates. There are better pickings for athletes in other fields

By Grantland Rice

WHEN Colonel Jake Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees, offered Babe Ruth \$75,000 a year and the Babe promptly countered with a request for \$85,000, it was emphasized incidentally that the Yankees had paid Ruth about \$550,000 for his ten years' insistence on hitting home runs.

The Babe might have said:

"All right. What of it? Tex Rickard paid Gene Tunney \$950,000 for thirty minutes one night in Chicago—twice as much for thirty minutes' work as I've knocked over for the better part of ten years."

The answer is the gate. If Babe Ruth had been as good a heavyweight as he is a ball player, combining the outstanding qualities of a Dempsey and a Tunney, offensively and defensively, he could have bowled over at least \$5,000,000 in the ten years he was collecting \$550,000. But Tex Rickard that night in Chicago took in nearly \$2,500,000, which is equivalent to the paid admissions of about 3,200,000 baseball fans.

About the time Babe Ruth was asking for his \$85,000 Gene Sarazen was winning golf tournaments in Florida and out at Agua Caliente which brought him \$11,500—more money than any golf professional ever won in two successive tournaments.

Vinnie Richards, one of the three or four best tennis players in the world, is getting ten dollars an hour at the Seventy-First Infantry Armory in New York for teaching tennis to as many pupils as he can handle.

Out at Illinois Bob Zuppke has lost but two football games in three years against the fierce play of Western Conference competition, for which he was getting somewhere between \$7,500 and \$10,000 a year.

I pondered a few of these financial details one night at Madison Square Garden as I saw Phil Scott collect \$17,000 for taking a light low punch at the start of the second round after approximately four minutes of action. The thought then came—why don't they all go into the fight game? Here must be the fabled El Dorado.

Taking It Easy

Undoubtedly the fight game carries some of the easiest money made in any profession, but it isn't all easy. Tunney was paid \$1,600,000 for thirty-one rounds, lasting ninety-three minutes, against Dempsey and Heeney, which is fair enough, even in a bull market. Sharkey and Stribling took away \$160,000 for a very pleasant thirty minutes under the Florida palms, which could

"BUT TEX RICKARD PAID GENE TUNNEY \$950,000 FOR THIRTY MINUTES"



GENE SARAZEN'S TWO TOURNAMENTS BROUGHT HIM \$11,500



hardly be listed as the "hard way."

And then there is Johnny Risko, the Cleveland baker. Johnny isn't a champion, and he never will be a champion. Yet in the last five years he has earned more than Babe

Ruth. Johnny Risko comes under the head of those who "can take it." He has fought Gene Tunney, Sharkey, Godfrey, Scott, Uzcudun, Heeney, Schmeling, Stribling, Berlenbach, Delaney—all the best—all who would meet him. And in the course of these contests many a solid smack has landed on Risko's jaw, forehead, chin and body.

Risko may be an exception, but not many who belong to the "can take it" wing of pugilism ever recover from the effects of long and heavy punching. At least the ball players, golfers, etc., don't have to fear the "punch drunk" aftermath that comes at the end of a competitive career.

The case of Art Shires last winter was a notable example of relative pay. The White Sox first baseman is a good ball player. As a fighter he is still a good ball player. Matched against a first- or second-class professional boxer, or even a third-class heavyweight, he would have listened to the dreamy twitter of the birds as he reposed in the rosin. Yet he had the chance and was on his way to make more money in a few months of professional boxing than baseball could or would pay him for an entire season.

A battle between Shires and Hack Wilson in Chicago could have drawn at least \$75,000 and possibly more. There would have been no science in the fight, but at least there would have been a fight, which is something the fight fan doesn't see any too often in the modern ring. There are still a few willing to pay real money to see a scientific exhibition, but not so many. The prospect of seeing a Carnera belt over a human punching bag in a few seconds attracts more people than a scientific mêlée.



A Carnera, with little skill or experience, could never be ballyhooed in baseball, golf, tennis or any other game except boxing. But as a crude, inexperienced boxer he could still make more money than most skilled ball players, golfers, tennis players or professional football players.

You can find the answer at the gate, where the cash comes in. And if a fellow can draw it through the gate there isn't much to be said about it. You can say he doesn't earn it, but if the promoter can pay him a fancy price and still have some profit left, who is going to blame the promoter?

Future Net Profits

No ball player or golfer or tennis star will ever take the money that Dempsey and Tunney carried away from the ring. But there are far more ball players and professional golfers earning a good living than there are fighters. This is a point frequently overlooked.

Twenty years ago any professional golfer who made \$5,000 a year was a shining exception. If Bobby Jones had been willing to turn professional he might have made as much as \$150,000 or \$200,000 a year. I know of two instances where as much as \$50,000 was mentioned in the case of Jones, neither

of which had anything to do with competitions. When you figure what he might get from certain indorsements, from the talking movies, from radio work, from exhibitions and from vaudeville in case he wanted to make a big clean-up, I don't believe that \$200,000 would be much out of line.

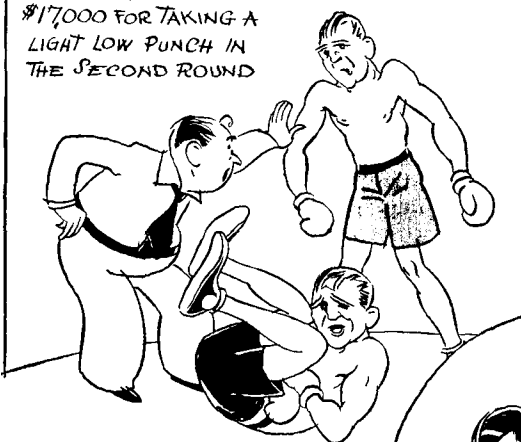
I know of one pro, an ex-open champion and one of the best golfers now playing, who gets a big salary at his own club during the season; at least \$15,000 a year. He also gets \$10,000 for a winter job at one of the big clubs in Florida. He is paid at least \$10,000 as an adviser to one of the leading manufacturers of clubs and balls, where his opinion is worth the money. Outside of this he makes good money from tournaments and from exhibitions. I know this professional has made at least \$50,000 in the last year and at present he isn't even a champion.

This is proof enough that the money is there for those who can earn it with their skill and brains.

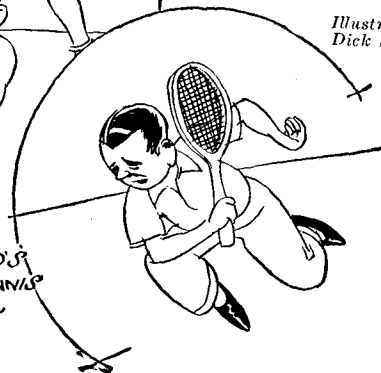
The time is coming when the best of the tennis professionals will finally come into their own. An open championship will give them a big start. Few young American stars are even close to the tennis fundamentals of a Tilden, a Johnston, a Richards, a Cochet or a Lacoste. They haven't had the proper training in fundamentals.

The fight game will always offer the richest rewards, but only a limited number can break through. There is no sign in sight that the gate is slipping. It may, in the fight game, if more of the fighters don't decide to practice their profession . . . and try to earn at least a part of what they get.

PHIL SCOTT COLLECTED \$17,000 FOR TAKING A LIGHT LOW PUNCH IN THE SECOND ROUND



VINNIE RICHARDS, ONE OF THE WORLD'S BEST, TEACHES TENNIS AT \$10 PER HOUR



Illustrated by Dick Spencer

Texas Good Girl

The story of the luckiest girl who ever went to Hollywood—not that she got more than she deserved

JIMMY MADDEN spent the earlier days of his still-young life playing a piano in Sylvester Dannio's speakeasy over on Third Avenue. Between tunes he socked guys on the jaw and tossed them into the alley. He always did it, however, in a quiet and orderly manner. And he was modest always. A little timid, perhaps.

"Pardon me," he would say to a longshoreman who was beginning to throw bread at the adjacent tables. "I do wish you would stop that."

He always hoped that the longshoreman would say, "Yes, sir," and stop it. But he never did. Usually he said, "Whoinell do you think you are?" and hit Jimmy in the face with a roll.

So Jimmy, with deep regret, would lift the longshoreman to his feet, give him a punch in the jaw, and throw him into the alley.

Three years later Jimmy found himself to be a rather important fellow on Broadway. He possessed a natural ability to make up tunes and his songs took him away from Third Avenue forever. A famous musical comedy producer put Jimmy on his pay roll and it wasn't long before Jimmy had picked up the knack of writing lyrics that made folks stop laughing and try to swallow a lump in their throats.

"How do you get to be an author?" he asked a dramatist one day.

"Oh," the dramatist answered airily, "just think up gags and situations and write them down and the first thing you know you got a show in your pocket."

Dutifully, Jimmy did that very thing. And darned if the dramatist wasn't right!

Every wish Jimmy made had come true. It was just like the fellow said in the paper—set your mind on something you want, work day and night, and you'll get it.

Except now. The biggest wish he ever had made was going to do a nose dive! Lady Luck had gone snooty.

He wanted to be a big motion picture director. But he was going to flop.

He sat on the bank of a river, two hundred miles from Hollywood, and looked around belligerently, hoping for an opportunity to sock somebody on the jaw. Such a situation would have relieved his feelings tremendously, even though it would have done little toward solving the problem at hand. But there was no occasion for socking. Nobody was throwing bread.

Behind him were cameras and cameramen and over on the hill was the sound wagon with wires sprawling toward him like arms of an octopus, and at the end of each arm was a microphone, open-mouthed, waiting to swallow dramatic sounds.

In every direction was disorder. Horses, covered wagons, cattle, men, women and children, braves, squaws and papooses, snorting, neighing, mooing, bawling, laughing, snarling, shouting—swarms of them, as if some spendthrift at the studio had gone mad and put in

an order for a gross of Wild West shows.

Jimmy's Panama hat hung on the back of his head, further exposing his peeling nose to the rays of the hot California sun. His long legs, in what three days ago were white flannels, terminated in sport shoes that were full of sand. Jimmy had thought that a location trip was something like a week-end party on Long Island. Nothing in the theater programs back in New York had defined for him the proper wardrobe for such occasions.

He had made a social error, that was plain to be seen, for his assistants, grouped behind him, were in boots and breeches and such. They shuffled about impatiently, muttering and directing unfriendly glances at their boss. Not because of what he wore, but because they had found that their pitcher, in a pinch, had nothing on the ball. Their emotions were mixed. They relished the evidence of disquiet in the mind of this man, who, to them, was an enemy alien from New York, yet they were disturbed by the prospect of being recorded as members of a crew that turned out a flop.

JIMMY was trying to concentrate. He stared, unseeingly, at his shoes. He tried to pick out of his memory something he had seen or something he had read that would inspire him to get this mob under way. But his mind went round and round, getting nowhere, like

a tourist from Squedunk, ignorant of traffic rules, trying to find a parking space in the Times Square maelstrom during the theater hour.

Had he looked around he might have seen trudging through the sand over on the hill near the sound wagon a taffy-haired little girl, tanned like a Channel swimmer, who was wearing her best blue silk dress and high-heeled suede slippers, as if she were coming to make an important call.

She carried an imitation-leather suitcase and she was very tired. But she wasn't a tourist, out to see how movies were made. That was apparent, for she strode between horses and cattle and Indians and cowboys without a curious glance to right or left.

Even if Jimmy had seen her, he would have paid no attention. He was in too much trouble. His picture was complete—all except this last big sequence. It was a wow—up to now. This was the climax and the show was a flop or a riot, depending upon what Jimmy put into the can in the next two days. Things didn't look so good for a riot.

Winnie of the West, as a musical show, stood 'em up for more than a year

on Broadway, and when Amalgamated Pictures Corporation decided to embalm it in wax and celluloid as a magnificent super-special—"all talking, all singing, all color"—the President of Amalgamated, back in New York, sent for Jimmy.

Jimmy had written the songs and most of the dialogue. He had staged it. He was an expert in the ways of the West—at least "Winnie" had been hailed by the critics, born New Yorkers, as an amazingly accurate picture of the days of '49.

He was the author, too, of such popular Western songs as Take Me Back to the Rio Grande, My Texas Sweetheart, Give Me the Love of a Cowboy, and You All Can Have Your Broadway



By Jerome Beatty

Illustrated by
John H.
Crossman

"For goodness' sake," Jimmy yelled, "don't cry! What's it all about? What do you want?" Her round eyes, glistening, looked up at him. "I—I want to be a movie star. . . ."

Ringers, but a Broncho Belle for Mine. He had written a play, too, that had been moderately successful. It was called Dodge City Dan.

"We want you to go to Hollywood to direct 'Winnie,'" the President had said. "Can you do it?"

"I think so," Jimmy had answered, his heart thumping with eagerness.

SO HE had signed a contract. Here was the opportunity he had longed for! It did not occur to him to mention that he never had been west of Gettysburg in his life and hadn't seen a horse in three years—not since Anita Peabody won the Futurity.

Jimmy landed in Hollywood when all Eastern talent was poison. The talkies, the singies and the colories were demanding new technique in motion picture production and there was a panic among the hired help in the studios when the New York offices began to find that technique on Broadway, instead of on Hollywood Boulevard. Jimmy was received by the natives with a coldness approximated by that evidenced by Coffeyville, Kansas, debutantes when a pretty girl from New York arrives and begins to attract the undivided attention of the town boys.

He found himself in an office over in one corner of the lot with a dozen experts on his staff—dialogue experts, costume experts, color experts, photo-

graphic experts, sound experts—cold and efficient men and women who seemed to know everything, like floorwalkers, and who set about industriously to overrule every suggestion that Jimmy made. He wondered what had become of the "yes men" that he had heard so much about.

All sorts of experts, except one kind. There was no horse expert. And Jimmy had been there not more than a day before he found out, to his pained amazement, that this show was about horses. There had been no horses in the piece when it was presented on Broadway. Now it was full of horses. They were scattered, singly and in droves, throughout the scenario that had been approved by the front office and which Jimmy was expected to record and to photograph as was.

It was taken for granted that the author of Take Me Back to the Rio Grande had no more need of a horse expert than a snake has of a chiropractor. When he suggested to the front office that he might need a little help on the horse stuff, they referred him to the new efficiency man who had just come out from New York and the efficiency man said, "For the love Mike, you got too much overhead now."

Jimmy suggested that he would willingly trade the gown expert, who was named Clarence, for a horse expert, preferably named Jake or Charley, but the

efficiency man said to run along and get things going and not to bother him because he had a lot of requisitions to turn down.

It was only the big finish that bothered Jimmy. He knew he could get along all right when the script called for a few horses placed here and there on the set, but what in the name of Kit Carson was he going to do when he had to shoot this crazy stuff about the band of Indians chasing covered wagons full of pioneers?

He had to admit that his New York production suggested such an episode. But in New York it had all been done on the stage by means of a tenor. It was much simpler that way—one tenor did the work of hundreds of men and women and cattle and horses and wagons.

The tenor stood on the blockhouse wall and described the disaster that seemed to be going on in the wings, where four men turned the cranks of machines that imitated rifle fire and yelled furiously to indicate that a big battle was going on.

The tenor, thereupon, sang a song about how he was going out to rescue his sweetheart from the bloodthirsty savages and then, sure enough, went out and did it. At least, they came back together, all covered with dust, and she said, in another song, that he was a hero, and twelve settlers and twenty-four Indian maidens with very few clothes on, who had decided to join up with the whites, confirmed it by singing the chorus.

When they handed Jimmy the scenario he found there things that not even the tenor had ever imagined were going on in the wings. Jimmy had come out to do a musical comedy. They handed him an Indian rebellion.

JIMMY had pulled through the first three days on location. The close-ups and medium shots were finished—the tenor, thundering hoofs, rolling wheels, the soprano, terrified in a careening covered wagon, fierce Indians shooting, frightened settlers shooting—all the dramatic stuff needed to fill in the chinks.

What he had to start today was the long shot, a mile-long shot. Twenty-one cameras and microphones must record the merciless charge of two hundred Indians. Twenty-four covered wagons, a hundred cowboys, a herd of cattle, must race before them, over the plain, down a hill into the river. Across the river was the blockhouse, and safety.

The wagons, the horses, the cattle and the Indians would be a swirling mass in the hand-to-hand battle in the river. At the height of battle the hero would dash from the blockhouse, plunge into the river and rescue the heroine. His arrival would so inspire the settlers, or so startle the Indians—it never was explained which—that the Indians would surrender and everybody would adjourn to the blockhouse and before they took off their wet clothes or bound up their wounds or buried the dead they would join in a rousing song, bragging unashamedly, "WE-E-EE! are the pioneers! WE-E-EE! have cast awful fears!" in spite of all that Jimmy could do to point out that the lyrics read, "We have cast off all fears." This final shot had already been recorded in the studio.

"Better get going on rehearsal?" the assistant director asked.

"Yeah," Jimmy answered. He looked across the river at the blockhouse and from there back to the slope at his feet. He was afraid. If he could make the men drive furiously into the river, as the scenario demanded, he might kill horses and cattle, perhaps men. And the women and children, who were to ride on the front seats of the wagons, what about them?

A DIRECTOR experienced in such things, he knew, could time his wagons, could chart them down the slopes, could swing them out of danger so that a carefully drilled troupe, moving with precision, would look like a panic-stricken mob. What he needed was a good old-fashioned cavalry major. Or even a sergeant.

The tenor and the contralto, washed up, had gone back to Hollywood. Doubles would do the remainder of the work for them. Jimmy wondered if they ever had doubles for directors.

He pulled himself to his feet. It was a job that had to be done. A ten-thousand-dollar-a-day overhead was going on.

"Well," he said to his assistant, "let's try it. Get 'em going. We'll run through the whole thing, right down into the river." He stopped. "Take it easy," he added.

Instantly he was surrounded like a piece of bread that has been thrown into a pool swarming with hungry fish. Men and women seemed to spring from nowhere and they pressed about him.

"Where do you want this Number 3 camera?"

"How far back shall I take the Indians?"

"How many outriders shall I—"

"Do you want them to shoot their guns in rehearsal?"

"Chief Yellow Horse says he is sick and can't ride. Shall I—"

"How'll we mask the mike on—"

"Do you—"

"Shall I—"

"Which wagon—"

"Where? . . . How? . . . Why? . . . Who? . . ."

"Hey!" Jimmy yelled. "Wait, you guys!"

The questions were unfamiliar, but the situation was not. This was the way people acted back in New York when he was trying to direct a production. He knew how to handle pandemonium, as long as there were no horses in it.

"Get back in a wide circle—this is no huddle," he ordered. "Back up. There, that's better. Now, listen! I want fourteen cowboys in the front guard—they'll swing back when the Indians attack. I want the wagons two abreast and I want those Indians—"

There seemed to be some commotion outside the ring.

"Quiet!" he demanded. "I want those Indians up in the hills where—Will you please stand still and—"

He stopped and stared in amazement. A little wide-eyed girl in a blue silk dress, with a tiny blue toque all awry on top of her taffy-colored hair, had struggled through the line, pulling an imitation leather suitcase behind her. She put down the suitcase with a sigh, as if a long journey had ended, and poked at her hair and pulled at her hat.

"Mr. Madden?" she asked.

Jimmy nodded. "What do you want? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Oh, I didn't realize, Mr. Madden," she apologized. "You see, I—" her lips trembled. "I thought you would—"

"For goodness' sake," Jimmy yelled, "don't cry! What's it all about? What do you want?"

Her round eyes, glistening, looked up at him. "I—I—I want to be a movie star, Mr. Madden," she confessed.

A roar of laughter from the crowd made her glance involuntarily to right and left, but she did not cringe. Her eyes, confident, returned to Jimmy.

"Well, I'll be goldarned," he declared. He felt sorry for her, and he resented the bad manners of his crew. But this was no time to hold receptions for little girls who wanted to be movie stars. He shook his head. "We don't need any more actors. The picture's all cast. Nothing doing. Now, please run along. I'm very busy."

"But—but, Mr. Madden, I—"

"Beat it!" he ordered.

"Yes—yes, sir. Thank you, Mr. Madden," she said, reluctant to believe. She slowly picked up her suitcase and moved on dragging feet through the opening made by the giggling crowd.

"Now, listen to me—" Jimmy began. "I want those Indians—" He couldn't remember where he wanted those Indians. Finally, with a wrench, he pulled his mind into line. "I want those Indians back in the hills and . . ."

IT WAS almost dark when Jimmy climbed down the rope ladder that reached to a platform in the top of a tall tree near the river. From this platform he could view the entire setting. Here were cameras that were to record the spectacle complete. Other cameras, hidden along the route, would catch the details.

The rehearsal had ended—a full day's job. On the screen the shot would run for perhaps ten minutes.

It wasn't so good.

His bevy of assistants had not assisted much. They sulked a bit and, anyway, they didn't know any more about stampedes than Jimmy did. The cowboys—\$7.50 a day and furnish your own horse—indicated clearly that they had no intention of risking their necks, which, in a way, to Jimmy was a relief. He didn't want anybody hurt. But he would have liked a little action.

The rehearsal had dragged along like a slow motion picture of a demonstration of how to pour cold molasses.

The assistant director met Jimmy at the bottom of the tree.

"How'd it look?" the assistant asked.

"I said to take it easy," Jimmy said, "but I didn't expect anything like that. This is a war, not a funeral. Get everybody to bed early. Five o'clock tomorrow morning I want 'em all out here, made up and ready to go."

"Right," said the assistant, and turned and walked away.

"PARDON me, Mr. Madden," a soft voice drawled from behind him. He wheeled. It was the taffy-haired girl. "Gee whiz!" Jimmy exclaimed angrily. "Are you still here?"

"Yes. You don't know, I guess, who I am. I thought maybe, if I reminded you, you'd keep your promise. I'm Dorothy Walsh."

"Who?" He drew closer and stared into her face. He never had seen this girl before and never had heard of Dorothy Walsh.

"Dorothy Walsh," she repeated. She drew a letter out of her waist and handed it to him. "Don't you remember? You wrote me this."

He stepped back quickly and looked at her with a trace of alarm in his eyes.

really haven't any use for tap dancers. But I'll let you work tomorrow and then when we get back to Hollywood I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, Mr. Madden," she exclaimed, "you're wonderful."

"Bill!" he called to a man who was standing near. "Get Miss Walsh a costume and a wig to cover that bob and put her to work tomorrow. Let her ride a wagon." He turned to the girl. "You go with Bill and he'll get you a place to sleep tonight."

"Sorry, Mr. Madden," said Bill. "You know the rules. No employees added without a requisition O. K'd by the Hollywood office."

"Write out a requisition, then."

"All right. But she can't go to work until it comes back from Hollywood."

"Oh to—to thunder with this red tape! Put her on!"

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

"Oh, Mr. Madden, I think you're wonderful!"

"Run along," said Jimmy. "See you in Hollywood!"

"In Hollywood?" she questioned.

the start, the cameras would catch something that at least would suggest a panic.

It was now after eleven and from his platform in the treetop, through glasses, he checked his lieutenants who were stationed over the vast scene. Each held aloft a white handkerchief, the signal that all was ready.

He drew a deep breath. Once the order was given, he would be helpless at the top of a tree. He could only watch and hope.

"Let 'er go," he said. There was desperation in his voice. He had done all he could. Now Lady Luck would direct the picture.

"Bang! Bangety-bang!" went the revolver in the hand of an assistant beside him.

A MILE away, over the edge of a hill, the peak of the wagon train poked its nose. It was the only thing alive to be seen. Five minutes later the Indians, riding furiously, swept down upon the unsuspecting emigrants.

"Fine! Fine!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"Good stuff," approved the head cameraman.

The battle was on. And it was a real battle. Jimmy had done a good job. The drivers lashed their horses. The cowboys fired. The cattle scattered in all directions. The Indians made whoopee. The entire mass flashed into brilliant action and raced toward the river. Then . . .

"What's happened?" Jimmy cried.

One moment, before him had been a tornado of battle. Now it was as if the storm had passed.

"They're afraid of the river, the dirty tramps," the cameraman snarled. "They're pulling up!"

Stimulated by the dash of the Indians, the riders and drivers had leaped into desperate flight. A moment later, a quarter of a mile from the river, the instinct of self-preservation snatched at the reins.

"Criminy!" Jimmy yelled in despair. "It looks like the grand entrance of the Buffalo Bill show!"

The settlers were still shooting, but the horses had slowed to a comfortable trot. Here and there a cowboy or Indian, as instructed, fell off a horse. But the wagons were approaching the river as if, before they ventured in, they were going to touch their toes to the water to see if it were cold.

Jimmy held his head. It was a terrific flop. And all his fault. He hadn't known what to do to make it right.

"Hey! Who's that?" the cameraman yelled. It was something that was not in the script.

A girl had thrown herself off the front of one of the wagons. She was pursuing an Indian pony that, riderless and without a saddle, was trotting aimlessly about. With one leap, skirts flying, she was aboard. She dug her heels into the pony's sides, jerked him back on his haunches and swung him around toward the leading wagons.

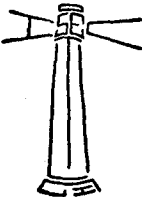
"Hi! Yi! Yip!" she screamed. She tore her sombrero off her head and slapped the near horse across the neck. "Yip! Yip! Yip!" she yelled and the lead team, understanding the language, sprang forward.

Like a centaur gone crazy she snapped in and out, screaming, whipping to right and to left with her big hat. At once the wagon train, in spite of amazed and protesting drivers, was in disorganized flight toward the river.

She slapped her own pony on the flanks, kicked her heels and tore to the rear. She snatched at the bridle of one of the teams, dragged it out of line and sent it at a runaway pace toward the front. Then another and another.

It was anybody's race for the river.

(Continued on page 52)



Nameographs

You've heard of drawing pictures with words. Here's something different—try it with letters.

We pay \$5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



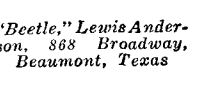
"Lighthouse," Mildred Buest-rin, 577 11th Ave., Wauwatosa, Wisconsin



"Musician," W. C. Justice, c/o Smith-Kasson Co., 5th and Race, Cincinnati, Ohio



"Canoe," Larry Benz, 115 Fox St., Buffalo, New York



"Beetle," Lewis Anderson, 868 Broadway, Beaumont, Texas

What was this, a forged letter? Some kind of blackmail game?

He opened it quickly, and read:

Dear Miss Walsh:

Thank you for your nice letter about My Texas Sweetheart. I am glad you liked the song, especially since you are a Texas girl.

As to your becoming an actress, that of course is difficult but if you ever come to New York I will be glad to give you any assistance possible.

Yours very truly,
JAMES MADDEN.

He grinned with relief. It wasn't blackmail, after all. It was his signature. He had written it, just as he had written hundreds of such letters to folks who had praised his songs. But this was the first time he ever had been taken literally.

"Hum," he said. "Well, well."

"I read in the paper that you were going to Hollywood to direct a picture," she said, "so I took all the money I had and left home. When I got to Hollywood they told me you were here, so I came on up. You will give me a job, won't you, Mr. Madden?"

"Well—golly—of course I— Er, what can you do, Miss Walsh?"

"I'm a very good tap dancer," she announced proudly. "I took lessons in San Antonio."

He looked down at the letter again. "Of course I did promise and I can't let you down, can I?" he smiled. "We

"Yes. Look me up there. I'll be too busy tomorrow."

"But won't you be directing me—telling me how to act, and all that?" she inquired.

"This," he said, with as much patience as he could command, "is not a part that calls for direction. You sit on a wagon and ride. That's all the acting you'll do."

"Oh," she said, keenly disappointed. "But how will I know what—what emotions to express? I do disdain very well, Mr. Madden. All my friends say I am fine on disdain—and acquiescence, too. There's a piece I recite that—"

"You just ride a wagon," Jimmy ordered. "And express anything you like."

"Oh. Good night, Mr. Madden. And thank you."

"Good night. You're welcome," he muttered.

He watched her turn and follow Bill.

"Poor kid," he pitied. "She'll probably end up waiting on table." He looked anxiously out over the scene where the cowboys were unhitching the horses from the wagons. "Humph!" he grunted. "Maybe me, too."

EVERYTHING was set. Since five o'clock that morning Jimmy had been driving his men, getting the horses and wagons into line, spotting the cattle and the Indians, repeating instructions, attempting to stir the actors so that when the revolver shots signaled



Stepping into Style

QUEEN ELIZABETH, Napoleon, Louis XIV, not to mention Madame Pompadour, seem to have been responsible for a good part of our manners, customs, period furniture and costume movies. If it hadn't been for them, we would never have had tobacco, or potatoes, or the Napoleonic hat; and now there is a rumor about, that, directly or indirectly, they are all four responsible for the spring styles in shoes.

Whether or not this is so, these new styles would make any Pompadour or Elizabeth proud of her achievement. To quote the stylists, "clothes have gone feminine;" so have shoes, and the result is entirely charming.

But how is it that the Virgin Queen of England, who has been in her grave for some centuries now, can be responsible for the 1930 footwear? Well, it seems that up to her time no lady, who could be described as such, had ever gone in for slippers. Start-ups were the things, and start-ups, if one may take the word of those who know their shoes, were as unattractive as their name—great, clumsy, bootlike arrangements that reached nearly to the knee and laced up the sides.

These start-ups, so the story goes,

Where did we get the idea for our cork-soled beach clogs? From the galoshes of the Middle Ages! But history does more than just repeat itself in such matters. It outdoes itself. Result—beautiful spring shoes for 1930

By Ruth Moore Morriss

had never appealed to the good Queen Bess. One morning when she woke up in a fearful temper, they were less appealing than usual. She insisted that they weren't fit for a scullery maid, much less a queen.

The result, after some scurry among the shoemakers, was a slipper of white satin embroidered with metal wire, with green and pink, and blue and yellow silken threads.

So if it hadn't been for Queen Elizabeth and her early morning temper women might still be wearing start-ups—horrible thought! However, it was not until Louis XIV took over the throne of France that we find slippers that were really slippers as we know them.

He looked over the English and French designs and none of them

pleased him. Small wonder! So he sent agents to the Orient for new ideas.

Louis studied them all, and summoned the Court artists. They called in the shoemakers, who in turn sent for the dressmakers. They brought yards of satin, exquisite cobwebs of lace, and strips of gilded ribbon. Then the jewelers arrived to design flashing, gem-set buckles. Louis was charmed with the results.

As to heels, Madame Pompadour is directly responsible for them. She was short, shorter than some of her would-be competitors. These aspirants for royal popularity made repeated and somewhat disparaging remarks about her figure. Now, the Pompadour was never one to retreat from a situation, so she

ordered the highest pair of heels ever seen in France, thereby gaining several inches. Immediately short women at Court copied the King's favorite, and extreme heels became a fashion instead of a mere addition to stature. The Pompadour heel may be seen in any of the smart shops today, and an adaptation of the original Pompadour slipper is shown at the top of the page, in a dark kidskin daintily piped with paprika-colored kid.

Napoleon decided upon a more sophisticated mode, a pump with a bow and a heel that was neither too high nor too low. We are still thanking him for it.

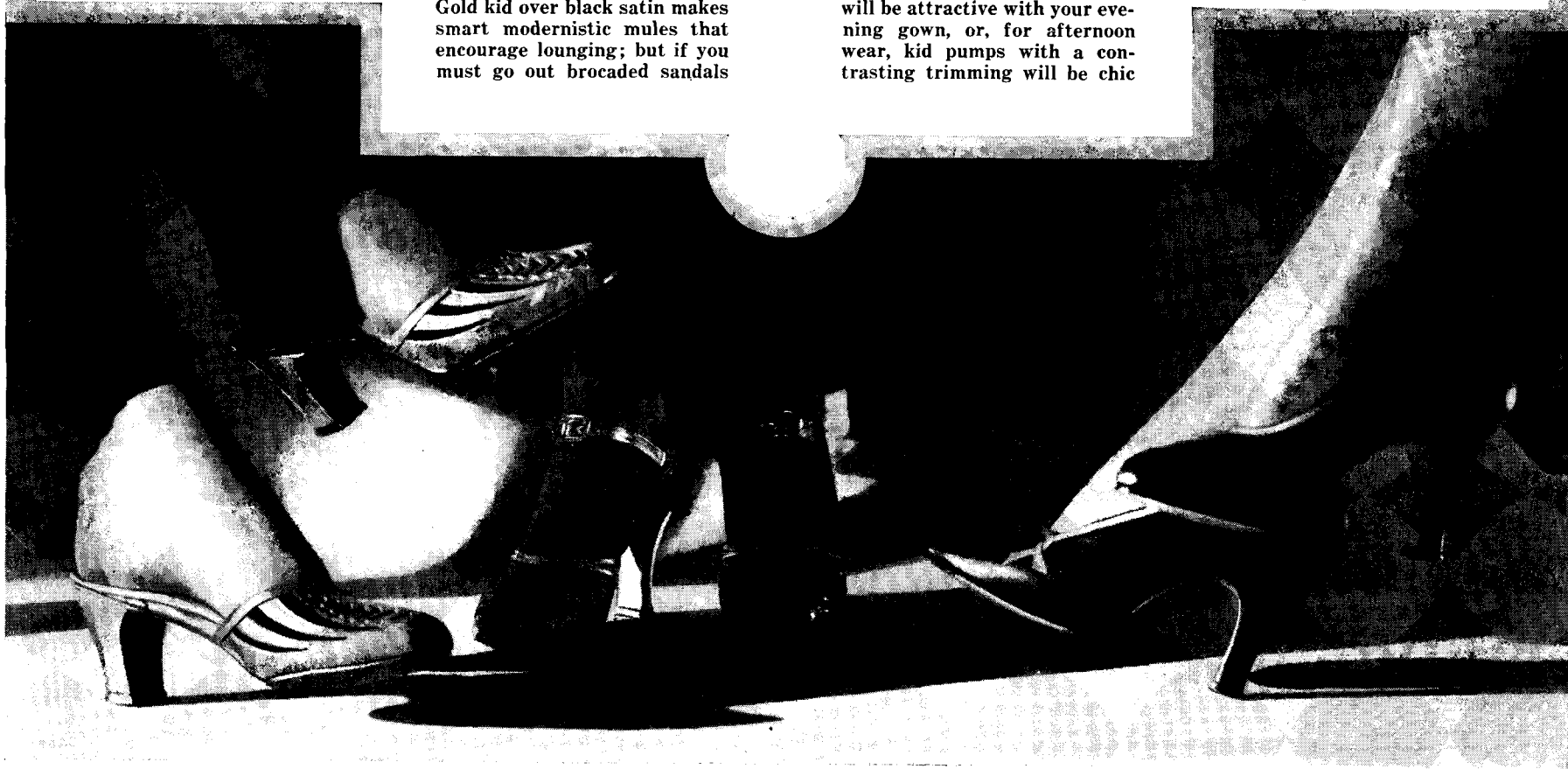
The present reigning family of England has also had its say in the matter of shoes. For actual sports and country wear there is nothing so smart as the modified Prince of Wales brogue, with perforated trimming and a collar and a three-eyelet ball strap. This season the collar has diminished in width, due to the more feminine trend in fashions.

Other types of sport shoes which will be worn this spring are illustrated by the accompanying photographs. They have been chosen
(Continued on page 51)

Gold kid over black satin makes smart modernistic mules that encourage lounging; but if you must go out brocaded sandals

will be attractive with your evening gown, or, for afternoon wear, kid pumps with a contrasting trimming will be chic

Photographs by John O. Trowern



Beating the Lights

A detective story with an ending that will surprise you almost as much as it did the detective

By
**William J.
Neidig**

IT CAME from the Lichtenburg field, in the Transvaal, South Africa, and it was therefore an alluvial. The color of it was blood red. The weight of it was six carats cut, and the house of Heming, which offered it for sale, placed a price on it of one hundred thousand dollars. The famous alluvial red diamond of the Russian crown jewels, acquired by the Emperor Paul, weighed only two carats more.

This story might have begun with the eccentric spinster who bought that diamond. Or it might have begun with her murder, thirty-odd hours later.

Instead it begins at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock on the next night still, when little Dr. Turovtsin's telephone sang out in his dark front room. Turovtsin was a surgeon, not a detective. He had not known the dead woman, nor even as yet that there was a dead woman; he had never seen the red diamond; his knowledge of the Chicago underworld was not extensive. Yet it was a client, not a patient, who asked to see him.

"Mr. Taylor, of Taylor & Burns," the night clerk announced. "He says, mark it important."

Turovtsin remembered Taylor as attorney for the defense in a case in which both had appeared the preceding spring. The Russian—an expatriate from Wrangel's army—had qualified as a medical expert; his non-medical analysis, however, had not only dwarfed his professional findings, but it had spectacularly cleared a harried defendant by fastening the crime upon another.

"Send him up," he said.

AN ENGINE began its nightly racing in the alley under his windows. The sound of a fire gong floated in from the distance. A street-car took a curve somewhere with muffled screechings. The doorman across the street whistled for a taxi. Donning his dressing gown, which hung to his heels and made him feel taller than he was, he pushed on the lights and ran his fingers combingly through his hair. By the time the elevator reached his floor he was wide awake.

"Doctor," began his caller abruptly, "I'm here to shanghai you. How soon can you dress? I want you to help me out."

"Dress for what?"

"Robbery and murder."

"Murder? Who is the defendant this time?"

"No one who concerns me. I'm here on behalf of the niece of the murdered woman. The name is Armstrong."

"So they killed the poor lady for her red diamond. Too bad."

Turovtsin spoke with the touch of thickness in his voice commonly heard in the Ukraine. But his English did not come from the Ukraine. He had a quick

ear for idiom. Taylor himself, born in Ohio, did not use better English.

"What do you know about Miss Armstrong's diamond?" asked the visitor, startled.

"Nothing but what everybody knows now, since the newspapers told of her buying it. You saw the Tuesday papers."

"Didn't notice. No interest in diamonds then."

"Sit down, won't you? Cigar? Matches? There on the table. We can talk through the door as I dress."

The attorney nervously seated himself. Turovtsin drew a bowl of water, thrust his broad face into it, came up to breathe, sputtered, pawed with a towel at his head and neck, and began garbing his hard body in the garments of civilization.

"This is what the papers said: Heming's had this red diamond in a special case on display. A poor washwoman saw it and asked the price. The clerk replied evasively, and when she insisted on knowing, told her. Then she asked to see it. Again he replied evasively, and again she insisted. Finally the manager of the department was called."

"Were you thinking of buying the diamond, madam?" he asked.

"If it suits me I may."

"I have to ask, are you sure you can pay for it?"

"Certainly, sir! Not out of my purse this minute, but I can get the money."

"He seems not to have noticed her language, but only the cheapness of her clothing."

"Do that. Get the money first. We're not showing the diamond except to patrons of known standing."

"He had not expected to see her again; but an hour or so later she once more entered the door."

"Here is one hundred thousand dol-

lars in bills," she said, emptying her purse upon the counter. "Now will you show me the red diamond you are offering for sale?"

Turovtsin paused while he found a more suitable collar and tie. He did not know what Taylor had in mind for him, but he did know he did not wish to look like a physician.

"The end of it was the washwoman bought the diamond," he went on.

"Miss Armstrong was hardly a washwoman, doctor," Taylor objected.

"She had to be, don't you see, to make the story. If Mrs. Sigurd Dorland"—he interrupted himself to modify the knot in his four-in-hand—"had walked into the house of Heming—and bought one of the world's rare diamonds—not a word would have been printed. No story. She can afford her whims."

"BUT for a woman in rags and patches to do it! Dramatic! That's first-page stuff. That makes even her little old house an interesting place. Think of it, Taylor! Paying one hundred thousand dollars for a diamond to carry home to a twenty-dollar-a-month house!"

Again the attorney corrected him:

"See you tomorrow," said Turovtsin. But it was too late. The giant blocked his path. "What you see you are going to see tonight. Lock the door, Forney!"

Illustrated by
James
Montgomery
Flegg



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLEGG

"Not quite that bad. She did not pay twenty dollars a month for her house. She owned it herself. It came to her from her father."

"Not important. My point is, she advertised for a thief the minute she gave the story to the papers."

"I don't believe she gave them the story."

"Who then? Somebody did. The pictures of herself were credited to a photographer no longer living. She must have supplied them, Taylor. Anyhow the dramatic contrast was played up. This is my point: Wasn't that story an invitation to every crook in Chicago to call and help himself? An unprotected woman! Such a diamond! I should have expected the murder to occur last

(Continued on page 29)

Just imagine how good
one would taste right now!



Have you ever tasted a candy so refreshing in its flavor, so delicious in its quick-melting goodness as Milky Way? Doesn't it make your mouth water just to think of biting into a Milky Way? Of course, if you have never tasted Milky Way you can't know how pure, how satisfying candy can be. And there is but one way for you to learn. You must taste Milky Way. And once you have tasted it—well, then your hunger for candy will always be a hunger for Milky Way.

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CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

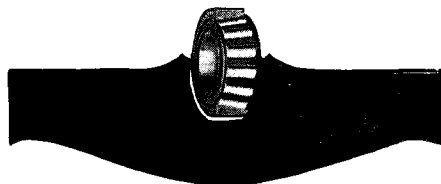
SPRINGTIME shows an old world how to grow young... and cars show the whole world how they can *stay young*... when they are "Timken Bearing Equipped".

When you buy, think of the miles to come. Then forget the miles as they come and go... leave them to the guardianship of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made steel, and years of miles are yours.

Look at the list on this page, but do more—*study it*. It tells what cars have Timken Bearings. Note *where* they are—at points where wear is most severe. Engineering judgment placed them there. Use your own judgment in buying for continued car youth.

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MAKE	MODELS	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering Differ- ential
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Chrysler.....	66, 70, 77	x	x	x	x
	Imperial	x	x	x	x
Cord.....	All	x	x	x	x
Cunningham.....	All	x	x	x	x
DeSoto.....	All	x	x	x	x
Dodge.....	All	x	x	x	x
Durant.....	614	x	x	x	x
	617	x	x	x	x
Elcar.....	75	x	x	x	x
	95, 96, 120	x	x	x	x
Erskine.....	All	x	x	x	x
Essex.....	All	x	x	x	x
Ford.....	All	x	x	x	x
Franklin.....	All	x	x	x	x
Gardner.....	All	x	x	x	x
Graham.....	Standard Six	x	x	x	x
	Special Six	x	x	x	x
	Eights	x	x	x	x
Henney.....	All	x	x	x	x
Hudson.....	All	x	x	x	x
Hupmobile.....	S & C	x	x	x	x
	H & U	x	x	x	x
Jordan.....	All	x	x	x	x
Kissel.....	73 & 95	x	x	x	x
	126	x	x	x	x
Kleiber.....	All	x	x	x	x
LaSalle.....	All	x	x	x	x
Lincoln.....	All	x	x	x	x
Locomobile.....	86 & 88	x	x	x	x
	69	x	x	x	x
Marmon.....	79 & H	x	x	x	x
McFarlan.....	All	x	x	x	x
Moon.....	All	x	x	x	x
Nash.....	Std. 6	x	x	x	x
	All	x	x	x	x
Peerless.....	B & C	x	x	x	x
	A	x	x	x	x
Pierce-Arrow.....	All	x	x	x	x
Plymouth.....	All	x	x	x	x
Reo Flying Cloud.....	20 & 25	x	x	x	x
	15	x	x	x	x
Roamer.....	All	x	x	x	x
Roosevelt.....	All	x	x	x	x
Studebaker.....	All	x	x	x	x
Stutz.....	All	x	x	x	x
Whippet.....	All	x	x	x	x
Willys-Knight...	All	x	x	x	x

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(Continued from page 26)

night, instead of this evening. Why didn't it?"

"It did," replied the attorney sourly. "It was not discovered until late today."

"That may make its solution harder."

Below in the alley another engine began racing. The sound penetrated the other noises of the night much as a knife might have penetrated a ball of fresh putty.

"Not the milk, I hope," said Taylor.

"What you hear is a customer. We have a bootlegger down the block, they tell me—a big left-hander with a twisted face. I think he's color-blind. I saw him run a stop signal one night and ram a truck."

"All set, doctor?"

"All set. Shall I need a pistol? Yes? Then into my pocket it goes. Medicine case? No? Where are you taking me? What am I expected to do when I get there?"

But when he heard what Taylor had in mind he laughed at the questions.

"Oh, if the police are present!"

Later, after he had switched off the lights and gone down to the street and climbed into Taylor's waiting taxicab, he began asking about the dead woman's father. Taylor repeated what he had learned from the niece.

Turovtsin nodded his head thoughtfully.

"As a doctor I have happened to examine a good many people for color-blindness. You know how doctors are. The first thing a fracture surgeon will look for is a broken bone. A bootlegger runs a stop signal—instantly I think of him as color-blind. You speak of the dull hues in her father's house. Perhaps he was color-blind. The color-blind often dislike bright colors."

"But the dead woman liked them. Her niece mentioned seeing an emerald her aunt had bought. She liked to keep it near her."

"His daughter would," said the other.

The taxicab forged ahead through the night, now stopped by a red light, now started again by a green. Its two passengers after a while began pursuing their own thoughts. Turovtsin, looking idly out of the window, tried to put together the pictures he had formed of the dead woman. Suddenly he shot out his heels and clutched for a support.

"Hang on!" he cried.

There was not time for their driver to do more than reduce his speed. Setting his brakes sharply he threw his weight upon the wheel. The taxi turned to the left and skidded. The other car, running slowly, but headed across their path, likewise tried to veer off. Had its driver acted a half second earlier he could have cleared. But he did not have the room, and the taxi slapped into him, side on.

THE collision proved not to be serious.

The taxi, picked up by the weight of the heavier car, drove forward a few feet and came to a stop.

The man driving the car that caused the damage, a big Byrd-Brice open model, refused to give his name.

"You have my number," he said. "You're insured. I'm insured. Let the insurance people fight it out. You say I ran a stop signal. I say you did. I never ran a stop signal in my life."

Turovtsin watched the other car drive off. Then he pointed out that its driver was paying no attention to the red light in his departure.

"That was my bootlegger I told you about," he said. "I know now that he's color-blind."

Ahead shone the next traffic signal—a bright red, that changed to orange even as they looked at it, and then from orange to green, opening the street.

"Are you all right, out there?" asked Taylor.

"All sound," replied the driver.

"Then let's go!"

But Turovtsin remarked: "Twisted-face ought to be glad he didn't run into another truck. The color-blind are hard on cars."

THE Armstrong house might have dated from the youth of Long John Wentworth, but in reality it was a child of the great fire. It stood somewhat back from the sidewalk, and, since the street level had been raised since its day, it was reached by steps. So late was the hour most of the windows in the apartment cliffs flanking it had gone black, but the house itself showed a red light behind its thin curtains.

"Odd shade of red," remarked Turovtsin. "Almost the color of blood." And it occurred to him to feel for his pistol.

"Yes. Like ruby, or copper-flashed glass. They told me the police were through at the house, but I see they're not. I believe I won't go in."

The man who opened the door at first peremptorily refused admission to either. Turovtsin noticed that his heavy bones were controlled by muscles equally ponderous, like those of a hammer thrower or a wrestler. His broad shoulders were surmounted by a short, thick neck that blossomed in turn into a rosebud of a head set with hostile little brown eyes. The red light from the lamp failed to reach his face; but it softened the color of his hands into a neutral grayish pink.

"This is Dr. Turovtsin," said Taylor unsuspiciously. "The bureau told me he could look through the house."

"Bureau?" asked the other.

"The police detective bureau. Lieutenant Ball gave me the permission. You can phone him if you like. My name is Taylor—he will remember."

"See you in the morning," said Turovtsin, who had no nerves.

It is the unexpected that happens.

The big doorkeeper edged backward; whereupon the Russian airily pushed past him into the house.

"You trying to run down a diamond or something?" inquired the man, when he had closed the door.

"Merely cooperating," replied Turovtsin in his bluntest manner.

"If the lieutenant said it, it goes. Sure. Look around. We'll show you anything you want."

Turovtsin had already seen a good deal of the tiny parlor. The room was dominated by the flaming red light of the lamp. He glanced at the walls, the doors, the windows, the carpet, the furniture; and then for no reason whatever he directed his eyes downward at the nearer floor.

"Ah!" he almost cried out—but did not—from sheer delight.

What he had seen was only a pair of shoes, yet a splash of blood would have plucked at his sleeve less sharply. What interested him in them had nothing to do with robbery, and nothing to do with murder. He had looked down fearing to see the square-toed bluchers of a police detective. Instead the man at his side was wearing patent leather pumps with pin-point toes.

TO STEADY the other man's nerves

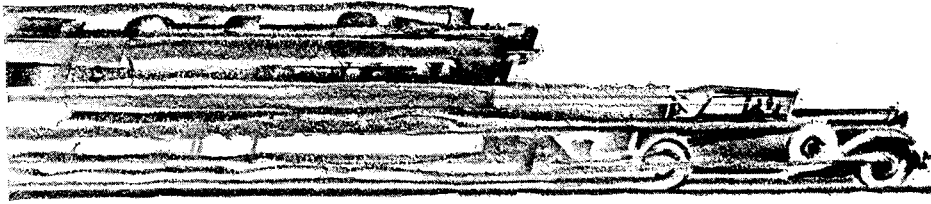
he began looking more closely at the room. This lay in open confusion. The carpet, ripped up around the edges, had been piled in the middle with books from a bookcase, candlesticks from a mantel, bronze statuettes, red and gold vases, pictures. Toward the rear of the room was a stove, not long in use. The doors of this, flung wide, were hanging drunkenly outward. Even the contents of the ash-box had been raked out upon the floor.

Then he glanced at the man standing beside him.

"How long did we keep you waiting, officer?" he asked; and his control was

His height enabled him to reach the poker with ease. "Use it!" commanded Turovtsin. "Sweep the shelf with it, holding it as it lies!"





Cannon Ball Baker's

Road Records
using Mobiloil

June 1928 to January 1930

Faster

—than the Twentieth Century to Chicago!

Faster

—from Coast to Coast than the Fastest Train!

Faster

—than the Fastest Train from New York to Miami!

CANNON BALL BAKER—one of the most famous road racers in America—has broken 19 road records with a stock model Franklin car—lubricated with Mobiloil.

This proves, in a dramatic way, what thousands of motorists have already discovered about the New Mobiloil in their own cars, under run of the road conditions.

This proved performance stands behind every quart of Mobiloil. The record of performance behind Mobiloil is greater than that of any other oil in the world.

To make a practical performance record of long engine life and smooth economical running in your own car, drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign. Have the Mobiloil dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the grade of Mobiloil especially recommended for the car you drive.

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Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery



Mobiloil

Los Angeles to New York and return
6,692.8 miles. 6 days, 13 hours and 23 minutes. Clipped 10 hours, 36 minutes from record.

Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga
To top of Lookout Mountain and return in 20 minutes and 52 seconds. Beat the previous record by 2 minutes and 39 seconds.

Mount Washington, N. H.
From Toll House to crest of Mount Washington, America's steepest accessible mountain, in 14 minutes and 49 3/5 seconds. Broke record by 2 minutes and 10 2/5 seconds.

Columbus to Marietta, O.
114.5 miles in 2 hours, 5 minutes and 40 seconds, bettering old mark by 12 minutes and 20 seconds.

New York to Chicago
840 miles in 18 hours and 59 1/2 minutes. More than an hour faster than the Twentieth Century Limited.

New York to Miami
1,451 miles in 24 hours and 20 minutes. Beat Miamian Limited by 6 hours and 51 minutes. Averaged 59.6 m.p.h.

Mount Mitchell, Asheville
17.5 miles from Toll House to Camp Alice in 35 minutes and 35 seconds, clipping 5 minutes and 25 seconds from the record.

St. Louis to Kansas City and return
240 miles from St. Louis to Kansas City in 4 hours and 3 minutes. Back to St. Louis from Kansas City in 3 hours and 59 minutes.

Dallas to El Paso, Tex.
687 miles in 12 hours and 54 minutes, lowering old mark by 1 hour and 44 minutes.

Los Angeles to Phoenix, Ariz. (Desert Derby)
892 miles in 17 hours and 47 minutes. More than 4 hours faster than the train time.

Mount Diablo, California
Double round trip up Mount Diablo. 46.4 miles, covering 1,172 turns, in 1 hour, 34 minutes.

San Francisco to Los Angeles
412 miles in 7 hours and 32 minutes, beating his own record by 1 hour and 25 minutes.

Salt Lake City to Los Angeles
765 miles in 14 hours and 57 1/2 minutes. Broke record by 1 hour and 19 1/2 minutes.

Pike's Peak
Six consecutive round trips up Pike's Peak without a stop. 150.28 miles in 4 hours and 25 minutes.

Continental Divide, Mont.
4.4 miles across main Rockies to the summit of Continental Divide and return in 18 minutes flat, averaging 14.66 miles per hour in second gear.

Butte to Anaconda, Mont.
46.8 miles in 37 minutes and 36 seconds, averaging 74.68 miles per hour, 75.7 miles per hour from Butte to Anaconda.

Great Falls to Butte, Mont.
180 miles in 3 hours and 56 1/2 minutes. Clipped 46 1/2 minutes from old record.

Ogden to Salt Lake City
34.2 miles in 30 minutes and 17 2/5 seconds, averaging 67.8 miles per hour. Clipped 6 minutes and three-fifths of a second from old record.

New York to Los Angeles
3,260 miles in 69 hours and 31 minutes, beating by 8 hours and 29 minutes the best time the journey can be made via the crack Twentieth Century and the Chief. Motor not stopped once.

In One Ear

This bunch of anecdotes, hand-picked by Collier's writers, is too good to keep secret. Have a chuckle yourself

Then and Now, Financially

Money isn't so much nowadays. For instance, in 1804 or thereabouts, one Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States (who knew so little about the wild West that, instead of dropping the reins over his horse's head while he ran in to be inaugurated, he tied them to the hitch-rack), that same Thomas Jefferson almost got himself crucified, boiled in oil, or what tortures have you, for sanctioning the purchase of over a million square miles, including what is now most of our Western states, for the exorbitant and unthinkable sum of fifteen millions of dollars (\$15,000,000)!

Now almost beneath the windows of the National Press Club in Washington a symphony of riveters' guns, concrete mixers and heavy sledges herald the construction of a mammoth building—to house the Department of Commerce of the United States—costing \$17,500,000, and nobody knows or cares.

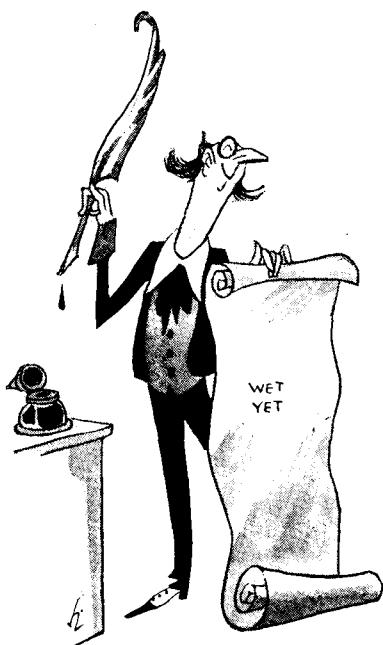
You who read this will feel like saying "What of it?" A price two and a half millions bigger than Jefferson paid for nearly a third of the United States, and ten millions more than Seward paid for Alaska, for just one house!

Dry? Well, Maybe!

Federal Judge Paul McCormick of Los Angeles arrived in Chicago from Washington, where he had received appointment from President Hoover to the National Commission on Law Enforcement. His Honor had a few hours' wait for a west-bound train, so he strolled through the Loop bent on personal contact with the heart of a city that holds a conspicuous batting average in national crime statistics.

Came along Christy Walsh, head of a sport feature syndicate bearing his name. Being an old fellow-townsmen of Judge McCormick's they shook hands and agreed to dine. At a table in the Auditorium Hotel were the judge, Christy Walsh, Knute Rockne and two or three others. The talk naturally turned to Judge McCormick's appointment on the national commission, and one member of the party—not the judge, not Walsh, not Rockne—waxed eloquent in his denunciation of bootlegging.

"I've been in Chicago a few hours,



Jefferson purchased over a million square miles for the exorbitant sum of fifteen millions of dollars

him. He had overslept. He ran down to the little dock, but the last little boat had put out. He waved frantically, but nobody saw him.

"Funston swore—sincerely and most profanely. He was faced with the inevitable necessity, it seemed to him, of spending the long winter in that desolate place. But the next week a tramp steamer put in; Funston got aboard and sailed back to the United States.

"The steamer he had missed was never seen or heard from after leaving Alaska."

Well, How Could He?

Arnold Daly was a famous if not a great actor. While he was under Cohan and Harris' management he achieved a reputation for magnificent temperament.

George M. Cohan, most genial and moderate of bosses, became exceedingly irritated by Daly's prima-donna outbursts during a prolonged rehearsal of "The Penalty." Finally Cohan waved the cast backstage and confronted Daly.

"Listen and stand there till I'm through," said George M. "I've had just about enough, Daly, and although you're the star of the show I'm going to tell you something. You're an overbearing ass. You've got more gall than good sense. . . ." and so on. It was a superbly eloquent bawling-out.

About exhausted, Cohan's expletives trailed. Then Sam Harris, his partner, stepped from a darkened stage box.

"Are you through, George?" asked Harris.

"Yes, Sam," said Cohan.

"Very well," said Harris. "I'll begin. Keep standing there, Daly."

Daly stood. The cast gazed in awe from a distance.

"You're everything Cohan said," stormed Harris, "and more. As a partner I want to add that we're fed up to the limit. One more crack and you're through. From now on you do as we say and do it quick. . . ." Etc.

Daly dropped his Napoleonic pose, shrugged his shoulders, threw up his arms and exclaimed to the cast:

"How can I act with these guys kidding me this way?"

The steamer weighed anchor and sailed away. Funston swore—sincerely, profanely

looking around," said Judge McCormick. "I'm inclined to think the city's slandered by sensational reports of beer and rum-running and gun affrays. Of course, I may have picked the wrong day, but I've seen no evidence, so far, of open violation of the law."

As the judge concluded this sedative comment there was a loud laughing entrance on the part of a gay young newspaper blade, one Bozeman Bulger. Hurrying to Christy Walsh's table, unaware of the identity of the dignified jurist present, he announced:

"If any of you boys want a drink, trot along with me. Down the block we've got a place with the blinds up and the bottles out and we won't go home till morning."

Judge McCormick, who has a sense of humor, promptly changed the subject by asking Mr. Rockne about the prospects of the 1929 Notre Dame football tourists.

The Shortest Shortened

Some years ago Strickland Gillilan, now of Washington, made himself conspicuous by writing the world's short-

est poem. The caption of the abbreviated epic was "Antiquity of Microbes," and the poem, in full, was:

Adam
Had 'em.

Just the other day the same author surpassed his previous efforts toward brevity. This time the caption is "The Country's Condition After Several Volstead Years." And the poem follows:

Wet
Yet.

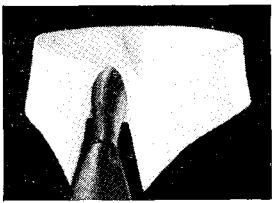
Soldier's Luck

General Herbert M. Lord, who retired last year as Director of the Budget, was an intimate of the late "Fighting Fred" Funston of Philippine fame.

"Funston once spent a summer in Alaska," General Lord said. "He managed to reach port, by marching two days and nights without sleep, on the evening before the departure of the last boat that season for the States. Dog-tired, he went to bed at the hotel, leaving instructions to be called.

"A blast from the steamer awakened

—AND
ARROW
BROADCLOTHS
ARE NOW
GUARANTEED
TO FIT
AND FIT
AND FIT
FOREVER



Golden Arrow COLLARS

Very popular: Hampton
Feather-light, with deep
points. 35 cents; 3 for \$1



—which means that now
the size you buy is the
size you wear through-
out the life of superb
Arrow Broadcloth.

ARROW'S new "Sanforized" process of shrinking fine fabric (it's patented by Arrow) now absolutely and unqualifiedly guarantees a collar that will hold permanently its accurate fit, and a sleeve-and-body length that will stay put. Every Arrow Broadcloth, from \$1.95 to \$5, bears a firm guarantee-label that it will fit you throughout its life—or you get your money back at once. Arrow's broadcloth shirt collection cannot be approached in value, price-for-price, anywhere in America.

And just to make it awfully hard for you *not* to wear Arrow for life, we introduce, here for the first time, a lot of smart, becoming colors:

TRUMP White, Blue, Tan, Green
PADDOCK White
MAYFAIR White, Blue, Tan, Green
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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N.Y.
Arrow Collars, Handkerchiefs, Shirts and Underwear



— and ONLY ARROW SHIRTS have ARROW COLLARS





R. F. James

"Dannikins, we've invited such a raft of people we'll just have to have a church"

DR. GRIMM rubbed his hands as though cold work had numbed them. Dan Wiley struggled into his coat, asking, "Are you sure, Doctor?"

"Positively." The sour medical smile was like a congratulation. "I believe in frankness. There's been a decided change since I saw you a month ago. If you want a consultation, don't hesitate. In a case as—er—important as this—"

Dan didn't want a consultation; Dr. Grimm's report had been shock enough. He found himself out in the street, ideas knocking together in his brain. Dr. Grimm had turned the color of his world into something new and terrible. A fatal calm came over Dan. There's lots to be done in an hour, he thought.

Now Dan was dashing away toward the new Weld Building where an elevator whisked him to the eleventh floor. Must see Charlie Drummond. Confusedly Dan followed an office boy to an inner room where Charlie Drummond, beaming like a harvest moon, would have been jolly with his friend, save for the strained, tense look he saw.

"Let me see my will again," said Dan, mopping a moist forehead. "Get it out right away. I haven't got much time."

Drummond arose and shut the door. "You mean the codicil we drew up for you three weeks ago?" he asked. . . .

DAN came out at ten minutes of twelve, and he was half running on his curiously unsteady legs. It was Saturday, and banking hours would soon be over. Panting, as though the ghost which Dr. Grimm had summoned were already touching his shoulder, he tottered into the First National Bank and up to the president's office at the far end. A young secretary took her time explaining that Mr. Stance was busy; and was there anything she could do for Mr. Wiley? Sardonic question, since the doctors could do nothing!

Doomed

*A Short Short Story
complete on this page*

By Wallace Irwin

"Tell him I've come about that loan on my life insurance," Dan's parched lips requested. Then Harvey Stance came in, began a joke, cleared his throat at his customer's scared face. "Sit down, Dan," he said kindly, "and we'll see what can be done about it." He rang for his secretary. . . .

After a conference which wore on Dan's raw nerves, he escaped into the air and found his long-nosed, shiny runabout parked against the curb. He stepped on the starter and headed toward Culpepper Hill. It's easy to settle things with bankers and lawyers, he thought. But Maggie . . . that's going to be the hard pull.

How much could he tell her without being cruel?

At Mrs. Lunn's pretty green lawn and pretty brick house he hesitated, courage failing. A colored maid, her apron on crooked, answered the door. "Yassir, Mr. Wiley, Mis' Lunn jes' settin' down to lunch." She showed him into the tidy blue and white parlor, and for the first time he felt its bleakness. Was it the spirit of Maggie Lunn? The earthly aroma of Maggie Lunn's lunch wandered in. Brussels sprouts. Queer. Why should he associate her with Brussels sprouts? Shuddering, he noticed a marble statuette in the bay window. A lamb. It had a mortuary look.

Maggie kept him waiting. Fixing her hair, perhaps.

"Why, Dannikins!" He saw her coming through the portières, and marked the things which had begun to weary him in their month of fevered courtship.

Her Grecian nose was a hairline too thin, her mouth too firm for its stripe of lipstick. He didn't like her dress—although she had paid too much for it, as for the rest of her wardrobe, on her trip to New York.

But now her arms were around his neck, powerfully possessive. They squeezed away argument. I'll never get away, he thought in panic, and sniffed the flavor of her face powder. "Honey, I just dropped in to tell you—" Thus he began. Her kisses thwarted him.

"**B**AD, bad boy!" she was chiding. "If you'd told me you were coming I'd have cooked something bootiful for Dannikins."

"I've had lunch." A dull lie. Why did she have to call him Dannikins? He sat down and found her on his knee.

"I thought you'd never, never come," she crooned, cuddled against his neck. "I've worked so hard, finishing the list. Dannikins, we've invited such a raft of people we'll just have to have a church."

"A church." Morbidly he thought of funerals.

"We want to make our happiness big and stylish, don't we?" Smothering him again. "Dannikins, how can I ever pay you back for this lovely, lovely house you bought me? And the lovely, lovely car. And my lovely clothes. I'm so happy, happy. We will go to Paris for our honeymoon, won't we? You dear, big, generous thing! There's no other man in the world like you."

"Probably not." Dryly. His leg was going to sleep.

"Think of the way something brought us together that night at the movie. You had to speak to me, didn't you? And you looked so sort of wild and desperate. You wanted to give me everything in the world. You prince! And I felt I just had to take care of you, never let you go. You seemed sort of lost. Love like that lasts forever, doesn't it, Dannikins? The minute I

saw you I said, 'He'll give anything he has to the woman he loves.'" More kisses.

"Is that the way it struck you?" he asked when he could.

Suddenly she sensed his mood. Her lips were firmer than ever when she asked, "What's the matter with you today, Dannikins?"

Here was an opening. "Maggie, don't you think we ought to put off the wedding for a while?"

"Why?" Stiff as a statue she sat in his arms.

"Well—er—business. I might have to travel a long way—"

"And leave me behind? Dannikins, you can take me too."

"Not where I'm going. You'll understand later—"

"Dannikins, if you've got to travel we won't wait for that old church wedding. We'll go to a justice of the peace—we'll go this very afternoon."

HE BRACED himself. "Maggie, this morning I went to see my doctor—"

"You mean you're sick? Oh, my Dannikins—"

"It's a funny—a curious state of health—there's nothing just like it—and you wouldn't want to marry a man who—"

But she had slid from his knee and was facing him, a will so much stronger than his that she left him limp.

"What do you think I am?" she scolded. "A quitter? I'm not the sort of woman who deserts a man because his health isn't good. You ought to know me better—"

"But, Maggie, a month ago—" He was getting in deeper.

"Even if you were bedridden I'd stick by you. That's a wife's sacred privilege, if she's the right kind. Don't try to explain to me, poor sick dear. I'll take care of you. And now I'm going to ring up Justice Bates. We'll be married as quick as our car can scoot."

He opened his mouth, shut it. After she had telephoned and put on an expensively becoming hat—he knew the price, since he had paid for it—she led him out to the car. Only once, when they were under way, did he find voice to make his last request: "Darling, just give me time to drop in on the doctor. He's on the way."

Dr. Grimm was startled when Dan burst into the consultation room with the harsh question, "Look here, are you sure you were right this morning?"

"Right? Of course." Grimm polished his spectacles. "I told you I had made a mistake in my diagnosis when I gave you a month to live. Your month is up today, and I find there's nothing the matter with you. You're healthy. You ought to be happy."

DAN WILEY groaned from a bottomless pit.

"Happy? Gosh! You gave me a month to live and I wanted to make the most of it. I got myself engaged to the first woman I met—wouldn't have looked at her otherwise. I bought her a house, a car, a trousseau, furniture, a trip to New York. I mortgaged my insurance and made a fool will, giving her everything I had left. And now we're on our way to the marriage license bureau."

Dr. Grimm murmured a congratulation, but Dan Wiley seized him and shook him until his big head wobbled on its turkey neck.

"See here, doc," he growled, "the next time you tell a man he's going to die you see that he does it!"

And he charged out to his doom, cozily snuggled in the long-nosed runabout.

The thrift dentifrice with the wonderful after-effect



• Buy a good tie or two
with what it saves you

There are a great many things you can buy with that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, rather than dentifrices in the 50¢ class. A tie is merely a suggestion. Handkerchiefs, hosiery, haberdashery are other possibilities.



ARE you willing to make a trifling experiment that will delight you and save you considerable money?

Then switch to Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price. You will quickly make these important discoveries:—

—That it whitens teeth remarkably—sometimes within a few days.

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—That it leaves your mouth with that exhilarating after-effect you associate with Listerine itself.

—That it cuts your tooth paste bill approximately in half.

There can be no greater testimony of outstanding merit of Listerine Tooth Paste than its rise from obscurity four years ago to a commanding position among the leaders today. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

George and the Perfect Lady

Continued from page 17

Who's Your Tailor?
REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1904 BY E. D. V. PRICE & CO.

NO TWO ALIKE!

Nature set us up in business. Since the world began, no two men were ever cast in exactly the same mold.

Erect, regular, stooping, flat-chested, your clothes tailored by Ed. V. Price & Co. are made to conform to your natural build and attitude.

It's the safe way to secure in your clothes that grace, hang and balance that denote the well dressed man.

See our local dealer who will show you America's finest line of Spring and Summer woolens.

If you do not know his name, please write us.

E. V. Price & Co.
CHICAGO
Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

George threw the book across the room. His mind was made up. He would not resign from the Consolidated Construction Company's staff in order to go to Europe. Neither would he go to Canada while Madeline went to Europe. George went up to bed and slept.

The next morning as he was leaving the breakfast table George remarked casually that he had a chance to go to Canada. "They want me to start in a week or two," he finished.

"I suppose they were surprised when you refused," Madeline said.

"No," George said. "I told them I'd take the job."

MADLINE looked at him in shocked astonishment. "You told them you'd go?"

"Yes," George said, "I did."

"But what about our trip to Europe?"

"We aren't going," George said. "You and the children are going to Canada with me. The company has offered to build a house for us. In fact the company is building a whole village. They want us to be comfortable even if we are ninety miles from a railroad."

"Ninety miles from a railroad!" Madeline said.

"Yes, it's the real wilderness. That's what I like about it. The first thing I shall have to do is to decide whether to build a railway or haul the stuff in with tractors while the ground is frozen."

Madeline looked at him brightly with what appeared to be an amused smile. Only George felt that she wasn't amused.

"Have you actually signed a contract to go to Canada or have you merely said you'd go?" she asked.

"I have signed a contract to go," George said.

"Without consulting me?"

George said nothing. He hadn't consulted her. He had been afraid to consult her.

"What I wanted was nothing to you," Madeline said.

"You know that isn't true," George protested.

"I don't see how you can stand there and deny it," Madeline said. "You pretended to agree to my plan of going to Europe while secretly you were agreeing to go to Canada."

George saw that this was the moment to hurry off to the job. Perhaps when Madeline had had a chance to think it over she'd decide that a winter in Canada wasn't so bad.

At half past three in the afternoon one of the time clerks came running out to call George to the telephone.

"It's Mrs. Roberts," the clerk explained. "I guess it's something important."

George ran for the telephone. Madeline never called him up when he was on the job.

"George," Madeline said, "if you want to say good-by to the children you'd better come right home. We're leaving in an hour."

George jumped into his car and drove for Round Hill. He drove the thirty miles in thirty-two minutes. As he drew up at the house he saw three taxicabs in the driveway. Two of them were full of trunks and bags and boxes. The third stood in front of the door.

George walked into the house. The twins were in the hall with their hats and coats on. Miss Harcourt was putting some last article into a hand bag. Madeline was in the living-room giving final instructions to the parlor maid.

"Oh, hello, George," Madeline said. "I'm so glad you came promptly."

"What's the big idea?" George asked. Madeline raised her eyebrows ever so slightly, as if deprecating so slangy an expression.

"We're taking the five-o'clock express to New York," she said. "We're sailing on the Transitalia at midnight."

"Oh," George said. He tried to make his tone as casual as Madeline's. But he couldn't keep it up. "You are, are you?" he roared.

Madeline raised her eyebrows very high indeed. It was the first time in her life that anybody had ever roared at her, and she was startled.

George went out and hailed the taxi driver at the front door.

"Here's a five-dollar bill," George said. "You and your pals can throw those trunks and things off. The farther you throw them the better. And then you can beat it."

"Yes, sir," the taxi driver said.

George turned to Miss Harcourt.

"Miss Harcourt," George said, "take those children up to the nursery and get them into their play clothes."

Miss Harcourt had never received an order from George before. But she did not hesitate.

George went into the living-room. Madeline stood with her back to a table. Her casual manner was gone. She was pale and trembling with anger. Her tone was icy when she spoke.

"Do you really think you can accomplish anything by this stupid pretense of authority?" she asked. She paused, looking him up and down. "If you only knew how ridiculous you are," she finished.

George advanced upon her. She was tall and beautiful and elegant. She was angry, but she was a perfect lady. George put one arm around her shoulders and the other arm around her legs and lifted her clear and started out of the room with her. Instantly Madeline Roberts ceased to be a lady. She reverted to the essential feminine. She kicked. She scratched. She screamed. But the lean and lanky George was a powerful man.

At the foot of the staircase Madeline got her teeth into his left hand. She bit him with the ferocity of a wounded leopard.

"Damn you," George said, tightening his grip on her. "You — little —. If you do that again I'll spank you."

He went right on up the stairs with her, carried her into her room and dropped her on the bed.

"I'm going to lock you in," he said. "I'm going to keep you here until you're willing to be reasonable."

HE SHUT the door and locked it and wiped the blood off his hand with his handkerchief. He paced up and down the living-room. He was deeply shocked at himself. He had never sworn in front of Madeline before. And now he had actually sworn at her. He looked at his hand. Her teeth had almost met in the heel of his hand.

George put iodine on his hand and mixed himself a drink. He wondered if the servants could possibly have heard them. He guessed they couldn't have. He went out to interview the cook. George had never interviewed the cook before. The cook assured him that Mrs. Roberts had left orders to give him dinner at half past seven.

"Are you having something Mrs. Roberts would like?"

"I was told Mrs. Roberts was having dinner on the train."

George shook his head. "Mrs. Roberts has changed her mind. Mrs. Roberts isn't feeling well. She's decided to have her dinner in her room."

The cook gazed at George with so bland a look that George wondered if she knew all.

George retired to the living-room. At half past seven the waitress appeared. "Mrs. Roberts' dinner is ready," she said. "Shall I take it up, sir?"

"I'll take it up," George said. He did. He carried the tray up to Madeline's room. He had to set the tray down in the hall while he unlocked the door, but he got the tray in without spilling anything. Madeline was sitting at her desk in the corner. "Good evening," George said. "Here's your dinner." Madeline did not reply. She did not look up. George set the tray down and went out and locked the door.

The waitress came into the living-room to tell him that his own dinner was served. At that moment there was a loud crash outside. The waitress jumped. George went to the window. The tray he had taken upstairs, with all the dishes and the dinner, had landed on the terrace under Madeline's window.

George went in to dinner. He considered sending Madeline another tray. She must be hungry. He decided against it. After all, she had thrown her dinner out of the window. She had made the choice.

Somehow or other George managed to go to sleep. He awoke with a start at half past seven. He awoke and realized what he had done. His marriage was over. He had lost Madeline forever.

GEORGE shaved and dressed and hurried downstairs. Madeline always had coffee in bed when she woke up. George got a tray, with coffee and cream and sugar and things from the cook, and took it upstairs. Madeline was sitting up in bed. She was wearing a particularly charming negligee. George set the tray down on the bed beside her.

"Good morning," George said.

"Good morning, George," Madeline said.

She poured herself a cup of coffee. "Have you had coffee?" she asked.

"No," George said.

"Why don't you bring another cup?" she asked.

George ran downstairs and got another cup. Madeline poured coffee for him. George sat on the edge of her bed. She was so fresh and dewy-eyed and lovely that he wished he could take her in his arms. She was no longer pale and angry. She was delicately flushed. She was soft and sweet.

"I had no idea you were so strong, George," she said.

"I really love you," George said.

"Yes," she said, "I know you do. You've paid so little attention to me for months and months that I thought you didn't love me any more. But last night when you called me such awful names and swore so horribly I knew you did."

She sipped her coffee.

"You know," she said, "I think it would be frightfully interesting to spend a winter in Canada. I'm awfully fed up with dressing for dinner, and Miss Harcourt, and having so many servants around. I don't see enough of you the way we've been living."

She looked up at him with a smile so tender, so shy, and so provocative that George dropped his coffee cup and took her in his arms and kissed her. She put both arms around his neck.

They had quarreled violently at last. They were beginning to fall in love.

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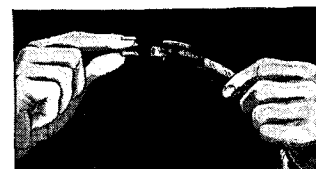


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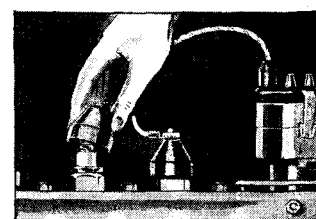


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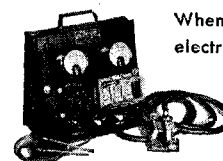
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3. Slip on Textolite Caps. Snap both ends into place. That's all.

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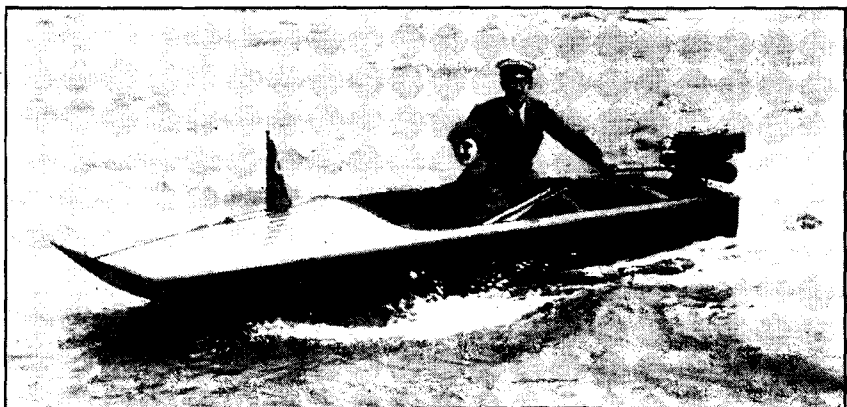
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Dealers everywhere can profit by the unequalled reputation achieved by Sea Sleds. These able craft not only sell themselves, but they help to sell other marine merchandise as well, and out of the long list of stock models an alert dealer can practically fit any man to the craft exactly suited to his needs.

THIS YEAR at the Motor Boat Show, Sea Sled distributed 10,000 leaflets which named two dozen good qualities any man's boat might have.

A ruled column down the center of the page was reserved so that the man himself could list these qualities in order of first importance to him.

Most of the lists which the public filled in gave first place to *safety*, followed by *endurance*, *dryness*, *comfort* and *speed*—almost invariably in that order. Now those qualities happen to be the ones for which Sea Sled has always stood supreme, and for this combination Sea Sled has never had an equal.

Today you can get a little Class B outboard Sea Sled for as low as \$150. That's just the bare, stripped hull, of course. At an increasing price range there are ten stock models with a foot or two difference in length, up to 28 feet over all.

Among them are the two smartly new models, "17" and "20". Completely equipped with inboard engines, self-starters, and reverse gears, for the man who has grown restless with outboard motors, they are the last word in luxury, comfort and speed.

Larger than the "28" are the special models. The 32-foot "standard" which has done 37 miles an hour with 24 passengers; and still larger, the huge marine bus which will transport 60 people at better than 30 miles an hour and at an economical rate for gasoline.

The most remarkable feature of Sea Sleds is their ability to carry weight at speed. The 32-foot "standard" with two passengers will make over 40 miles an hour. The addition of 22 more passengers cuts down the speed only 3 miles an hour.

These are tried models, tested and proved by engineers, corporations, flying fields and governments. Wherever weather conditions are hard, or a combination of speed and endurance is called for, there the Sea Sled, regardless of size, excels.

SEA SLED

SPEED WITH COMFORT AND SAFETY

Beating the Lights

Continued from page 30

other hands; then, obeying instructions, he walked out through the door, followed by Forney. The big Byrd-Brice at the curb he noted was headed east. The thumb-witted left-hander took the wheel. Turovtsin was placed in the front seat at his right, with the gigantic beer baron immediately behind him. Forney climbed in behind the driver, last of all.

"You're leaving the diamond for others to find?" Turovtsin asked.

"We looked for it, didn't we?" snapped Big Terry. "Jim had his chance—he looked for it. Me and Forney looked for it. You can't find what ain't there. Step on it, Jim."

THE car shot forward with a roar. As they swept down the street the traffic signal at the avenue came into sight. It had been standing at green. Suddenly it changed to yellow, followed by red.

"The light's against you," said Turovtsin warningly.

The driver had seemed about to disregard the stop signal, but upon hearing the warning he clamped down the brakes. The signal cleared and again they shot forward. Again they roared down a narrow street for a dark run of four or five blocks.

"Green light," said Turovtsin. "The road is yours."

They passed that corner without slowing down, as they did likewise the next, under Turovtsin's coaching. But the signal beyond that stood at red. After that for a while Turovtsin let the driver pass the signals or not as he chose.

"So you're taking me for a ride, Big Man," he began, addressing the giant behind him.

"You're smart," came the reply.

"Going to bump me off yourself?"

"I wouldn't dirty my hands," said the other.

The street they were on was empty and broad. The signal posts held up their red lights or their green indifferently. Whether one or the other, the driver shot past them.

But later their thoroughfare crossed another of more importance. Turovtsin remembered that policemen were sometimes stationed here to control speeding. The driver apparently also remembered this. As they approached the corner he asked: "How's the light? Let her ride?"

The light had been standing at green, but even as the question was asked it changed to red. Turovtsin saw the change; but snatching at the straw he replied: "Let her ride."

The car shot forward, in plain disregard of the stop signal. But nothing happened. The police had gone home for the night. The city was beginning to thin out. Turovtsin did not know of another point at which they might hope to meet an officer.

Again he addressed the giant behind him, and again while doing so he spoke to other ears.

"You don't know me, but I know you. You're Terry Belden. You're the man responsible for the death of that woman."

"Not closely connected," replied the other judicially.

"Quite closely," said Turovtsin. "Who killed her? A man sent to her house to obtain her red diamond. I think he killed her by accident. Who sent him there? You did. Why? You had read of the diamond in the newspapers and wanted it."

"You're making rash statements," said the giant. "The town is full of mobs out for the big change."

"No diamond thief would touch such a stone. It couldn't be sold for five cents. It's too rare. Its color alone would mark it if he broke it up or changed the cutting. An amateur wouldn't know that. You didn't know it."

"Do you see now, Jim? He's smart."

"You read of that diamond and wanted it, just as you might want a fine car. You knew you could hire someone to steal a car for you. Why not this red diamond? So you told a good man that you would pay such and such a price for it."

"Go on," said the giant.

"Unfortunately the man you picked was not a skilled burglar. Unfortunately also he did not know diamonds. By a further stroke of ill luck he was, as we say, color-blind. He could not tell green from red. The result of all this was that he awakened the woman, tried to stifle her cries and killed her. But he couldn't find the diamond; or as I guess, being color-blind, he mistook her green emerald for the red diamond he had been sent to get and carried it off instead."

"Another hot one," said the giant.

"I heard it," snapped the driver.

"You're earning your ride. Go on."

"In order to understand what happened," continued Turovtsin, "you must put yourself in the woman's place. She had owned the emerald for some time. She was used to the idea of leaving it unprotected. But the red diamond was new. She wished to keep it near her; but she was afraid to entrust it to her jewel box. She therefore hid it. Shall I tell you where?"

"Not interested," said the other.

"What difference does it make to me where she hid it?"

"None," said Turovtsin to the further ears, "because you have already found it."

"Me? You're crazy!"

"You found it hidden away inside a cake of soap. You have it in your pocket at this moment."

THE car gave a slight lurch, as if its driver had dodged a hole in the pavement. The big man behind, thinking of other matters, failed to notice the movement. But Turovtsin did not fail to notice it.

"Why are you so sure about that?" asked the giant.

"Because the soap was scented, and I smelled it when you came in from the kitchen. Because I saw soap on your thumb nail when you reached for the poker."

"Earning your ride," repeated the other.

"Yes; but you should have arranged beforehand to get rid of the man you tried to swindle. You told him you had not found the red diamond, although you had."

"Told who?"

"The man you sent to get it, the man who killed its owner, the left-hander of the poker on the shelf, Jim here, who is now driving this car, although he is color-blind. Jim makes mistakes, but he's a bad man to cross. You have certainly crossed him tonight, Big Terry. I think now you will have to carry through. I am having my ride. Perhaps he is having his, as well."

Again the car swerved slightly. Turovtsin could not see him, but he knew the giant was watching the driver more intently than he had ever watched his accuser. And he knew that the driver knew it. He saw his nervous left hand steal downward toward his

coat pocket. But it stopped before reaching the pocket and as softly stole back to the wheel where it belonged.

The left-hander did not reach for his pistol, for he knew he had no chance. His big overlord would see to that. Forney would see to it. He was not a bright man. He did not know an emerald from a diamond and he could not tell green from red. And yet, although he had few ideas, he knew he was done, once he raised his hand.

"Watch your step!" the man behind rapped out.

Ahead gleamed the red light closing the road at an intersecting artery. If the car slowed down for the stop signal, as Turovtsin believed might happen—

Even as he looked the light changed from red to green. He had expected the change. After a moment he said evenly:

"Light's against you, driver."

Whereupon he felt the car begin to slow down, and gathered his strength for what he had to do.

Meanwhile he had been watching the lights—far down the street—of an approaching truck. He saw them grow larger, until they became blindingly bright. The truck was not slowing down for the crossing.

"Green light, you color-blind fool!" cried the man behind.

THEN came the unexpected. The driver did not increase his speed. Instead he began speaking:

"A fool, am I? Color-blind, am I? I don't know red from green, don't I? Let me tell you this, you wise guys! I know white from black, and that is more than any of you will ever know again!"

And then suddenly he threw the wheel sharply over and the car swerved inward, directly across the path of the truck. So nicely did he time the action, the truck struck them a little rearwardly, opposite the seat occupied by Big Terry Belden and his guardian of the door.

The crash that followed consisted of a confusion—dust, rendings, collidings, the smell of rubber and gasoline. When the confusion came to an end Turovtsin found himself sprawled upon the pavement at one side, bruised multitudinously, but by some miracle not otherwise seriously injured. The giant in the rear seat did not fare so well; his right wrist had been broken, and he was breathing hard. The driver had received a head wound. The third man, Forney, guardian of the door, lay pinned in the wreckage.

The police, notified by a passing car, found them so; but Turovtsin and the truck driver by that time had captured all the pistols, and there was no resistance.

"Hello, doctor! What are you doing here?" asked the sergeant in charge of the squad.

"Just out for a ride with some friends," Turovtsin replied. "That tall left-hander is the Armstrong killer. You'll find the Armstrong emerald on him somewhere, I think. This is Big Terry Belden, who hired him. You already know him. What he sent the fellow to get was the Armstrong diamond."

"The red diamond?"

"The red diamond. You'll find the diamond in one of the big man's pockets—the one smelling of soap. The third man is just a tool."

"It's a pleasant evening," said the officer.

"Yes," replied Turovtsin, "but it looks a little like rain."

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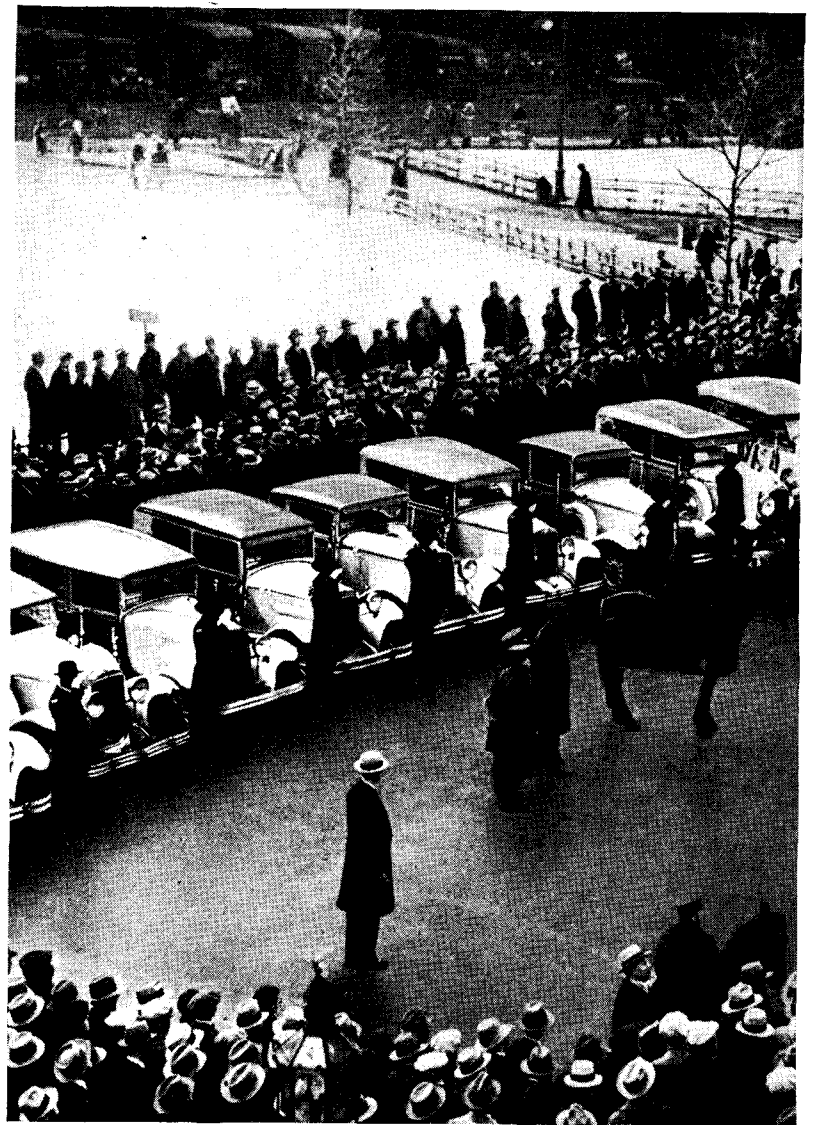
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New 1930 Goodrich Silver Fleet Leaves Today on Demonstration Run Even More Grueling than Last Year's 30,000-Mile Tour

BULLETIN—Akron, O., March 29—*Leaving widely separated bases simultaneously today, the new 1930 Silver Fleet in separate units begins a demonstration run that outstrips even last year's tour for concentrated tire wear. Cars of the new Fleet will keep to the road constantly . . . traveling 600 miles each day, 6 days a week, reporting mileage figures to Akron. These facts will be broadcast to tire buyers through thousands of Goodrich dealers.*

Again . . . they're off! Headed over the country's roads, just like the 1929 Goodrich Silver Fleet.

But facing a grind even harder, even longer, than last year's record-breaking 30,000-mile tour.

For the cars of this year's Fleet must travel 600 miles every day. They must be out on the road 6 days each week. They will take no time off for receptions, parades and ceremonies, but keep constantly on the job providing tire buyers with up-to-the-minute, straight-from-the-road information on how Silvertowns perform!

At this rate, these cars will concentrate a year's road experience of the average car owner into a period of a few short weeks. The total distance traveled will reach 60,000 . . . 70,000 . . . possibly

80,000 miles before the cars return to Akron.

Each car in the new Silver Fleet will be weighted down to duplicate actual driving and load conditions. No passengers will be carried because of these load calculations.

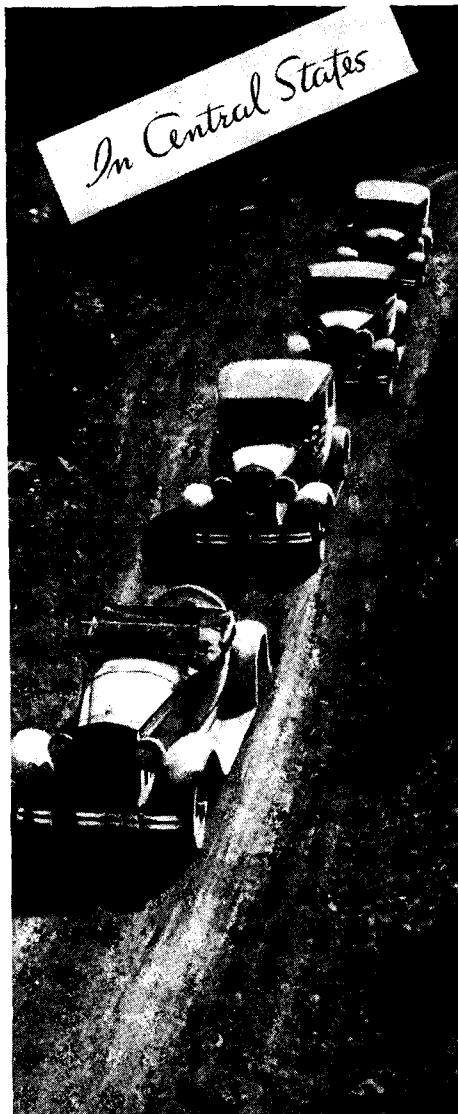
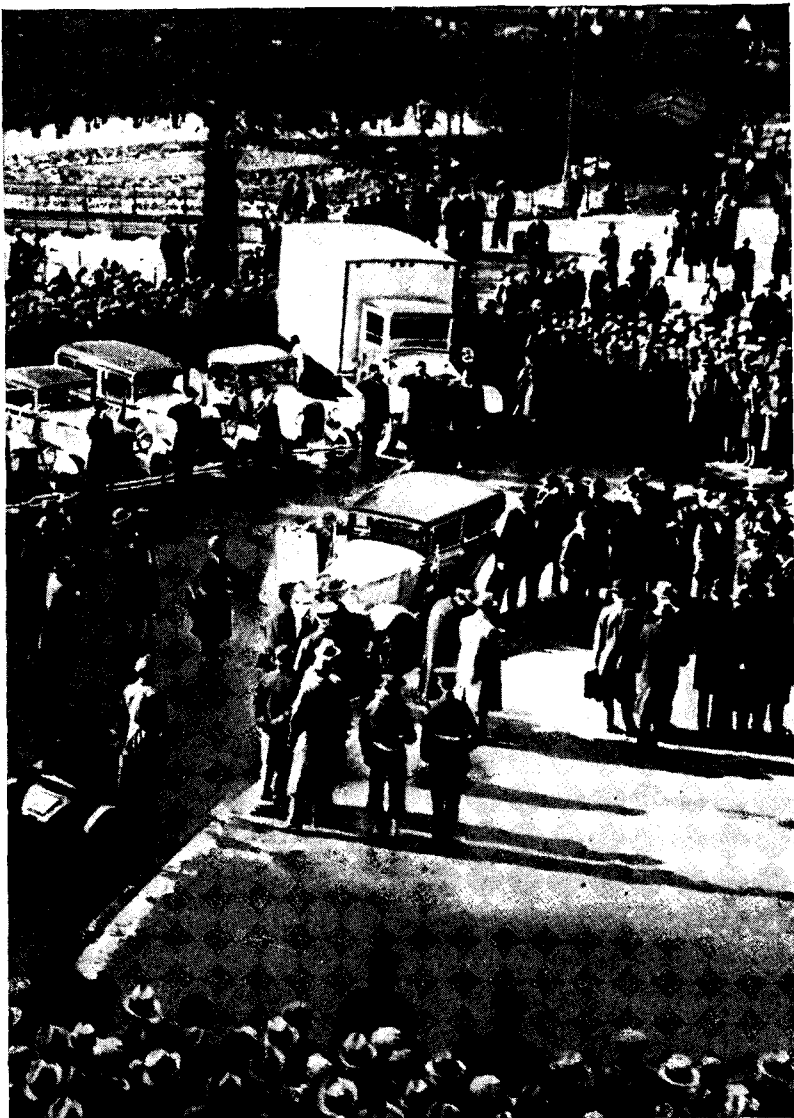
In addition to this, cars will travel in separate units, each confined to its own section of the country. Thus tire buyers in the south, the west, the populous middle west and east will know, from the record of their respective units, just how Silvertowns perform under conditions exclusive to their own section of the country!

This year's Fleet, like last year's, is organized

take the Road!

SILVER FLEET HOPS OFF...

performance facts



Inasmuch as this magazine goes to press 5 weeks in advance of the date you receive it, we could not show you pictures of the new Silver Fleet on the road. Therefore, 1929 Fleet photographs are used here to give you an idea of what this dramatic tour is like.

to bring you performance facts on Silvertowns!

Records of what Silvertowns do on your kind of car. How they stand up on your kind of roads. Specific information on tread wear, tractive power, side-wall stamina. . .

All of these things will be reported by the 1930 Silver Fleet... and broadcast from Akron so that all tire buyers may know when they buy Silvertowns just what mileage they can honestly expect.

Go see your Goodrich dealer. Talk to him about tires. Talk performance . . . ability to stand punishment. Get at the meat of tire buying . . . which is what you get for the tire dollars you spend.

You'll find tire buying an entirely different matter when you talk to someone who deals in terms of what you get rather than what he is trying to sell you. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio.

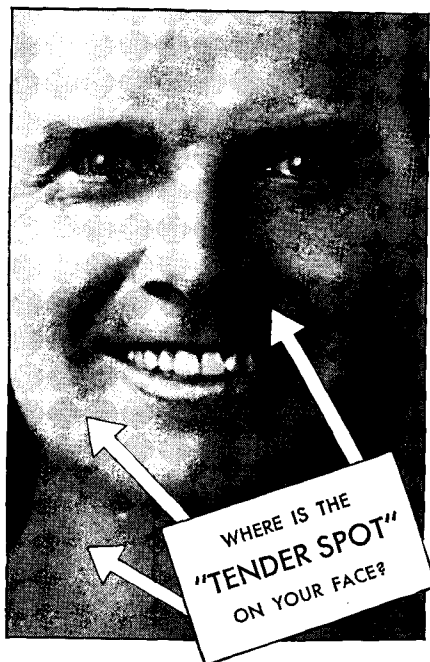


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WHEN we recently announced "Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here," thousands of requests for trial tubes poured in. "Great news," men said. "Must be fine." "Just think—a shaving cream with Lifebuoy's antiseptic protection!"

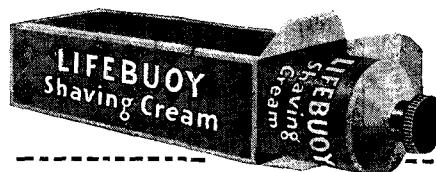
They tried it. Another flood of enthusiastic letters. "Marvelous." "The slickest shave ever." "So easy on the tender spot."

No more painful shaves

Nearly every man has one favored tender spot, on neck, chin, cheek or lip that gets sore from shaving. But now, with Lifebuoy's double-density lather shielding it, the razor glides right over it—without leaving a trace of sting or burn.

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Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial tube. Then lather with it. Shave in your usual way. When you go over the tender spot—feel the difference. Note how the razor slides gently over it—getting off every whisker clean—without the slightest irritation. That's because Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather lubricates, soothes, protects. Get a tube now—try it.



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Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 11

do, after you've both acted like that." "You oughtn't."

"No, Auntie, I oughtn't. But I do." The woman sat down by the fire; the girl dropped on to the shaggy rug at her feet. "It isn't that your home life isn't happy, dear knows," said Auntie rebukingly and yet hungrily.

"No, no," said Ray, looking into the fire, "home's all right."

"You look happy, Ray."

"Why, Auntie, I am happy. Why worry about me?"

"Because—oh, because an old thing likes a young thing to worry about. And I just—love—you."

"And I just love you, Auntie. I just adore coming here. What's for supper?"

"I've got peach pie, and cream for our coffee, and a layer-cake."

"Aren't you just an old guzzler?"

"I guess I am," said Auntie, watching the firelight shine on the sleek black hair. "Your hair's got fire right in it," she said dreamily. "It looks awful smart."

"It is smart," said Ray, keeping her blue eyes on the flames, "I get it cut by Antoine."

"By Antoine! But . . . that's where Mrs. Poinsetter goes for hers! And I do believe Mrs. Vanderbilt goes there too. My, that must be expensive!"

"It is pretty expensive. I'm not the only girl with good friends."

Auntie opened her lips; closed them again. She rose slowly. "Sit still," she said, sighing, with knitted brows. She uncovered a tray on a side-table, and put the coffee over the electric heater. She thought intensely. And, on the shaggy rug before the fire, Ray Bowfor thought intensely too.

They barely spoke again till supper was over. Then the girl asked:

"How am I speaking?"

"Beautifully," said Auntie with concentrated passion of admiration.

"You really mean it? Am I speaking anything like Mrs. Poinsetter?"

"Almost identical. Almost identical, Ray."

"I'll read aloud a bit, and let you listen. And mind you tell me right out—"

"Sure."

"I won't read the Sunday supplement stuff. I want a good book—"

"I fetched this down from Mr. Poinsetter's library today, in case you wanted to read."

RAY opened the book, and read slowly, with long pauses for experiments in enunciation. For an hour her young voice, clear as crystal, was the only sound in the basement parlor; and Auntie sat listening as if she wanted no sweeter music.

"And now!" Ray said, shutting the book.

Auntie had been sitting entranced. There was not only what veritably seemed to her the violin music of that voice, but the sight of the slim child coiled upon the old rug. Together they had made the rug from exciting scraps of wool, of cloth and cotton, velvet and satin, years ago, long before this young lady now sitting upon it had reached an age where such young ladies fared forth into the world. It had been childhood's treat—tea with Auntie, and making that rug. So fascinating! Also so poignantly terrible and heart-racking when one thought all the things one must not think. All the same, listening to the reading, she had been thinking all the sore old things all over again.

She awoke to Ray's uncoiling, rising up to her feet with a motion so grace-

ful that elderly bones felt more elderly still.

"And now what, Ray? It isn't time to go yet!"

"Not home. No. But I've a date between now and then. I mean, I have an engagement."

"Ray!"

"Don't scold. Too much scolding in this world."

"But, Ray!"

"Don't worry. I know how to take care of myself."

"You know too much for twenty-one. Or is it—too little?"

"WHAT does it matter which it is?"

She slipped away, singing. Auntie remained by her fire. Her eyes were at once fierce with suspicion and sacrificial with surrender; but her dry lips could not resist the smile that came to them. The dawn seemed still in the evening room; the dawn so new and eager and impatient, and yet hadn't it been touched with weariness too? With wistfulness? With—resignation? Ah! no! no! Her faint-colored lips moved protestingly, denying it. Not resignation. She would not have Ray resigned to anything! Ray must achieve; conquer.

And yet a woman could not help looking back; could not help seeing, down the years behind her, the kind of thing that happened to young and eager girls crowding to the threshold of life and dancing over . . . dancing over to what? A woman could not help knowing what she knew; she found it hard to trust; hard to expect the good things; was sadly, fatally ready to advise: "Just be cautious; be good. Be good. Be good. And . . ."

"And what?" Auntie asked aloud of the evening room.

Then the girl came back into it, and was before her dazzled eyes in all the freshened brilliance of her adept use of cleansing cream, flesh-tint powder, and scarlet lip rouge. The feather of black hair lay exactly right on either cheek, and even her eyes seemed bigger, more lustrous.

"Good-by, old honey!"

"Where are you going, Ray? Tell Auntie. 'Cause I—I—well, I like to sit here and imagine just what you're doing; and—"

"Don't think about where I'm going. I'm all right. Think about where I've come from instead."

Auntie got up, with a flare of caution in her eyes. "Think, Auntie. Think like I do; about that old house down in Virginia. Old Colonial. White. And brown shutters. And that elm on the lawn, and the plane trees all down the avenue. And soon we'll have the spring flowers out. And say! The mountains look so wonderful this time of year—all sort of blue-green. Could you ask a better background for a home and a girl than those mountains?"

"Ray! But, Ray!"

"I'm there so often, aren't I? Don't you think that old house in Virginia just calls me back every time I'm going wrong—"

AND then her arms were about Auntie's neck, and she was kissing Auntie's tear-filled eyes, crying in shame: "There! there! I'm the worst kind of a hell-cat to torment you so! But I love you, Auntie. You're all the world to me."

"No! no! Your good home, and your sister Rose—"

"Oh, yes. Yes, honey, yes. But I sort of—I sort of love you best—"

"Oh, my baby, do you!"

"Sure. Sure." She winked back the tears of contrition from her own eyes. "Good-by, Auntie. And—don't—you—trouble—about—me?" This was punctuated by her warm kisses; and she was gone.

She stood for a moment on the curb outside the house, with the qualm of hesitation that she always suffered when she was going to old Frank Wittheimer's. Old Frank was wonderful; he was generous; he had been kind. But—you never knew. A girl never knew. He had too much wisdom for any stand-and-deliver methods. He was slow and wily. His manners were just lovely. He entertained even such a little girl as though she were a princess. If it had been Mrs. Poinsetter herself going to see him tonight, the entertainment would not be more graciously given. Not that Mrs. Poinsetter would be going to see old Frank Wittheimer alone! No; only such little girls as herself—such women as such little girls sometimes became—did that. There would be flowers; music; the swimming bath warmed; the one manservant who stayed on such occasions would be as nice. . . .

But one never knew.

She swirled her fur coat about her in the approved slim line, and set off on her high heels up the avenue. It was not far, the big house in the East Eighties, between Fifth Avenue and Madison. As always, she clutched her courage to her also.

OSCAR, the servant, was just as one expected: very suave and nice. He put her into a lift that was more like a golden canary cage than any other lift she had ever seen, and dropped her from a hall of light, gilt, French austerity to the floor below.

"Are we having supper at the swimming pool tonight, Oscar?"

"Yes, miss."

Oscar ascended in the lift again immediately as soon as he had clicked the gate behind her; and she saw Old Frank coming to meet her across the parquet floor of this, his basement supper-room, music-room, or Room of Venus, as now and again he meditatively called it. Beyond it through a curtained archway was one of the best private swimming baths in New York. At one end of the bath were fountains; she heard them now, splashing rhythmically. There were the strangest rubber toys of huge size floating on the water. The floor of the bath was lighted from below. There was a musicians' gallery above it used on really big festal occasions. About it were banks of ferns and flowers. . . .

Ray had caught about her, with her furs and her courage, the mood in which she deemed Wittheimer found her most amusing, most desirable. A gay, impudent mood, babyish as possible to disarm his possible attacks, and yet hard enough, audacious enough to make him laugh. In this mood she could say things that, if she thought of them afterwards, made her gasp. Because this Ray meeting old Wittheimer here was not the Ray she liked; not the Ray of Virginia. But, oh, it was a Ray that won through to good suppers, to fun and frolic however dangerous, to automobile drives, and champagne, and music, and warmed swimming pools; and—yes—to fur coats!

This Ray ran impudently right into Old Frank's arms; this Ray was very lavishly kissed.

He exclaimed:

"Hey! How's my sweetheart?"

(Continued on page 45)



Build Now — but with the PERMANENCE of STEEL

GOVERNMENT officials and commercial groups are today urging every progressive American to build this year those structures which are needed. This suggestion, sponsored by the nation's best informed men is no hurried gesture. It arises from the definite conviction that now is the *advantageous time* to build.

But greater care must be exercised in the selection of building materials. Obsolescence has come too quickly. Repairs have been needed too soon. These two factors alone are costing American building owners \$900,000,000 a year. Structures which definitely fight off time; that recognize no early obsolescence; that require little upkeep and repair are the present need. This applies to homes, industrial, public and commercial buildings.

Steel building products fill this need.

Take steel doors, panelling and trim, for example. These products arrive already to erect. No warping, sagging, shrinking or cracking can take place. The doors go up quickly—fit perfectly. The trim

snaps into place with absolute precision. As a result, the building is finished many weeks ahead of the usual time.

But better still, no noisy, dirty, expensive refitting is ever required. The beautiful baked-on finishes—or those applied on the job—remain fresh; unmarred for years. One dollar per year per door is often saved in revarnishing expense alone. Cleaning costs are halved—no scrubbing—a dry cloth takes off the dust. Tenants stay, for their space remains beautifully modern.

—And in office and industrial use, the steel partition is gaining rapidly. With all the advantages of a permanent, easily cleaned finish; these partitions can be erected or moved easily and speedily without interfering with the employees—without the dirt and expense of re-plastering and re-finishing. Lost rent, lost hours and lost money are saved.

Full information on any steel building product listed below will be supplied by Trade Research Division, National Association Flat Rolled Steel Manufacturers, 511 Terminal Tower, Cleveland, O.

—and beautify
with

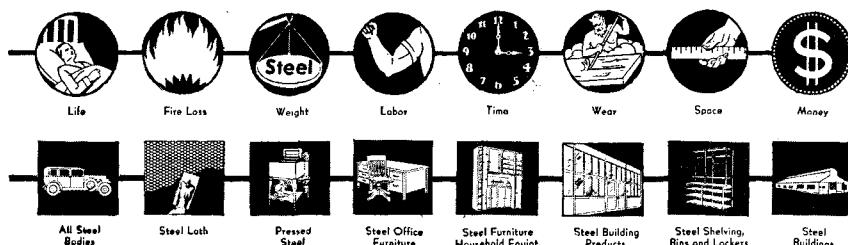
Steel

Doors > Trim < Panels
> Partitions <

... and Steel Never Starts a Fire or Feeds the Flames

Bins	Joists (Strip)	Siding
Buildings (Standard Steel)	Lath	Skylights
Ceilings	Lockers	Stacks
Cornices	Marquise	Stairways
Delivery Chutes	Medicine Cabinets	Tile (Wall)
Display Fixtures	Panelling	Trays (Laundry)
Doors (Office, Home, Elevator, Fire)	Partitions (Office, Toilet, Shower)	Trim (Baseboards, Chair Rails, Moulding)
Dryers (Laundry)	Radiator Enclosures	Ventilating Ducts
Eaves Trough	Roof Decks	Ventilators
Elevator Enclosures	Roofing	Window Trim
Forms (Floor)	Shelving	

Save with Steel



Today's Advertising Trend... is toward the FAMILY

Nation-wide surveys prove Family influence on buying...reveal The American Magazine as the Family favorite by 5 to 1

HAVE you noticed today's advertising, and how this "family" idea runs through it like a theme-song? "Family"... "home"... "mother, dad and the children"... Pick up almost any magazine and glance through its advertising section. You can't mistake it.

Advertisers—always alert for wider markets—have made a discovery about families. They've found that the *whole family influences buying*. The new trend in sales and advertising is "tell and sell the *whole family*".

Proved by 12 Advertisers

This fact was recently proved by a series of surveys conducted by twelve of the country's largest advertisers. Working independently they asked 7,049 families all over America how their buying is done. Did one person make the choice? Or did *two or more* members of the family contribute advice and opinions?

More than 63% said, "We buy after the *whole family* has expressed its opinions."

This was true not only for major purchases like pianos or refrigerators, but for small, personal articles like toothpaste and fountain pens, watches, breakfast foods—even toilet soaps.

To Reach the Whole Family

These same twelve advertisers asked these families another question: *Which magazine did the family as a whole like best? Which one would they vote to keep if only one magazine could come into the home?*

The American Magazine was the overwhelming first choice. It led the magazine that was second choice by 5 to 1.

The combined result of the impartial surveys made by the 12 advertisers proved conclusively two things:

- (1) *Family Influence on buying*
- (2) *Overwhelming Family Preference for The American Magazine*

Here, then, is the solution of the advertiser's problem of reaching the whole family at ONE ADVERTISING COST—through The American Magazine—with its 2,200,000 *all-family* circulation.



THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The American Magazine
First with all the FAMILY

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 42

"Just won'erful! And how's mine?" "Meaning your humble servant?" said Old Frank very slowly, and with a long slow look at her; a look at once of contemplative menace and reproach as who should say: "You call me your sweetheart, you little hussy! But . . ."

And then he laughed his slow good-humored laugh, and led her to a comfortable seat for two, and asked her what she had been doing that day. She did not tell him about the adventure with the man she would never see again—he wouldn't have liked that; it was too cheap—but she told him, with an almost unconscious embroidery, that Mr. Westward, the lawyer—didn't he know him?—had taken her out driving along the Storm King Highway. Oh! it was lovely! And Lord Times, from England, had been there too.

Old Frank might not care for this news either, but if he objected, his objections would serve a very good purpose. He would object because he would see that he was not the only rich desirable acquaintance she possessed.

"Oh, yes, I know young Westward," he said ruminatively. "His father was my lawyer, and now the son steps into the shoes. And I shall certainly ask him what he is doing, stealing you away from me!"

That would be safe enough. She had known, earlier in the day, that she could trust Westward's face; and Lord Times' face too. Two wise, strong young men! And her mind became sad with a sudden wistfulness.

"Looking mighty pretty, baby," said Old Frank, with an arm about her.

"It's this adorable coat you gave me for Christmas!"

"I shouldn't have given you the coat if you hadn't been prettier than it was." He smiled twistily.

"That's the way things go, you know."

She smiled too; dimpling. She was not the rather weary Ray that Times and Westward had glimpsed. For Old Frank loved youth that was gay; that dimpled and sparkled and allured. He required of women that they should be what he was willing to make it worth while to be; precious-looking, light, and sweet.

"Going to swim before supper?"

"I should say I am!"

SHE wanted to plunge into that pale-green inviting water, but also she knew with her sharp, acquisitive cleverness that Old Frank wanted her to swim even more. He liked to see five feet two of tender supple girl—in the kind of swimming suit with which he was only too willing to present her—dive into the bath, splash, float, play tricks, ride the slippery rubber swans and fishes. And with this cynical knowledge she had, too, a sweet indulgent tenderness for him; old—oh, quite eight-and-fifty!—and a bit stout, and not too healthy with his queer gray color, and wanting to stay forever young.

"Oscar's put your costumes ready."

"That's grand."

Now Oscar descended again in the fretted golden lift, and was advancing with a tray holding two foaming cocktails. She tossed hers off while Oscar lingered in the background to see if she would take another. What did he think, this Oscar? What a lot he must know! She held her glass toward him imperiously and he bore it away to be refilled.

She jumped up from the couch and ran to the bathing pool. Then she stepped into a dressing box and slipped the bolt in. In a twinkling she was out of her frock and her silk under-

garment, and was snatching at one of a row of swimming suits on hangers on the wall. The blond color? No. Yes, he liked that best. She put it on, laced on some sandals, unlocked the door, opened it, and made a running dive into the center of the pool. She would spoil the lilies perhaps. All the better. That was the stunt for the Old Franks; treat 'em firm; laugh 'em off; charge 'em high. . . . But did he know how he repelled her? Did he realize . . . ?

No. Man—even fat eight-and-fifty—had an enduring faith in his fadeless charm. She and Rose had laughed often over this comic affair of the male vanity. Not that Rose would have come to this swimming pool tonight. . . . If she had, Pedro would have slit her throat.

IT SEEMED strange to think of Pedro as one lay and floated among the lilies; Rose's beau; Pedro—"the wop." He would be up in his sky-high room now, probably, softly playing his violin; a love-call; and Rose two floors below, not daring. . . .

Oh! this not daring! This poor, meek spirit that life imposed on restless, full-blooded people, surging with youth! But she thought valiantly, "I won't be afraid anyway!" She ceased thinking of Pedro. It was pleasanter to rock there, looking up at the arched roof, night-blue with electric stars twinkling, and think of the supper to come.

She heard music. It floated in from the other room, where Oscar, at a sign from Old Frank, had switched on the radio. Wittheimer himself sat in one of the gay chairs near the edge of the pool watching her.

He eyed her fondly. She swam to the marble steps, and ascended them daintily, water dripping in diamonds from the blond-colored swimming suit, from her seal-sleek head. She had an incredible beauty as she bent and kissed Old Frank, with wet lips on his puffy ones, as she passed him on her way to the dressing box. There she pressed a towel all over her, hung an exotic bathing cloak, knee length, from her shoulders, and emerged again for supper.

Old Frank was sitting smiling.

"Nice swim, darling?"

"Just won'erful!"

"I know what else is wonderful," he replied, rising. They went side by side, his arm about her, to the other room where, now, Oscar had completed his supper preparations, and stood, attentive, to wait upon them.

She threw herself languidly into a chair at the table set for two, let her purple and scarlet cloak fall over the chair back, crossed her pretty knees, swung her sandaled foot, struck an attitude of impatience for the champagne. Oscar foamed it into their glasses. They drank to each other.

THE air was warm. She was exquisitely comfortable in her scanty garment. Oscar served the caviar, and then the finest blue points, and consommé, and baby chicken in aspic, and a salad with out-of-season fruit piled in its lettuce-hearts. In bonbon dishes of heavy gold were other fruits, crystallized.

She drank three glasses of champagne, and Old Frank poured her another.

"All right, Oscar," he said.

With a faint smile, surveying the table to see that he had brought everything requisite, the servant left them.

She knew now, as the fretted gates of the lift clicked softly behind Oscar, that all the evening she had been wait-

ing, in certainty, and with fear, for this very moment. One had nothing without paying for it—was not that the acrid lesson that had been taught her since small childhood?

Old Frank Wittheimer had been the most generous of friends ever since they had met before Christmas at a night club in Harlem, where an uncertain young man had taken her, and then left her for an extraordinary young Jewess in a marvelous gown. She had driven home in Old Frank's handsome limousine—or nearly home; she wouldn't let him come within a few blocks of her street. Ever since then he had been wonderful to her—yes, wonderful. Patient, indulgent, understanding, lavish with gifts.

Most weeks she dined or supped with him at least twice. At Christmas there had been the fur coat—to be explained away at home ingeniously. Now here was March; here was a Sunday night of sweets, flowers and champagne, all as usual.

Wittheimer rose from his side of the small table, moved his chair close to hers, took her hand, and mumbled it against his lips.

"Well, darling. We're alone. Like being alone with your Old Tiger, eh?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she responded, her flesh creeping.

"He's been a good Old Tiger, eh?"

"Best tiger in captivity."

"Ha! Well then, kiss him!"

HE SEIZED her. All the time he was kissing her and adjuring her to kiss him, she was thinking hard. Her flesh shivered and rebelled, but her brain worked. She slipped from him, her hands over her mouth. Her mouth felt outraged.

"Now, listen," she began.

"No, sweetheart," said Wittheimer, patient but all of a sudden brutally decisive, "I don't want to listen. Perhaps it's for you to listen to me. Haven't I made you a happy little girl these four months, eh?"

"Y-Y-Yes, Mr. Wittheimer."

"Don't you think that, while I've been planning how to give you pleasure, and making all sorts of little treats for you, you've maybe been mean to me?"

"Oh, Mr.—"

"You see, darling, an old fellow like me—" oh, but he felt a big brutal handsome boy! She knew he did!—"an old fellow like me never wants to hurry a girl into anything. He knows she wants time. She wants to think, doesn't she? But four months! Sweetheart, isn't that a hell of a long time? You know now all about it, don't you? You know you're going to love me?"

"Listen."

"What to? Listen? Why listen? Or, let me talk. I've learned to love you, baby. I'll make you the luckiest, happiest little girl in New York. Don't you want a dinky little apartment all of your own, and a nice maid—one of those niggers who know people's own business is their own business—and to be safe and comfy just as the result of loving this Old Tiger of yours? Eh?"

She had not looked at him while he spoke. She had gathered the crimson and purple cloak about her as she sat, shrinking smaller and smaller in the gilt chair. But now she ventured a glance, and she saw his eyes boring into her, steel screws in his fat gray face. No mercy there; no belief. She had been—well, she must own she had been taking all she could get—all these last months, and now he was saying "Give!"

(To be continued next week)



\$75?
No Sir!
\$24⁵⁰
-because I
bought direct

"CAN'T blame you for thinking that I paid that much for the suit! Everybody gets the same idea, and it doesn't hurt my feelings a bit. But just between ourselves—\$24.50 is all I paid!"

"And it was made to my personal measure, too! Made for me, myself, and nobody else! A Strand representative came right to my home, showed me hundreds of samples of wonderful, all-wool fabrics, took my measurements and a few days afterward this suit was delivered. Was I pleased? Well, you know what your guess on the price was!"

That's the customary experience with Strand made-to-order clothes. The Strand "direct-to-you" method cuts out a whole chain of profits and gives you tailored-to-measure clothes at practically wholesale prices.

Easter is April 20th. There is still time to get that Strand tailored-to-measure suit. Write us—the Strand man will call.

ALL-WOOL SUITS \$24⁵⁰
MADE-TO-MEASURE

Superfine fabrics \$29.50 and \$34.50
Bonded Guarantee Assures Satisfaction. You are protected with a bonded guarantee issued by the Maryland Casualty Company, capital \$5,000,000. Complete satisfaction or your money refunded.

Salesmen! Bigger Commissions

A few good territories are open for wide-awake men who can see the advantages of handling a nationally advertised line. Bigger commissions—bigger bonuses. Live leads supplied—no investment required. Spring line now ready. Check the coupon!

SAMPLE SWATCHES FREE—MAIL COUPON

Strand Tailoring Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md., Dept. Y
☐ Send me "Forecast of Fashions" and sample fabrics.
☐ I want to represent Strand.

Name _____

City _____ State _____

STRAND
TAILORING
The Strand man will call
"TO BETTER DRESS MANKIND"



Mental Pictures!

That is what European Travel means to you . . . To actually see, face to face all those wonderful things . . . that you have dreamt of all your life.

To know London . . . Paris . . . Berlin . . . Naples . . . Vienna . . . as you know your own home town.

You have heard of Westminster Abbey Go See It! Roam . . . every sacred inch of its historic confines. You have visioned the wonderful life, the gay boulevards of Paris, the jolly sidewalk tables, the museums, the music halls, the art galleries, the opera. Go . . . be a part of it all . . . the entire unending panorama of life and frolic; of tradition and romance.

And remember . . . how you go is just as important as where. Your days at sea must be as enjoyable as those ashore. Cunard Cabin and Tourist Third Cabin ensure just that . . . splendid large liners . . . roominess . . . comfort . . . moderate cost . . . congenial fellow passengers . . . food that makes dining an exquisite pleasure . . . and back of it all the world-famous Cunard management and service . . . a 90 year old tradition of super-excellence.

RATES

CABIN \$135 up
TOURIST THIRD CABIN 105 up

Join the Cunard Travel Club!

Write for folder outlining important advantages.

See Your Local Agent or

CUNARD

CABIN SERVICE



1840 • NINETY YEARS OF SERVICE • 1930

suggest that you refuse unless he agrees to cruise in the immediate vicinity of the airport from which you take off and to perform no stunts. This is no reflection on private pilots. Many of them are as good as average professionals. They have to pass severe written and flight tests before Department of Commerce inspectors to get their licenses. But experience is what counts in the air.

Check Your Ship

A private license may be obtained by a qualified flyer who has had but ten solo hours—solo hours, under the Air Regulations, meaning time during which a pilot is in charge of a plane, solely responsible for its operation. Fifty solo hours are required for a limited commercial license; 200 for a transport license, entailing the strictest flight test of all, including aerobatics, cross-country work, and written tests in meteorology and other branches of the science of aviation. The time requirements are minimum; most pilots require more time before they are able to execute the flight tests with precision.

So do not deprive yourself of the pleasure of a flight with a private pilot who promises to remain within the bounds of his experience. Common sense must be your guide.

At any rate, today you are not going up with a friend; you are paying for self and little Julian. And if you are one of those timid souls who are afraid to look a pilot in the eyes and say, "I'd like to see your license, please," here are things you should look for on the ship before you climb in. It's a safe rule in commercial aviation that if you are convinced of one feature of safety you may breathe easy with reference to all others. If the ship is O. K., the pilot must be. An unlicensed pilot cannot fly a licensed ship. Nor can a licensed pilot fly an unlicensed ship carrying passengers for hire.

So, glance under the lower left wing. If the plane is a safe one for you to fly in, it should bear on that surface a number, preceded by the letter C. For instance, C642. There may also be an N—NC642. C indicates that the plane is commercially licensed. N means that it may cross international boundaries. Sometimes you may see a ship with an X before the numeral. Stay out of it. That X indicates an experimental ship, or one built for stunt or special flying; Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis, you may remember, was NX211. Sometimes you may see an S before the numerals, though not on a ship used for hopping; that signifies a plane belonging to the Federal Government, to a state, district, or territory, and used solely for official purposes. Other letters may be used, but never preceding the numerals. Therefore—if the plane has a C before its license number—it's safe.

The law requires that every plane manufactured bear an identification number issued by the Department of Commerce, but the C is not awarded until the plane has been thoroughly tested and approved by a Department inspector as safe for passenger carrying.

For corroborative evidence glance around the cockpit when you get in. The Department furnishes a card, which must be displayed in a prominent place, bearing the number of the plane and its owner's name, and this will tell you whether the ship is licensed or merely identified.

This may seem like a lot of bother

Flight Savers

Continued from page 15

just to take a five-minute hop. But the Government has provided protection for you. It is up to you to see that it is present. You can say to your wife in your big-business-man-with-breadth-of-vision way:

"My dear, the airplane is going to be a great factor in the future development of our country. You can't stop it—any more than you could have stopped the automobile." Instead of grumbling, "Well, hon, you can't tell me those things are ever going to be safe. Did you see how that fellow just missed the telephone wires?"

The first cry that goes up when people see an automobile accident is, "Get his number!" That cry should be as instinctive to people who witness reckless air pilotage. There are small-minded flying-field operators who permit violations of the Air Regulations—and nitwit pilots who practice them, when the Department of Commerce inspector is absent. If you come across such men don't merely transfer your patronage to a better field. Report them. Call up the nearest Department of Commerce inspector—you can find him in your city phone book. If not, write to the Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C. If you will do this, flying will be safe for everybody, in short order.

Aside from dangerous didoes by smart alecks at airports, the most frequent violation you will observe is low flying. In addition to the regulations which forbid flying over cities or assemblages at altitudes of less than 1,000 feet, unless maneuvering to land, there is one forbidding flyers to descend lower than 500 feet during any part of their journey over open country unless making ready to land, or unless forced down by weather conditions, when they must land at the first opportunity.

You, or any intelligent observer, can tell under normal circumstances whether a pilot is flying low from necessity or bravado. If the latter, note his number—that is, the number on the lower left wing of the plane.

But before you rush to the phone when an air-mail plane whizzes by only a couple of hundred feet above your chimney on nights when the mists—ceiling, the pilots say—press down, consider the weather. Maybe the poor lad is fighting for a chance to check his course and save his cargo—and his life.

The Young Idea Learns to Fly

We come now to the restrictions, in the interests of safety, that surround the building and selling of airplanes. An old dinky retainer in the White House sized up President Coolidge thus: "He's the sittingest President we've ever had." Coining as happy a superlative, we can fairly claim that Americans are the inventingest people in the world. If you could see the mail of the Aeronautics Branch you'd appreciate that.

Let's assume that your first flight has so captured your imagination that, when you settle down with a book after little Julian has gone to bed and while Blanche is busy with the dishes, your head buzzes with ideas about the construction of airplanes. Unless you're well equipped with patience and persistence, however, you had better keep on reading: your idea will have a long, difficult journey from your study table to the skyways.

The Air Commerce Regulations cannot prevent you from building and flying an airplane of any kind if you stay

in your own backyard, although your state might; at any rate, you can't engage in interstate or foreign commerce by air unless your plane has a Federal license, and an Approved Type Certificate, testifying to the safety of its design.

To get an Approved Type-Certificate you must send blueprints, with detailed specifications and exhaustive stress analyses of various structural members of your proposed plane, to the Aeronautics Branch. Those plans must convince the experts of the Engineering Section that the airplane you'll build from them will not curl up in the air, spin without provocation, drop its motor into somebody's pansy bed, or do any of the things a safe airplane shouldn't.

The greater part of this work of engineering analysis is highly technical, beyond the ken of most of us. But there are certain clues which lay brains may catch. Structural members must have great reserves of safety. The landing gear, for instance, must specify shock absorbers designed to withstand a free drop of the entire ship from a height of two feet without transmitting any of the strain or shock to the landing gear itself!

Ready to Take the Air

If your ship is a "cabin job," in which passengers will be carried, it must have at least two exit doors which can be reached and opened without trouble in a crisis. There must be fire extinguishers handy for the passengers, as well as one for the pilot. There must be a firewall separating the engine section of the fuselage from the rest of the ship. You can't specify an engine which doesn't itself bear an Approved Type Certificate.

One day you get back from the Aeronautics Branch—not the nice, fresh crisp blueprints you sent—but a folder of limp and well-thumbed sheets. If the plans are not rejected, there will no doubt be suggestions for modifications and additions. You make these. You get the Department's approval. But—you do not get the Approved Type Certificate yet. First you must build your plane.

The time comes when you have your completed ship "on the line," its wires taut and shining, its wing fabric like a drumhead under the tapping of your fingers, its paint glistening. You feel very proud—then you see the Department of Commerce inspector walking up. He is a calm, cool, expert flyer in whose eyes airplanes belong in one of only two classes—not new or old, handsome or ugly, painted or shoddy—but haywire or safe.

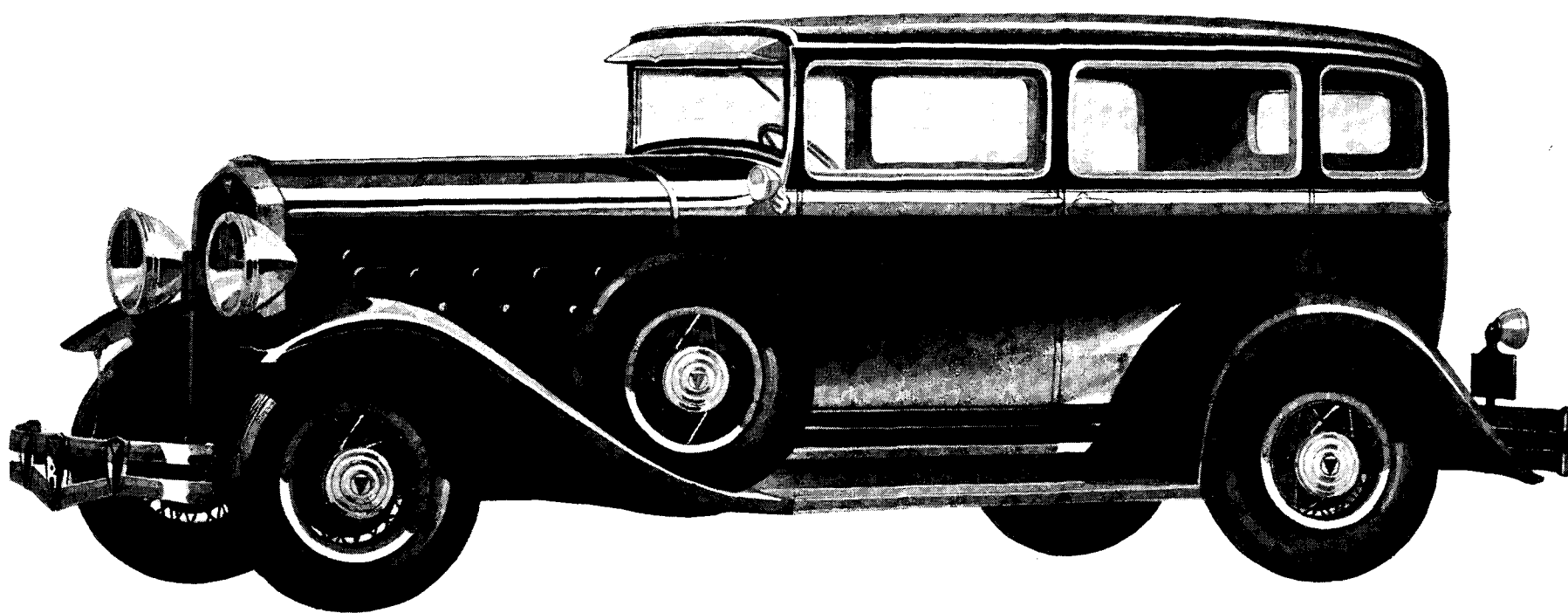
First he checks your plane over minutely, on the ground, to make sure that it does not deviate a hairbreadth from the plans you submitted to the Department. If he is satisfied, your dream ship is now face to face with hardest reality—the actual flight tests.

According to the Air Regulations you must provide a pilot to fly the plane through the official tests. The Department inspector may watch some planes from the ground; he may go on some as a passenger; but in actual practice he is more than likely to fly the plane himself through all the tests. Nobody but the crew necessary to operate the plane can go along; you must put ballast in the vacant passenger seats, so that the plane will be tested under full load conditions.

Off you go. The inspector will probably just play around in the air for half

(Continued on page 48)

HUDSON'S *Great 8*



Questions the wisdom of ever paying more for any car

Its richly appointed interior, and beautiful, well-groomed and distinguished appearance.

Its outstanding performance, combined with its thrilling new action, and surpassing smoothness.

Its wealth of detail, finished inside and out with the care and workmanship of exclusive cars.

Its remarkable economy in operation—high mileage per gallon of gasoline, its reliability and sturdiness.

All these and its pride of ownership, in every particular of motor car satisfaction, *question the wisdom of ever paying more for any car.*

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight • Low set motor—straight line drive • Ten body types on two chassis lengths • Four 2-way shock absorbers • Engine starter on dash • Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge • Radiator shutters • Spare tire carried in fender well • Tire lock • Luggage carrier • Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.

For thousands of quality buyers, Hudson's Great Eight definitely removes the need of ever buying a higher-priced car. It is revealed in hosts of new owners turning to Hudson from every size and price field. It is confirmed in the most spontaneous welcome ever extended an eight-cylinder car.

When you see and ride in it you will understand that an entirely new standard of motor value has been established. All Hudson's experience and engineering achievements are represented in its development and leadership.

It genuinely questions the wisdom of paying more for any car.



AT 8000 Miles

are you awake to the
need for re-cartridging?

YOU may be one of the many car owners who take good motor performance for granted.

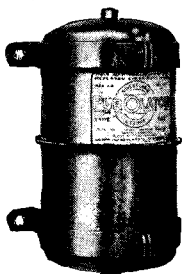
If your car is equipped with a Purolator, you've never experienced anything else, for the presence of a Purolator Oil Filter means that every drop of oil in the lubricating system is filtered, as the engine runs.

Every bit of the harmful dirt and hard carbon, that scores cylinder walls, and wears out valves and pistons is removed—with the result that your engine is always smooth, quiet, sweet-running.

Only one care needed

But there comes a time when the Purolator goes off the job. It has filtered all of the dirt and grit that it will hold. Then the oil goes directly into the lubricating system through a by-pass—without getting this important cleansing action.

This happens around 8000 miles of driving—and this is why the figure 8000 on your speedometer is so important.



The figure 8000 means that the time has come to re-cartridge your Purolator. To remove the old filter element and replace it with a new one—good for another 8000 miles of smooth, sweet running.

Installed in a few minutes

This is a simple, inexpensive operation. Simply tell a service man in any garage to "re-cartridge your Purolator"—and he'll do it in a few minutes.

Any garage man who happens to look at your speedometer, and finds that it registers more than 8000 miles, will be likely to remind you of the matter—especially if your car is beginning to give you trouble.

But if he doesn't tell you to re-cartridge your Purolator, tell him. It means both economy and satisfaction. Quieter, smoother motor performance—and less money spent in replacements and repairs. Motor Improvements, Inc., 354 Frelinghuysen Avenue, Newark, N. J.

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Flight Savers

Continued from page 46

an hour or so, "feeling" the ship out, getting plenty of altitude, and letting the ship "fly itself." A well-designed modern plane will achieve this feat—which no doubt seems a miracle to laymen. In quiet air you should be able to adjust the stabilizer so that the nose is on the horizon—no matter how high you are in level flight, a plane's nose is always in the same position with relation to the horizon—then you take your hands and feet off the controls. A stable plane is a safe plane.

The Final Test

The inspector will want to see how fast your ship lands. If it has brakes you are allowed up to sixty miles an hour: if it hasn't, fifty is the maximum. Most safe small ships land nearer to thirty. Whatever its size, your ship must roll to a full stop without external aid—men or brakes—within 1,000 feet of the spot where its wheels first touched.

With full load your ship must leave the ground within 1,500 feet of the start of its take-off run; furthermore, it must climb at least 250 feet in the first minute after leaving the ground.

The inspector will apply many other tests, which mean something to him but not to us. Before he is finally satisfied the inspector will put your ship through several tailspins. If your plane isn't a safe one, it is shortly after this point that you'll call up the junkman to come with his broom and pan. If your ship is a safe one, you will now receive from the Aeronautics Branch an Approved Type Certificate.

Before you can proceed to fill the skies with your ships, however, another inspection group of the Aeronautics Branch swings into action. This is the Factory Inspection Service. Its men visit the factory wherein you propose to manufacture your planes, and make sure that your practices meet the high ideals set by the Department; and that your materials measure up to its exacting standards.

After you have actually begun production these factory inspectors will walk into your shop unannounced at frequent intervals. If they find the slightest thing amiss—the slightest carelessness by personnel, or in processing, that might lead to a moment of peril in the air—they will demand instantaneous correction, or they will have your Approved Type Certificate revoked. If your plant is a large one an inspector may be permanently stationed in it.

Other methods of transportation utilize safeguards in one degree or another. But in none except aviation is your safety a matter of official activity from blueprint to ride. For the vigilance of the Department does not end at the factory doors. Every aviation accident, major or minor, is thoroughly investigated. If planes of your manufacture figure in an undue percentage of troubles, you are under suspicion. Ships made by one of the country's leading builders recently were involved in several unimportant mishaps indicating a certain structural weak point. The Department stepped into that factory and halted production until the fault was ferreted out and remedied.

Back of the Factory Inspection Service loom the specifications set by the work of still another branch of the Department of Commerce—the Bureau of Standards. This bureau tests materials, conducts researches, investigates ideas, and in general injects the life-

blood of science into the practical body of commercial flying.

You are scarcely aware of the safety system that surrounds you when you travel by air. But it is none the less sturdy and active for its invisibility. It works while you fly, and never knows a moment's relaxation, day or night.

There are hundreds of unrated flying fields in this country which are good enough to take off from and to land on, under ordinary conditions. Some of these fields are but glorified cow lots; some are not available when crops are growing. In order to have official approval and recognition an airport must be submitted for Department of Commerce inspection and rating.

The granting of airport ratings is just beginning; but many fields throughout the country have been vying with one another for some time to measure up to the Airport Rating Regulations. Clarence M. Young, the present Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, recently announced that the little Michigan city of Pontiac has won undying fame in American commercial aviation history by being the first to qualify for the A-1-A rating, the highest possible.

Here is a general idea of what the airport rating will mean in terms of safety. Take the Pontiac rating, A-1-A. This does not represent the ultimate in airport design. It does, however, indicate a field at which nothing has been left undone, under modern methods and knowledge, to assure your safety and comfort—and, I might broadly add, pleasure.

The first letter in the rating symbol indicates the class of the general equipment and facilities. D, the lowest or basic class under this head, requires wind indicators, the painting of the name of the field so that it will be plainly distinguishable from aloft, the absence of high obstructions, and many other features. Additional advantages, such as radio and weather service, carry the port up the scale, culminating in A, when there is a maximum of safety features.

An Intelligent Interest

As to the figure, the middle member of the full rating symbol: To gain a 1 the fields at sea level must have runways in every direction half a mile long. In mountainous country, where air is thin and take-off requires correspondingly greater speed, runways must be proportionately longer. At Denver, "the Mile-High City," for example, to win the number 1 a field will have to offer runways in all directions, each nearly a mile long.

The third character in the rating symbol indicates the class of lighting equipment for night flying. Its absence will not constitute a reflection upon the safety of a field for day flights.

You will take a great deal more interest in looking around the field from which you are going to fly today, now that you know something of airport standards. And this is the time for one general warning:

It has become quite a habit for American business men of means to charter airplanes for special flights—to make boat and train connections, to keep speaking engagements, and the like. As you value your life and your responsibilities to your family, never charter an airplane unless you are sure that every one of the safeguards covered in this article is present. In particular: *Never charter an airplane except from a reputable, well-organized airport and a responsible operator.*

Never conclude the charter arrangements until you have seen the ship's license.

Ditto, the pilot's license, if you are going cross-country. Unless he has a transport license, call the deal off.

But it is now time for your ship to take off, and you hurry aboard. Perhaps as you roll out upon the field you are alarmed by the rumble of the landing gear: and, your attention thus drawn to the structure of the ship, you glance apprehensively through the window at the struts and wings and wonder whether the whole has been inspected lately.

Before You Leave the Ground

The Air Regulations require that this ship must have a daily inspection by a licensed mechanic. You need not fear that the inspection was cursory; there were ten major steps in it and the result is entered in the ship's log-book over the signature of the licensed mechanic. An unlicensed mechanic cannot conduct these inspections; and the ship cannot be flown unless they are made—and that's that.

Watch the pilot and you'll see more of the invisible safety system. You notice that as he taxis out upon the field he glances up at the wind indicator. If he were to take off with the wind behind his tail its velocity would be added to the ship's ground speed, increasing this until it constituted a dangerous strain upon the landing gear perhaps, or creating the risk of nosing over, should a slight bump raise the tail and enable the wind to get under it.

The tailwind is the Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of aviation. In the air it is a kindly friend. On the ground it is a malevolent, tricky devil. Downwind and crosswind take-offs and landings can be made by experienced pilots under favorable conditions; but upwind they are safer, because the force of the wind adds itself to the lifting power of the ship, enabling it to get off the ground quicker and climb faster. Therefore the Air Regulations require the pilot to take off into the wind when you are aboard as a passenger and no emergency exists.

Now your pilot has faced the ship into the wind on a runway and is set for the take-off. But he has certain little things still to do in the interests of safety. First he applies the foot-brake to keep the plane from moving, then runs his motor at top speed for a moment. If it is a multi-motored ship he revs up each engine thus. He wants to make sure each motor will turn up to its maximum capacity. He does not wish to discover after he is a few feet off the ground that his motors are not delivering full power, because they are cold or from some other reason, and are not giving him a safe angle of climb.

Next, he throttles down again and proceeds to search the sky thoroughly, particularly behind him. He is looking for incoming ships, which have the right of way on flying fields. Soon you are in the air. You see another plane approaching, head on. Your heart skips a bit, but—your pilot steers to the right, the other steers to his right, and the ships pass separated by at least three hundred feet, as required by the regulations. An automobilist will find many familiar rules in the sky, chief of which is "keep to the right."

You leave the airport far behind. But you cannot outfly the Department of Commerce safety service. Glance down at that cleared patch of ground, some 1,500 feet below. That's an intermediate landing field. The Department built it and maintains it. Municipal airports are community concerns; but intermediate fields are the Federal Government's concern, and it has estab-

lished one of them, on an average, every thirty miles along the main airways of the country. In bad flying territory they are much closer.

From the air you find the earth a bewildering mosaic. Of course you can understand how your pilot finds his way. This air route is as familiar to him as your favorite highway is to you. Yet you wonder how he found his way the first time; how you could find your way if it were suddenly put up to you to pilot the ship.

Again the Aeronautics Branch is at your elbow—this time with airway strip maps. With a compass and a strip map it's fairly simple to find your way; and, of course, if your ship is equipped for radio you can fly "on the beacons."

You notice a bank of clouds off to one side, and you glance nervously at the pilot. Doesn't he see them; aren't they harbingers of a storm? He sees them, all right. But every half hour he is getting over his radio up-to-the-minute weather reports from the nearest airways weather-broadcasting stations, and he is in no doubt as to what lies ahead, or behind, and whether he should continue his flight or set down for shelter. That information comes to him distilled from hundreds of Weather Bureau stations throughout the country. The Weather Bureau is a part of the Department of Agriculture, but has co-operated with the Department of Commerce from the beginning of the campaign for safe flying.

Darkness falls. The air is quieter. The heat of the sunlight reflected from the earth, the cause of air bumps, is missing. On calm, clear nights you float in a void between two starry layers. There is no other experience within human range that can match the delightful fascination of night flying. The world of known dimensions is gone and you are adrift in space. Then, quite suddenly, a new phenomenon captures your tranced imagination and rebinds you to the safe, secure earth. It is an airways beacon. There are about 1,000 of these lighthouses of the sky across the country. Quite appropriately, their installation and maintenance are functions of the Bureau of Lighthouses.

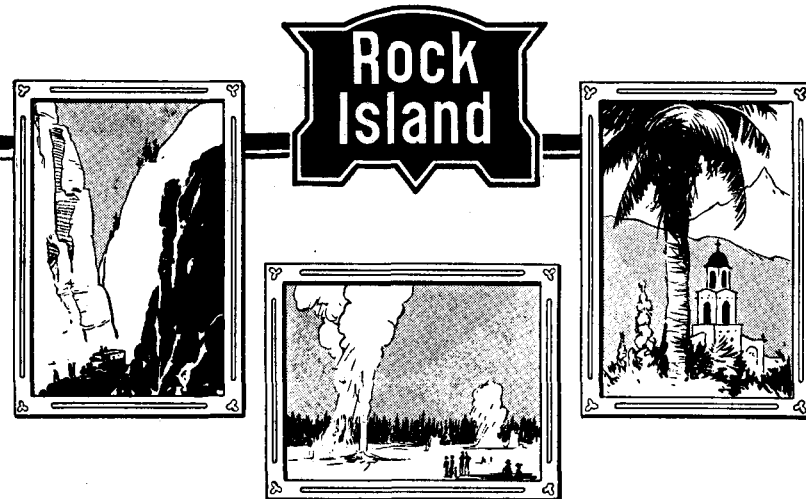
Maintaining the Lights

For more than one hundred years this bureau, a part of the Department of Commerce, has had charge of building and maintaining lighthouses, headland beacons, shoal lights, and the whole system of friendly aids to mariners. It has developed a tradition of devotion to duty which is unique even in the public service. This is ingrained into every humble keeper of lonely lights. And it has been transfused into the newest personnel, the caretakers of the airways lights.

In the articulation of the Aeronautics Branch the airways proper were placed under the Bureau of Lighthouses. Captain Hingsburg, head of the bureau, divided the airways into sections and appointed an airway mechanic to control each section. At present there are forty such field executives, directing 408 caretakers and 10,500 miles of lighted airways.

You have been observing, each little while, patterns of light beneath you that even your inexperienced eye distinguished from the run of community lighting. If it were daylight you would recognize intermediate fields. Now you just see the outlines, marked in white boundary lights, with red lights twinkling on obstructions and green lights showing the best approaches. The lighting equipment for an average intermediate field costs \$5,500. The beacon turning at the corner of the one

(Continued on page 50)



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The Book-Cadillac Hotel

ON WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
THE STREET OF FINE SHOPS
DETROIT

CARL M. SNYDER

MANAGING DIRECTOR



(Continued from page 49)
below cost \$2,400. The twinkling yellow lights atop the beacon tell the pilot, in code, which field it is. Beacons where there are no fields have flashing red lights on their tops, also in code. By these code lights, or by the radio beacon markers, a pilot can tell where he is at any time of night.

You come safely to journey's end. Sold on the air, it is quite possible you may now have an interest in the regulations that apply if you want to "fly your own."

Connoisseurs have found, lately, that as a sport flying is unexcelled. Hence we have witnessed the advent of country aviation clubs for the wealthy, and of local flying clubs for those who need the coöperation of the pocketbooks and enthusiasms of many of their neighbors before enough money can be scraped up to buy a single plane. In between fall average private owners—you who now or in the near future can afford a small plane and want to learn to fly it.

How to Get a License

You'll need a private pilot's license, and you'll want to earn that under the best and safest conditions. Consequently the Aeronautics Branch has organized a system of rating and approving schools which, in its judgment, have the equipment, the space, the curriculum and the instructors to make flight instruction safe. The conditions which

flying schools must fulfill before qualifying for Department of Commerce approval are complicated, manifold and stringent. But, for you, the problem is simple. Learn to fly at an approved school. Shun any other kind. If the school you contemplate attending tells you it has "applied for approval," don't enroll until it gets it.

The Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce will gladly give you a list of approved schools, and tell you the classes of pilots' licenses for which they have been rated.

At an approved school you will not only get flight training but a comprehensive course of ground training. You will be schooled in the Air Regulations, the Air Traffic Rules, and many interesting things about aerodynamics, airplanes, and motors.

And at an approved school you will catch the new spirit of aviation. You will be fired to help make flying safe, because you will have a new conception of wherein and to what extent your personal welfare and future are involved. The airplane, as business and social transportation, and as recreation, is opening new horizons in everyone's life; horizons which stagger even hardened day-dreamers! At any rate, this new spirit in aviation, you will find, is the antithesis of the old barnstorming spirit. It is grandly summed up by the philosophy of a veteran pilot friend:

"My ambition isn't to be the greatest living pilot, but the oldest living pilot!"

Never above Pennies

Continued from page 12

thing: You know what I got in my pocket—here?"

It was his hip pocket, and the slate-colored eyes were terrible.

"Answer me! You know?"

Benny nodded again.

"Well, think about that," said the stranger, taking his hand away, "in case you figure to go tellin' any tales. Get me? So long."

And immediately—after a strange blurred instant filled with bright lights and people who asked where he thought he was going—Benny found himself at home, climbing the familiar narrow stairs through the familiar dark that smelled of cabbage. He flung open the door of the flat.

"Where's my chow?" he demanded curtly.

Usually it was on the table, waiting for him—something which had contributed to the prevailing odor of the stairs, set out on a clean cloth. Tonight it was not visible, save in the form of two steaming pots on the stove. Mrs. Karkowicz, her scalp showing pinkly through thin gray hair, was sitting at the bare table under the spitting gas. She appeared to be sorting pennies into little brown envelopes. Startled, she dropped two cents—one of which was never recovered.

"Benny!" she cried. "It's not that late!"

Her son took off his hat and flung it on the sewing machine.

"Ain't it?" he asked. "It's half past six. Seems to me you might ha' taken a look at the clock, 'stead of sittin' there playin' with pennies. Thought you was so broke."

Mrs. Karkowicz, after lifting one pot lid, went on her knees in search of the dropped coins.

"I got so tired I lay down a while this aft'noon," came her voice from under the table, "an'—I—got to figurin' out this money, an' it won't come right, an' I didn't notice how the time was goin'."

Benny sauntered over to the table, and

picked up one of the envelopes. Something was written on it in a cramped hand whose letters made no sense.

"Whassis you're writin'?" he demanded, as his mother came forth from her semi-futile search. "Old country stuff?"

"That is 'Bread,'" she said. "I write old country because so I seem to get it straighter. Now, where did this penny go? There is yet the gas man. . . ."

She sat down and fumbled with the envelopes, her brow drawn.

"For Pete's sake, are we down to pennies?"

Benny's mother did not look up.

"Pennies we have never been above," she said absently. She took three coppers from one envelope and transferred them to another. She had just decided that by no jugglery could the loss of that penny be made up to the extent of letting her have her usual cup of coffee that night when a sudden and peculiar exclamation made her look up, startled for the second time that evening.

SOMETHING had happened inside Benny. With a spiritual bubbling as of soda water he had realized that for many honest generations the Karkowicz never had been above pennies and that in the normal course of events it would be many generations before they were. They had always been poor and ill-dressed—and comfortable; there was no social obligation on them to be otherwise, and—strangely enough for one so lately lustful after fawn waistcoats—the realization was pleasant to Benny, pleasant as the descent from icy crags to the warmth of a familiar valley.

And so it seemed to Mrs. Karkowicz that her son had spoken to her, that impulsively, without trace of his usual accent, he had said:

"Ma!"

And for the moment—just until she looked up—she could have sworn he'd been going to cry.

Stepping into Style

Continued from page 25

because they are practical and comfortable, as well as smart.

For spectator sports the white shoe shown in the group on this page has narrow bandings of brown or black leather. It is typical of the new spectator sports shoe. For the more conservative woman it may have a narrow strap and less trimming. This shoe comes in buck or linen.

The golf shoe shown in the same group is the type accepted by the experienced sportswoman who realizes that she must be properly shod to make her best shots. It may be had in brown, brown and white, black and white, or all white. The sole comes spiked, as in the illustration, or in light-weight crepe rubber without spikes.

Tennis shoes are of buck, duck—the rhyme is unintentional—or washable kid of the open cut-eyelet, Prince of Wales type, or the regular, closed oxford variety.

Six Shoes a Season

The only shoe that does not seem to reflect the feminine note is the beach sandal. One of the most popular of these is modeled after the clumsy, wooden sabot of the French peasant. And therein lies another story. In the Middle Ages women went in for galoshes and overshoes just as they do today. Then they were called pattens, and they were nothing more nor less than sabots or clogs with wooden soles and leather straps.

In Venice the streets were always wet. Getting in and out of gondolas was at best a damp proceeding, so pattens were not effectual enough. Some wise Venetian shoemaker invented the chopine, a patten with a thickened cork sole. The extremists of the time increased the cork sole to twelve inches. No fast sprinting was done in Venice!

Other beach slippers are the ones shown in the illustration heading this article. They come in striped Basque linen, and we think that with their flat cork soles they are much more wearable and just as smart as the modern descendants of the chopine.

If your dress allowance is limited and you choose wisely, three pairs of shoes will see you through a season—not including, of course, shoes for beach or sport where special footwear is required.

Illustrations are shown of these three types—for morning, for afternoon and for evening. You may elaborate this choice as much as your income permits, but you can be correctly dressed with only six shoes—yes, three pairs—to your name.

For the woman with a moderate wardrobe the simple shoe is always most practical. It can be worn appropriately with a number of dresses and it will always be good taste as well as good style.

The types described below are all distinguished by their simplicity.

For morning, there is shown at the top of page 25, second from the right, the plain classical brown walking shoe that may be worn with tweeds for shopping, and equally well for a hike in the country or for traveling.

For afternoon, the simple black or brown kid pump, fourth from the left in the same group, may be worn with or without the small buckle. It is for more formal woollens, for printed silks, plain crêpes de chine, and afternoon street clothes. It is even appropriate with simple dark chiffons.

For evening, plain opera pumps are the most practical type of shoe. In selecting these pumps be careful to choose a color that will blend or contrast with your evening frocks. For example, a pair of apple-green pumps will be as effective with printed chiffon, if the design contains a note of the same green, as with white or with eggshell. A black evening frock is accented by green slippers, particularly if you carry a green evening bag.

Whether your opera pumps are luscious apple-green or blue or simple black satin they will be enhanced by beautifully designed buckles.

Originally buckles had a definite but not a decorative purpose. They were for fastening shoes, just as the fated, fascinating Mary of Scotland used them. During the William and Mary period in England, and in Germany, the demand was so great that in the latter country buckles were manufactured at street stalls—while you waited—a buckle in ten minutes, and not a bad one at that!

Useful Buckles

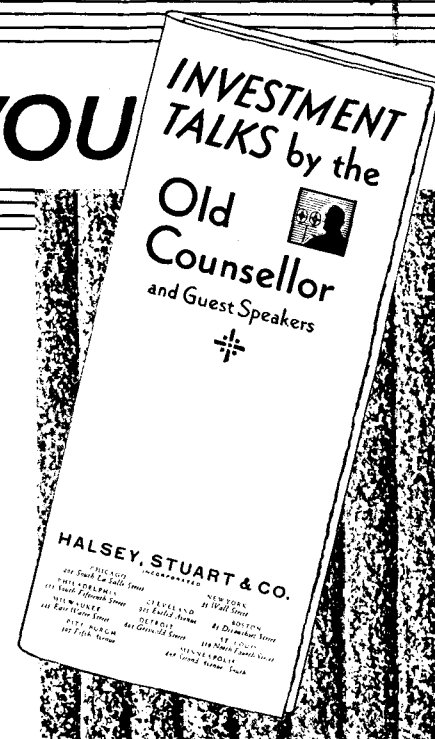
Today the narrow, tailored, metal mesh buckles are as practical as any eighteenth century buckle. The woman of limited income naturally cannot afford a different pair of shoes for each costume, but with buckles she can have two or three pairs at the price of one. By adding a tailored metal bow, which is easily attached and detached, to a leather afternoon slipper she transforms it into a tailored pump that may be worn mornings or to the office. A detachable cut-steel or bronze buckle will make of the same simple leather pump a model which may be worn with any afternoon frock. And there is nothing which invests evening slippers with the same allure as a pair of shimmering buckles.

Women, even women of dignified taste and limited income, have moments when they want to revel in color, and it is possible to express otherwise inhibited color desires in the slipper that never sees any light except that of the boudoir lamp.



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Texas Good Girl

Continued from page 24

They came on, pell-mell, stampeding for cover.

Now she was almost in front, in the midst of frightened horses and careening wagons, crowding them to right and to left, so that they spread out like a fan. There was no stopping them now.

"They'll all be killed!" Jimmy cried. "The crazy fool! Who is she, anyway? Stop her! Stop her!"

"Oh, boy, what a shot," said the cameraman.

She was there when the first horses struck the shallow river, still yelling, whipping, pulling, driving. It looked at first to Jimmy as if she were racing the wagons to disorganized destruction. Now he realized that they were bounding down the slope to the river in a semblance of order. The fan-shaped front cleared the way for those behind. The piling up that he had feared had been avoided. The cattle were scattered behind, tangled up with the cowboys who formed the rear guard and who were shooting wildly at the Indians.

"GOLLY, how that gal can ride a horse!" the cameraman breathed. "Bareback, too!"

"Some gal," said an assistant. "What a rider! She sure did a job for you, Mr. Madden." He chuckled. "That was a smart trick—puttin' her in there to run things. We kinda thought you was goin' to be a flop. And the way you had her come in here like she wanted a job!" He slapped his thigh. "Hot dog! That's one for the book."

"Huh?" Jimmy asked, bewildered. He stared at the girl on the pony, who now was resting easily beside one of the wagons, the girl who had saved the picture for him. The scene was nearly over. The hero's double had rescued the heroine's double and the Indians were surrendering.

Now, even though the wig covered her taffy-colored hair, he recognized her. It was the tap dancer from San Antonio! The timid little girl who could do disdain so well—and acquiescence!

She not only had saved the picture—she had stolen it! The cameras had recorded it all. She wanted to be a star. Hell's bells, when they saw that stuff in the studio she *would* be a star.

He was all mixed up. He couldn't think. The head cameraman announced that it was all over.

"Congratulations, Mr. Madden," he said, "that's the greatest Western shot ever put in a can."

Jimmy nodded and turned and started toward the girl. She sat quietly on her pony, watching him. Half a dozen cowboys, who had been driving wagons, were running up the bank from the river toward her.

"Hey, you!" they roared, and stumbled through the sand toward her. She turned toward them, puzzled.

They reached her side and the ring-leader, a big, bearded ruffian, grabbed her wrist and started to drag her off her horse.

"Whatta you mean, you little rat!" he yelled. "You tryin' to kill us? Makin' them horses run away!"

One of the men slapped her horse on the flank and the frightened animal leaped from under her and she fell into the arms of the big, bearded man. He seized her by the shoulders and shook her fiercely.

"I'll teach you to stampede horses," he snarled.

"Ho, ho!" Jimmy Madden cried gleefully. "Hot diggety dog!" He started on the run. Here was a job he knew something about.

Jimmy did not stop to say, "Pardon me. I do wish you would stop that." He sent right and left swishing to the bearded jaw and as the other protesters closed in on him he ripped at their ribs with straight jolts that made them say "Oof." As they dropped their arms to cover up, their jaws came forward—just as Jimmy had planned—and bangety-bang, down they went.

The first that the bushy-faced cowboy suspected that there had been any objection to his behavior was a few minutes later when he recovered consciousness. From another driver, who sat in the sand beside him rubbing a sore jaw, he requested information as to whatin hell happened.

"That dude sloughed us," was the answer.

"What dude?"

"Madden."

"Well, I'll be darned." And, contributing to the philosophy of life, he sighed, "Ya never know, do ya?" and sank back into the soft sand to ponder further over the almost unbelievable outcome of his effort to reprimand a girl who tried to kill a whole troupe of high-class seventy-five-a-day actors.

The sting of a couple of broken knuckles exhilarated Jimmy. At last he felt, some way, that he had had something to do with this picture.

"And I didn't do wrong?" the girl was saying. "I thought, after it was all over, that maybe, since you told me to stay on the wagon—"

He turned to the crowd, an arm on her shoulder.

"This girl saved our show," he said. "She did it all."

They stared at him, queerly, for a moment. Then when they saw that it was all on the level they cut loose a spontaneous cheer.

"You were wonderful!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"Why, Mr. Madden," she deprecated, "I didn't do anything, not anything at all. It was just like home." There was a tone of regret in her voice. "It wasn't at all like what I thought the movies would be. I didn't—" she reproached him, "I didn't get a single chance to act, not a single chance."

BACK in his office in a corner of the lot in Hollywood, Jimmy Madden sat on his desk and kicked his heels against it. Bandages were helping his broken knuckles to heal. In a chair before him sat the little blond girl from Texas.

"Well," he said slowly, "everything looks O. K."

A young man who has delivered a picture that the front office says is a knock-out and who has just been offered a contract with no options should be bubbling over with good cheer, but there was a sad note in Jimmy's voice.

"Without you," he said, "I'd have been licked."

"Please don't keep talking about that. I didn't do anything."

Jimmy looked at her questioningly. "Why didn't you tell me you could ride?"

She looked up, wide-eyed. "Why, I thought everybody could ride. Down where I come from you wouldn't go around telling folks 'I can ride a horse.' It would be silly."

"Ha!" he said. "You know different now, don't you—when they offer you a contract at three hundred dollars a week to play leads in Westerns? Three hundred a week! Just to ride a horse. Pretty soft, eh?"

"Mmm, hmm. That's so," she admitted. She, too, was far from gay.

He pushed himself off the desk.

"Look here!" he demanded. "What's the matter? You came here to get a job in the movies and you got one—a darn good one—and still something's wrong. You saved me from being thrown out of this studio on the back of my neck and I owe you everything. You got to tell me what the trouble is and, by golly, I'll fix it."

She shook her head.

He reached down and took her hand. "Tell me!" he ordered.

"I—I—oh, I can't tell you! It—well, the movies are so different from what I thought. I expected, you know, acting and dancing, and handsome men in dress suits, excitement and big thrills. And—"

"And what?"

"And—" she burst out in a woeful voice, "and all it is, is riding a horse, just like back home!"

"Well, I'll be darned!"

HIS eyes sparkled. He was beginning to understand. "Is it that you'd rather be a tap dancer?"

She dropped her eyes and nodded.

"Back in New York?"

She shook her head. Shyly she confessed, "You're going to be out here."

"Oh, boy!" he cried and he clenched his fists and threw them forward like a cheer leader. "I thought you *wanted* to stay out here!"

"But you—"

"Me! I hate this dump! Me for the quiet life of Times Square in a racket I know something about. I was going to stick here just because you were. Listen—let's tell 'em to tear up their contracts and we'll go to a real town. What say? Hey?"

"Oh—"

"If you say, 'Mr. Madden, you're wonderful,'" he interrupted, pretending to threaten her with a bandaged fist, "I'll sock you." He took her hands and beamed into her face. "We'll go back to New York, hey?"

She nodded. Santa Claus had come. "To Broadway!" she cried and squeezed his hands. "It'll be marvelous!"

There was something in her eyes that made his heart go pa-lump! pa-lump! "Listen, baby!" he cried. "You and me—"

There was a knock on the door. He dropped her hands and opened the door. An office boy stood there with a green envelope.

Jimmy tore open the envelope and drew out a green slip of paper. He read:

Mr. Madden:

I regret to inform you that your requisition asking that Miss Dorothy Walsh be employed for one day on the river location has been denied. Your quota of extra people for that location has been filled.

OSCAR O. FISHBEIN,
Efficiency Department.

"Ha!" Jimmy said. "Tell Mr. Oscar O. Fishbein to go plumb to— No, wait!" He turned toward the girl. "Tell Mr. Oscar O. Fishbein that I don't care. Miss Dorothy Walsh is going on my pay roll—permanently."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, and closed the door.

"Now," Jimmy cried. "Now is the time to register that acquiescence. Come on, baby, let's act. I'm Gilbert, who'll you be? Garbo, hey?"

She shook her head and smiled. "No," she said. "If you're going to be Gilbert"—who said this girl was dumb?"—"I'll be Mrs. Gilbert."

"Atta baby!" Jimmy shouted. And sure enough, she was right.

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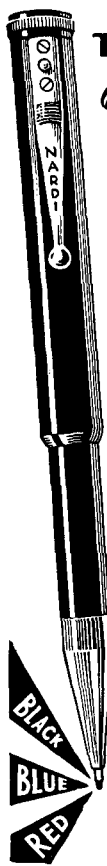
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The Watch on the Wine

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

AROUND the head of Attorney-General Mitchell the prohibition storm will very soon beat. The storm he will encounter will be like some of those that sweep down from Medicine Hat across Mr. Mitchell's own state of Minnesota.

Tempers are on edge. I have heard men, who are ordinarily kindly toward Presidents of whatever party, in recent weeks express bitter hatred toward the present occupant of the White House, all because they regard him as a dry.

A singular change has taken place in the state of mind of the wets. The wet cause is now to them almost a religion, just as the dry cause was to the dries a few years ago. More men have been put to the sword for religion than for any other known reason.

Mr. Mitchell is not going to have the easy time of handling prohibition that Secretary Mellon had. Mr. Mellon has been a sacred figure. He is a Republican and all Republicans are more or less sacred. He has four or five hundred million dollars and that makes him ten times as sacred as the ordinary Republican. Moreover, according to the legend, he has had only to hold up his finger and the wolf would not only be kept from all our doors but be sent howling to the wilderness. You can't say anything harsh about a man like that.

Mr. Mitchell is not even a Republican. He is a Democrat and as such enjoys no immunity. And he is not personally popular, having none of the arts of a politician. He is respected for his ability, which is dangerous. He fills the office in which nobody is popular, the Attorney-Generalship.

If the Attorney-General enforces the law everybody regards him as a public enemy. If he doesn't, everybody cries out against him as a friend of the trusts. And now he faces the duty of enforcing the most contentious law of all, of standing between the clashing hosts of two religions, two sets of men both of which have God on their side!

None but the Dry!

It is odd how prohibition destroys the intellectual integrity of the men who have to deal with it. Mr. Mitchell has as much intellectual integrity as any man in Washington, yet he is already guilty of the absurdity of setting up belief as a test of fitness for office. None but a true believer in prohibition may henceforth have anything to do with enforcing prohibition.

The next logical step will be to declare that only those who believe in prohibition should be permitted to vote and

elect officers charged with its enforcement, for isn't it monstrous that people who not only don't believe in the prohibition law but actually believe in violating that law should go on exercising the rights of citizens?

And where does this test of faithfulness end? Shall an Attorney-General or other Cabinet officer, a judge or a district attorney continue to shut his eyes to the drinking that goes on among his friends in their homes or their clubs, to the wet party in his next-door neighbor's house? The intolerable idea that a man must be a gentleman must go! Senator Brookhart is only a few years ahead of his time.

Fog Closes In

It is too bad to see so clear thinking a lawyer as the Attorney-General become so fogged in his mind as to make the law which really concerns itself only with a man's actions concern itself also with his thoughts. And Mr. Mitchell is a very great lawyer. He has as fine a legal mind as exists anywhere in this country. A couple of years ago, when it was expected that Chief Justice Taft would have to resign on account of ill health, members of the Supreme Court went to President Coolidge and urged that he appoint the young Solicitor-General of the United States as Mr. Taft's successor, so tremendously was the court impressed with him in his appearances before it. And it was largely the influence of the Supreme Court which led to the appointment of Mr. Mitchell, a Democrat, as Attorney-General by President Hoover.

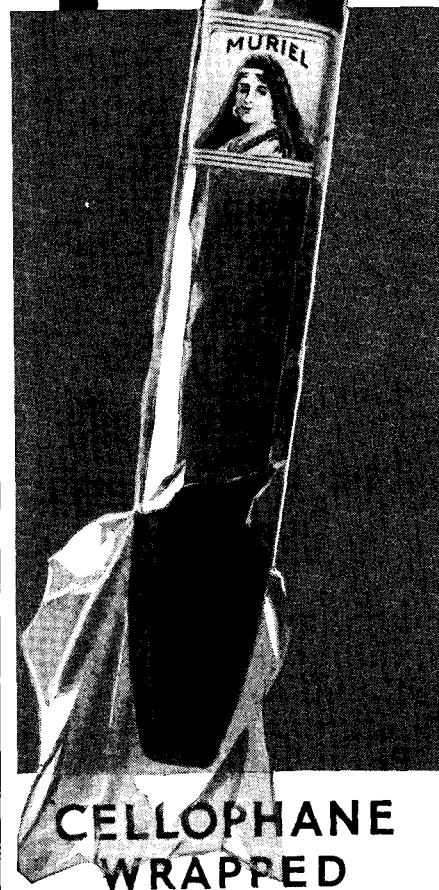
All the great lawyers of the country appear before the Supreme Court but few of them have ever so impressed the court by their clarity of mind and instant and sure perception of the law as the Attorney-General.

He was born to be a great lawyer. Every once in a while there sits upon the bench of some state court a judge of such commanding ability and such rare gifts of clear exposition that his decisions have almost the weight of a decision by the United States Supreme Court itself. Mr. Mitchell's father, a judge of a Minnesota state court, was such a judge.

The Attorney-General inherited his talents. He is a prodigious worker. He lives in his law cases, remote and inaccessible, caring little about society and being nothing of a politician. He looks the part, a little cold and reserved in his manner, his fine luminous eyes betokening a remarkable intelligence. Why make a policeman out of a scholar and possible Chief Justice?

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The Enemy

Continued from page 8

strong, exuberant gayety rise up in me; happy and laughing I scampered swiftly across on all fours. And I was aware of one prodigious minute of peace—a solitary, a private peace, peace through the whole world for my sake.

I set down my things, picked up the others and crept back. And in that moment the peace collapsed. I was conscious again of a hundred rifle barrels pointed at my back. A terrible fear laid hold on me and the sweat poured out of me like water from a spring. But I regained the trench unharmed and lay down panting.

Friendly Meetings

By next day I was quite used to the business; and subsequently we simplified it, so that we no longer went out one after the other, but both of us climbed out of our trenches at the same moment. Like two dogs left off the chain, we crept over to each other and exchanged our gifts.

The first time that we came face to face we just smiled at each other in embarrassment. The other fellow was a young chap like myself, twenty years of age perhaps. You could see in his face how good a joke he thought it. "Bonjour, camarade," said he; but I was so taken aback that I said, "Bonjour, bonjour," repeating it, twice, three times, and nodded and hastily turned back.

We had a definite time for meeting, and the preliminary signaling was dropped, because both sides observed the unwritten peace treaty. And an hour later we were blazing away at one another again as before. Once, with a slight hesitation, the other fellow stretched out his hand to me and we shook hands. It was queer.

At that time similar incidents were taking place on other parts of the front also. The High Command had got wind of it, and orders had already been issued to the effect that such things were absolutely forbidden; on some occasions it had even interfered with the daily round of hostilities. But that did not bother us.

One day a major turned up in the line and gave us a personal lecture. He was very officious and energetic and told us that he meant to stay up in the line until nightfall. Unluckily he took up his post close by our sally point, and demanded a rifle. He was a very young major, itching for action.

We did not know what we should do. There was no possibility of giving the fellows over there a signal; and, besides, we thought we might get shot there and

then on the spot for having dealings with the enemy. The minute hand of my watch advanced slowly. Nothing happened, and it almost looked as though things might go off smoothly.

No doubt the major only knew of the general fraternization that had been going on along the front, but nothing definite as to what we had been up to here; it was nothing but sheer bad luck that brought him here just now and gave him that job to do.

I meditated whether I should say to him, "In five minutes there will be someone coming from over there. We must not shoot; he trusts us." But I did not dare; and anyway what would have been the use? If I did he might, perhaps, just stay on and wait, whereas now there was always a chance he would go. Besides, Bühler whispered to me how he had crept behind one of the breastworks and waved a "wash-out" with his rifle (the way one signals a miss on a rifle range), and they had waved back. They had understood they must not come.

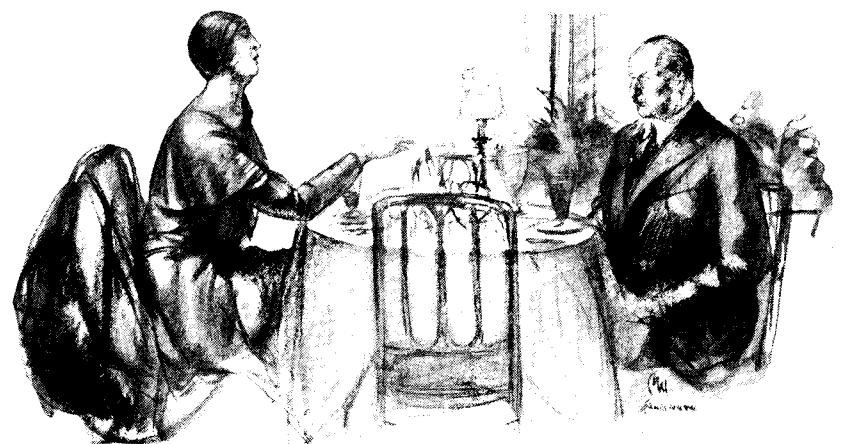
Fortunately the day was dull; it was raining a little and darkness was coming on. Already it was a quarter of an hour past the time fixed for our meeting. We were beginning to breathe again. Then suddenly my eyes stared; my tongue lay like a lump in my mouth; I wanted to cry out and could not; rigid and horrified I stared across No Man's Land and saw an arm slowly show itself, then a body. Bühler dashed around the breastwork and tried desperately to signal a warning. But it was too late. The major had already fired. With a thin cry the body sank back again.

To Drown the Cry

For a moment there was a weird stillness. Then we heard a bellow and a withering fire set in. "Shoot! They are coming," yelled the major.

Then we opened fire also. We loaded and fired like madmen, loaded and fired simply to put that awful moment behind us. The entire front was roused, the guns even joined in, and it went on the whole night. By morning we had lost twelve men, the major and Bühler amongst them.

From that time on the hostilities were satisfactorily maintained; cigarettes changed hands no more; and the casualty figures were larger. Many things happened to me after that. I saw many a man die; I myself killed more than one; I became hard and insensible. The years went by. But in all the long time I have not dared think on that thin cry in the rain.



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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 20

paralyzed. I heard the quick intake of his breath—turned . . . and saw him standing, a man rigid with amazement, positively glaring at the figure of the tall Arab beside the writing table!

At last, in a whisper, he spoke: "You!" he said, "you, old man! Is this quite fair?"

The Arab sprang forward and grasped Petrie's hand. Suddenly, seeing the expression in those gray eyes, I felt an intruder. I wanted to look away; but:

"It isn't!" he said, "and it hurts to hear you say it. But there was no other way, Petrie. By heaven! it's good to see you again, though!"

He turned his searching glance upon me.

"Mr. Greville," he exclaimed, "forgive this comedy; but there are vast issues at stake."

"Greville," said Petrie, continuing to stare at the speaker with an expression almost of incredulity, "this is Sir Denis Nayland Smith. . . ."

"I felt sure you would recognize Detective-inspector Fletcher," Nayland Smith declared. "You once spent a night with him, Petrie—in the Joy Shop, down Limehouse way: Detective-sergeant Fletcher he was then. Have you placed him?"

PETRIE'S puzzled expression suddenly changed, and:

"Of course!" he cried. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere—Fletcher! But what on earth is he doing here?"

"Ask what I'm doing here," snapped Nayland Smith. "One answer covers both questions. Fletcher's in my department of the Yard, now: you may remember, he always specialized in Oriental cases. He's been posing as the principal, very successfully, whilst I, in the capacity of an Arab with whom he had confidential business, have been at liberty to get on with my job."

"But I don't understand," said I, "just what your job has been. I can't make out what a senior official of Scotland Yard is doing here in Luxor. It surely isn't usual? I mean, you've been hanging about our camp for some time past, sir."

Nayland Smith smiled; and—a magic of all rare smiles—my impression of his character was radically altered. I found myself for the first time at my ease with this grim Anglo-Indian. I saw behind the mask, and I loved the man I saw.

"Damned unusual!" he admitted, "but so are the circumstances." He turned to Petrie. "I didn't recognize Weymouth. I passed you very quickly. We must send for him. Fletcher can go."

He began to pace up and down the room, when:

"Smith!" Petrie exclaimed. "I don't understand. We're all in together. What had you to gain by this secrecy?"

Nayland Smith pulled up in front of him, staring down hard, and:

"Do you quite realize, Petrie," he asked, "with whom we're dealing?"

"No," Petrie replied bluntly, "I don't."

Nayland Smith stared at him for a while longer and then turned to me.

"How much do you know of the facts, Mr. Greville?" he snapped.

"I have heard something of the history of Dr. Fu Manchu," I replied, "if that's what you mean! But Fu Manchu is dead."

"Possibly," he agreed, and began to walk up and down again—"quite pos-

sibly. But"—he turned to the doctor—"you recognize his methods, Petrie?"

"Undoubtedly. So did poor Barton! By sheer luck, as you know, I had a spot of the antidote. But whilst it has worked the old miracle—there are complications in this case."

"There are," said Smith. And stepping to the writing table he began to load a large and very charred briar with coarse-cut mixture from a tin. "It may be that the stuff has lost some of its potency in years—who knows? But one thing is certain, Petrie. I address you also, Mr. Greville."

He broke two matches in succession, so viciously did he attempt to strike them, but he succeeded with a third.

"All that fiendish armament is about to be loosed on the world again—perhaps reinforced, brought up to date. . . . And that's why I'm here."

Neither Petrie nor I made any comment. Nayland Smith, his pipe fuming between his teeth, resumed that restless promenade; and:

"You must know all the facts, Greville," he said rapidly. "Then we must form a plan of campaign. If only we can strike swiftly enough, the peril may be averted. It seems to be Fate, Petrie, but again I'm too late. Reports reached me from China, then from nearer home; from Cairo; from Moscow; from Paris and finally from London. Doubting everybody I took personal action. And I definitely crossed swords with her for the first time at a popular supper restaurant in Coventry Street."

"Crossed swords with whom?" Petrie demanded, voicing a question which I myself had been about to ask.

But Nayland Smith, ignoring Petrie's question, continued to stride up and down, seemingly thinking aloud:

"New evidence respecting the sudden death of Professor Zeitland, the German Egyptologist, came to hand. I was satisfied that she was concerned. I sent Fletcher to interview her. . . ."

"She had disappeared. We lost track of her for more than a week. All inquiries drew blank; until by a great stroke of luck the French police identified her at Marseilles. She had sailed for Egypt."

"Good enough for me! I set out at once with Fletcher! Perhaps I shall be better understood if I say that the Chief Commissioner sent me. Since our one and only meeting, further advices from China had opened my eyes to the truth."

"I arrived in Port Said two weeks ago today. I had nothing to go upon—no evidence to justify summary action; only one fact and a theory. . . ."

HIS pipe went out. He paused to relight it.

"Do I understand, Sir Denis," I said, "that you're speaking of Madame Ingomar?"

He glanced at me over his shoulder. "Madame Ingomar? Yes. That's a nom de guerre. Her dossier is filed at Scotland Yard under the name of Fah Lo Suee. You'll recognize her when you see her, Petrie!"

"What!"

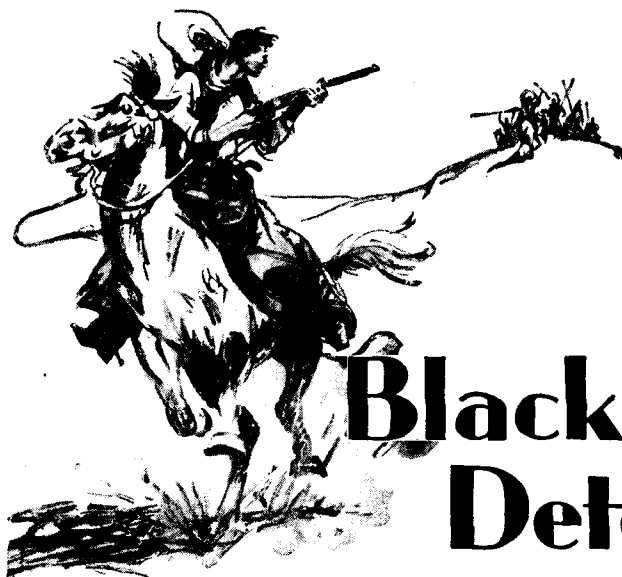
"You met her once, some years ago. She was about seventeen in those days; she's under thirty now—and the most dangerous woman living. . . ."

"But who is she?" cried Petrie.

Nayland Smith turned, a lighted match held between finger and thumb.

"Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter," he replied.

(To be continued next week)



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Collier's Radio Hour
Every Sunday Evening

A Day with Andrew Mellon

Continued from page 13

have it or you haven't it. Mr. Mellon has it. Like appetite, he has always had it.

Before starting on that mile between his home and his office he reads one or more newspapers. He reads them. He doesn't glance over them. He may not look long but he has looked thoroughly. But as with books—such books as he has time for—he knows, from long experience, what he wants to know, what is necessary for him to know. And he reads accordingly. His reading is apt to be utilitarian rather than literary.

And while we're on this subject of Mr. Mellon's reading, it's the place to say that he is not of the great men who seek surcease in detective stories or other crime fiction. Fiction, being distant from his nature, doesn't appeal to him in print although he is not irritated by it (chiefly because he doesn't read it) as much as he is by fiction in industry. The only art that interests him to the extent of pausing to reflect upon it or desire to acquire it is painting. He has a small but good collection in his Washington home. He probably acquired his taste for paintings from the late Henry C. Frick, with whom, from youth, he was intimately associated. But music doesn't interest him. The opera and the symphonies do not allure.

At Work

Aside from the concentration that is one of his most readily observed characteristics, he rarely, if ever, is obviously busy. He accomplishes an enormous amount of work, with practiced ease.

All matters of the department's policies are ultimately decided in Mr. Mellon's office—by Mr. Mellon. And for them he assumes complete responsibility. He never signs a paper or report or letter which he hasn't read and which isn't clear and unambiguous. He signs an enormous number of letters each day. If it means that he remains at his desk until seven o'clock, he remains. He is seldom away before six.

Some time between noon and one o'clock he leaves his office and again walks that mile to his Massachusetts Avenue home. Lunch is leisurely and usually large. Sometimes it suggests the noonday dinner of more or less happy memory. It may even start with a cup of thick soup and include fish, a chop, a salad, a dessert and coffee, to say nothing of fruit and jam.

His lunch is expansive for two fundamental reasons—the first being that he wants it that way and the other that dinner is quite likely to be a relatively light meal. But none of these frugal menu fads for Andrew Mellon. One gathers that whatever else the Mellon family may have adopted there has never been a fad. And no fancies either. The Secretary has no physical or organic weaknesses to pamper. He is fond of food and indulges the fondness. He would no more overeat than he would permit himself to go hungry—and for the same reason.

He may walk his third mile, returning to his office. At least, he hopes to, but it is not an inflexible rule, this walking. If the weather is a bit too strenuous, if there be an excess of heat or rain, or if he feels that the third mile might be an unprofitable investment in view of the amount of work the afternoon holds out to him, he'll call his car. There is nothing casual in these decisions. There is no switching at the last moment. One dislikes repeated references to the sharp intelligence that directs the Secretary's

movements, but that is the only rule he has for self-conduct. It amounts to a beautiful confidence in himself—a confidence which is never shaken. He will listen patiently to the experience of others (his favorite non-technical reading is biography), but his own action, his own decisions, will not be influenced by what he hears or reads unless it has the sanction of his own experience and his own intelligence. He is no secret from himself.

Whether he is speaking to a senator, to one of the Treasury officials or to a visitor he is pretty much the same. There is always that slow selection of words—a careful choice. As he talks he half faces his visitor. His legs are quite apt to be crossed, the right knee hooked over the left. In his right hand is a thin, mild cigar about the diameter of a cigarette but longer. He puffs at it occasionally but it consumes more of itself than he does. His left hand emphasizes his words with small round gestures. They are long, sinewy hands with rather sensitive fingers.

His head has aroused the enthusiasm of sculptors, but painters have found his face baffling. His long skull, the vigorous white hair, eyebrows and mustache, the distant blue eyes, the acquisitive nose and mobile mouth cheer the cartoonist's heart but confound the painters who seek to hold the characteristic Mellon expression. Obedient to the swift mind behind, the Secretary's face is quick to change from a dreamy contemplation to a quizzical amusement.

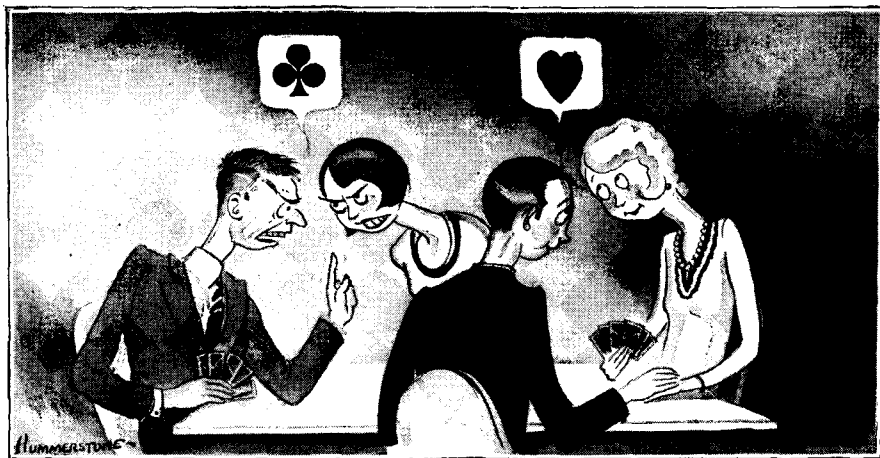
He dresses well but in quiet taste. His suits are almost invariably blue, brown or gray.

When Secretary Mellon has quit work for the day, that's all there is to it. Until the following morning he is head of the financial affairs of the government in name only. None of this carrying his office home with him. He knows his job, loves his job and has finished what the day presented of it. Unless he has a particularly exacting day, or has been held later than six, he will walk home. He takes no other form of exercise. For two to four miles a day of walking is all that he finds he needs. That and his rugged constitution have kept him fit.

Common Sense in Living

Unless he has accepted an invitation to a formal function—a dinner or a reception (and he keeps these acceptances as low as possible)—he is usually in bed by ten. He is fond of small dinners in his own apartment, but they are seldom late. And once abed there's no wooing of sleep. He can fall asleep with a promptitude and peace that is the envy of his colleagues. He may read for an hour before retiring, but neither his nerves nor his muscles demand sedatives. Just as calmly as he goes through the day, permitting nothing irrelevant to turn him from his course, he addresses himself to sleep. And that's all there is to it. A man of carefully selected habits, but not routine.

One of the reasons he has avoided hard and fast schedules is that he despises the thought of pampering himself. For example, he won't wear a fur coat whatever the weather. The weight of it irks him and his blood is still warm enough to furnish its quota of heat. Common sense in living is paying him steady dividends. He hasn't had a cold in a year; the latest was a day's stuffiness which vanished overnight. Today, at the age of seventy-five, he can spend two or three consecutive nights on a train and not tire.



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North		East	
S. 7		S. K-5-2	
H. 8-7-4-3		H. 6-5	
D. 9-6-4-3-2		D. K-Q-J-8	
C. 7-5-3		C. A-Q-J-10	
West		South	
S. A-J-10-9-4		S. Q-8-6-3	
H. 10-9-2		H. A-K-Q-J	
D. 10-7		D. A-5	
C. K-6-2		C. 9-8-4	

THE Auction Bridge bidding of the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, would be: South one Heart, West one Spade, followed by three passes. At Contract Bridge, South's opening bid of one Heart would be overcalled by West with one Spade, North passing as in Auction. East's hand, however, is much too strong to pass. It counts 21 when valued by the method used for determining the support needed to advance partner's suit-bid. East's count is: King-Ten-Ten of partner's suit 4, the Heart doubleton 1, King of Diamonds 3, Queen and Jack of Diamonds 3 and 1 respectively because each is held with a higher honor, Ace of Clubs 5, and 4 for the Queen-Jack of Clubs. To jump partner's suit-bid of one to two, a player should have a count of 13; with 17 the bid should be jumped to three; and with 21 the game-jump to four-odd should be made. East's correct bid after North's pass is four Spades.

The count given above applies to jumps of original bids. In this case West made a following bid after the contracting had been started by South, consequently West's bid does not guarantee quite as much high-card strength as an original bid would announce. So East would realize that the contract may fail by one trick because East has the bare minimum required for his jump to four; but he would be unduly timid if he did not make the game bid as it would seem that not more than two tricks could be lost in Hearts, one in Diamonds and one in Clubs, assuming that West holds nothing but five Spades headed by Ace-Queen-Jack or even Ace-Queen-Ten.

The Correct Play

With West the Declarer and a Spade contract, North's opening lead would be the Trey of Hearts—the fourth best card of the suit bid by his partner. An expert will lead the highest card of his partner's suit when it is high enough to be of value as a strengthener; but with four low spot-cards it is wise to show the leader's exact number by starting with the fourth best. Dummy plays the Five, South the Jack and closed hand the Nine—a false card. South takes another round of Hearts with the Queen,

closed hand playing the Ten, North the Four and dummy the Six.

The fall of the cards on this and the preceding round confirms South's deduction that North's opening was a "fourth best." South now has won two tricks; his Ace of Diamonds should be good for another, but the fourth is not assured, as Declarer probably will finesse, trying to catch the Queen of trumps. South's Queen can withstand one finesse but not two; therefore, as a protection to his trumps, South, after cashing his Ace of Diamonds, leads the King of Hearts to force dummy.

Declarer ruffs the Heart in dummy and leads the King of Spades. This is followed by a small Spade, closed hand finessing. North's discard marks South with the Queen-Eight, and Declarer must plan carefully. There are established Diamonds and Clubs in dummy which can be led through South and if South makes the mistake of trumping, West can overtrump and then pick up the Queen. But if South be clever enough to refuse to ruff any card led from dummy, West—holding three trumps—will be forced to ruff the eleventh trick and lead Spades from the Ace-Jack up to South's Queen-Eight; it is clear that Declarer must rid himself of this superfluous trump so that closed hand will not be forced into the lead on the eleventh trick. If this can be accomplished, and the lead retained in dummy for the twelfth trick, South obviously will have to play from his remaining Queen-Eight of Spades.

To rid himself of the embarrassing trump, Declarer leads West's Ten of Diamonds, overtaking with dummy's Jack. This is followed by the Queen of Diamonds, upon which South discards a Club, West trumping unnecessarily; then two rounds of Clubs, the lead being retained in dummy. The King of Diamonds is played next; South lets go his Heart and West parts with his remaining Club. At the twelfth trick dummy leads a Club and South is helpless; he must play a trump which is covered by West, who then is in position to win South's last trump at the thirteenth trick.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North		East	
S. 7-5-3-2		S. 8-6-4	
H. 10-2		H. J-7-6	
D. K-Q-8-4-2		D. 7-6	
C. 10-9		C. 8-7-6-3-2	
West		South	
S. A-Q		S. K-J-10-9	
H. Q-9-8-5		H. A-K-4-3	
D. 10-9-5-3		D. A-J	
C. Q-J-4		C. A-K-5	

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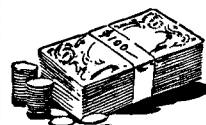
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Managing Editor

The Price of Worry

WORRY, the doctors assure us, is the enemy of the youthful spirit, the unrelenting foe of good health. Generalizations are dangerous anywhere, even in the art of medicine, but it is possible that there is no more general medical truth than that worry is an unmixed evil, because it is its own penalty without any compensating pleasure.

In cause, process and effect, worry is a miserable loss, doing nothing but hurt and bringing in its train not wholesome repentance but futile regret.

Fear has always been the curse of mankind and the measure of manhood—for how a man deals with fear is the test of how fate will deal with him. Worry is the little sister of fear. It is the germ of cowardice that can grow swiftly to choke courage in a man.

Our childhood story books have made us acquainted with characters like Nelson, the great English admiral who wound up an honorable career by having the world's finest square named after his greatest battle.

We are told that Nelson could never be scared by ghost stories and that at school he tackled bullies literally at the drop of a hat; indeed it is this signal to battle that he is supposed to have originated among English schoolboys.

With due respect to Lord Nelson's gallant memory, a man who knew no fear is hardly eligible to heroic regard, for he had no battle to win over himself. More valorous is the

lowliest buck private whose soul and body revolt against the horror of slaughter but who grits his teeth and goes through. No less glorious is the obscure man or woman who, daunted by physical or moral peril, struggles alone with the temptation to elude danger, and wins.

Worry is a mental infection induced by fear, and best combated by the remedy for fear—active intelligence.

Cultivation of a carefree disposition is no effective antidote to worry. The habitually carefree are invariably irresponsible and frequently nit-wits.

There is an old virtue that effectively supplants the internal vice of worry. It is prudence. The prudent man or woman takes thought regarding trouble or the possibility of trouble; but brooding is avoided as in itself a form of trouble.

The late Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard and the grand old man of American education, told a reporter for Collier's in his final interview that he owed his long career of constructive work to an early conquest of worry. With many grave things to tax his mind, Dr. Eliot had mastered the technique of concentration, which permitted him to exclude anything and everything from mental occupation whenever he chose. Even at his great age of ninety-three, attacked by physical disabilities of age, he refused to worry about them, and lived to the last conscious moment, serene and undisturbed in his contemplation of the world and his duty in it.

Intelligent men and women face the facts of life, whether pleasant or unpleasant, without surrender in any degree to the fear of living. Daydreams and nightmares have a common course that may be a common blessing; they never quite come true.

Does Murder Out?

LORD BYNG of Vimy, police commissioner of metropolitan London's 7,500,000 population, reported that during 1928 there were eighteen murders in London. Eleven of the murderers were convicted and punished. The other seven committed suicide. No murder mysteries were carried over to the next annual report. Viscount Byng's slate was clean.

New York, in the same year, reported 401 killings and Chicago led the list with 498. Thirty American cities for which some records are available reported altogether 2,387 homicides, and 1928 was by no means a high year in the murder industry.

We have skillful police in this country but we hold life too cheaply. Out of the hundreds of thousands who are arrested on various charges only a relatively small proportion are punished.

All down the line those who are arrested escape punishment. Crime is more common than in any other highly civilized country but punishment is backward.

From police to penitentiaries, criminal law enforcement is haphazard and unorganized. Comparable statistics are almost nonexistent. A business organized so poorly would be quickly doomed to bankruptcy.

The President's Commission on Law Enforcement is operating in a virgin field. Even though it ignores prohibition, the subject which called it into being, it has a magnificent opportunity to point sounder ways of protecting society against criminals than anything hitherto developed.

His achievement was duly celebrated with a banquet, a watch presentation, and retirement on full pay. "I never did anything wonderful, only my plain duty," he said. George Bieber is his name, and his record might be hung in every traffic court for reference when two drivers are extracted from a collision to declare that they were driving as carefully as anybody could.

Fifty for Bieber

A NEW driver who goes fifty feet without trouble breathes a sigh of relief. If he gets through fifty miles without disputing possession of the street with a major vehicle, he is a motorist.

After fifty days he is a skillful driver and if he rolls up 50,000 miles without an accident he talks about the rewards of intelligent driving.

But Cincinnati, with an annual toll of motor accident deaths greater than its World War losses, has a driver who put in fifty years without an accident.

He started with one horse and finished with a motor truck, and he did all his driving for the same company, not easy driving from store to warehouse, but all over the city delivering merchandise to back doors.

Home Ownership Time

REPRESENTATIVES of Cleveland's banks and savings and loan companies got together on a 1930 piece of advice to the people of Cleveland.

Their opinion is that there never was a better time than this year to buy or build a home. They did not mention outright sales. Nearly all home buyers borrow to build and save to pay.

For most home builders it is a ten- to fifteen-year job to complete the deal, but the joys and satisfaction of home ownership last forever.

Home ownership comes near being the keystone of American credit. The land is indestructible; the loan is the buyer's spur; the material makes the buyer the customer of American industry. The experience is the best discipline to which a family can dedicate its energies.